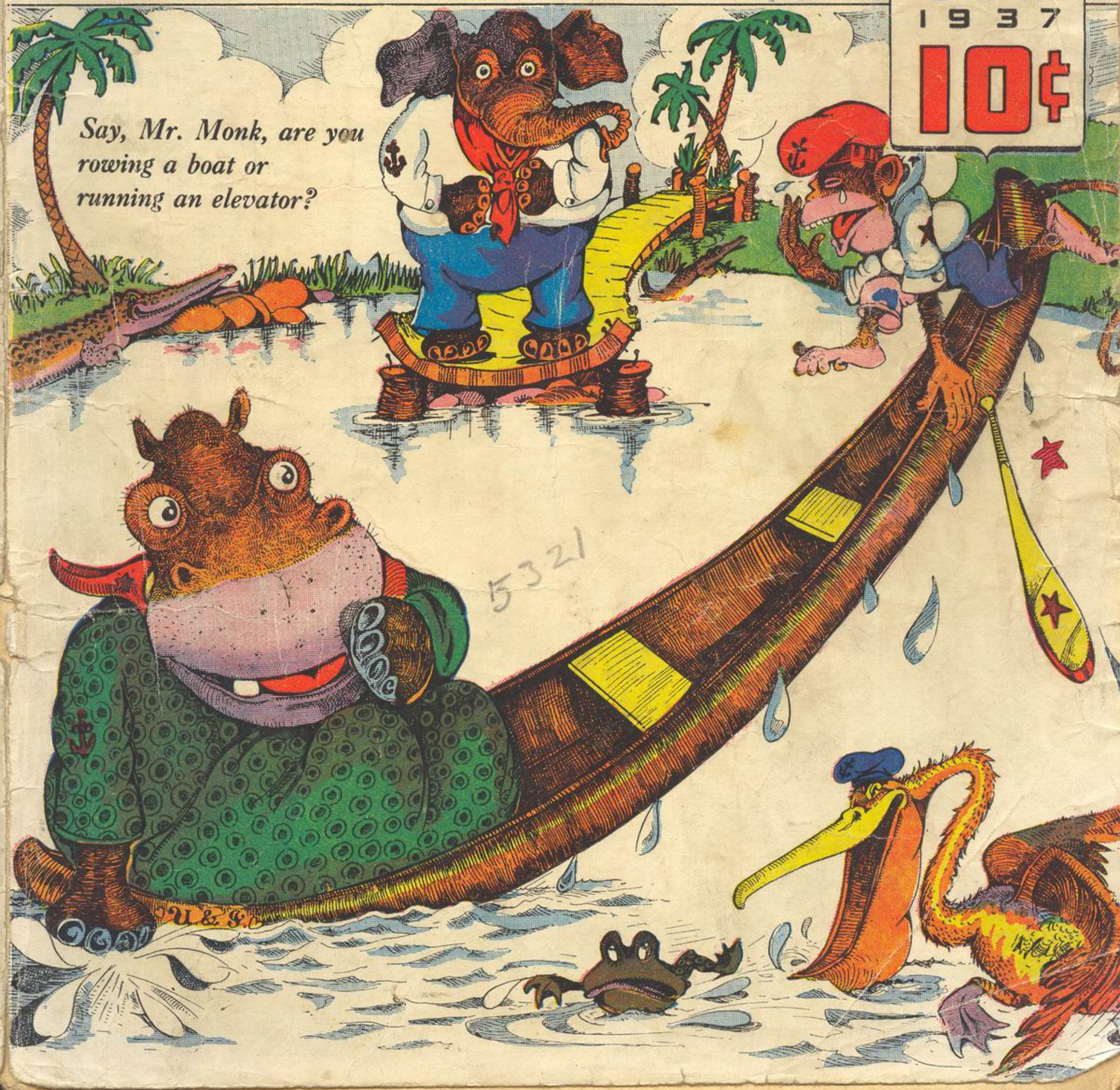


FUNNY PAGES

FUN FOR THE ENTIRE FAMILY

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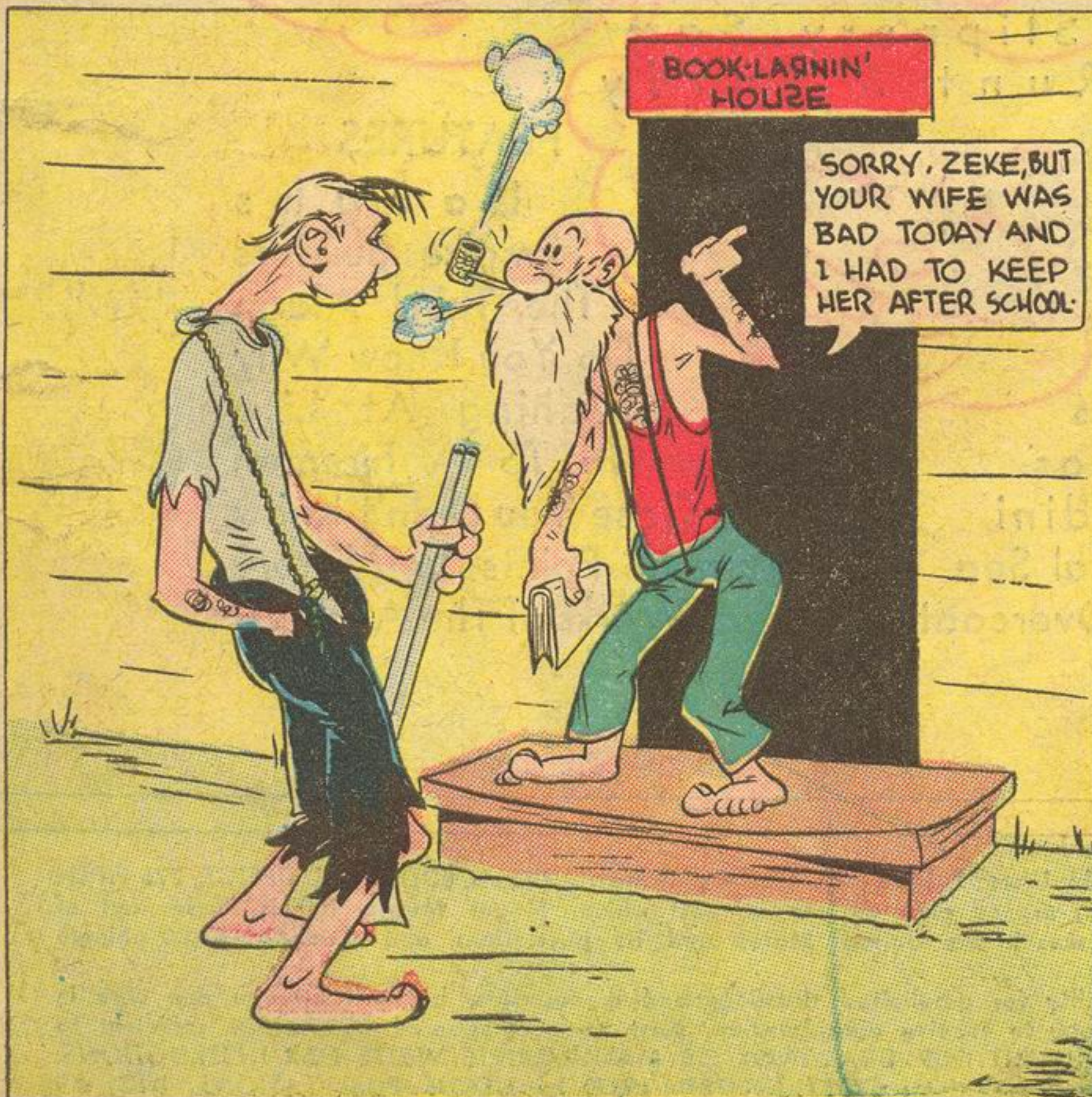
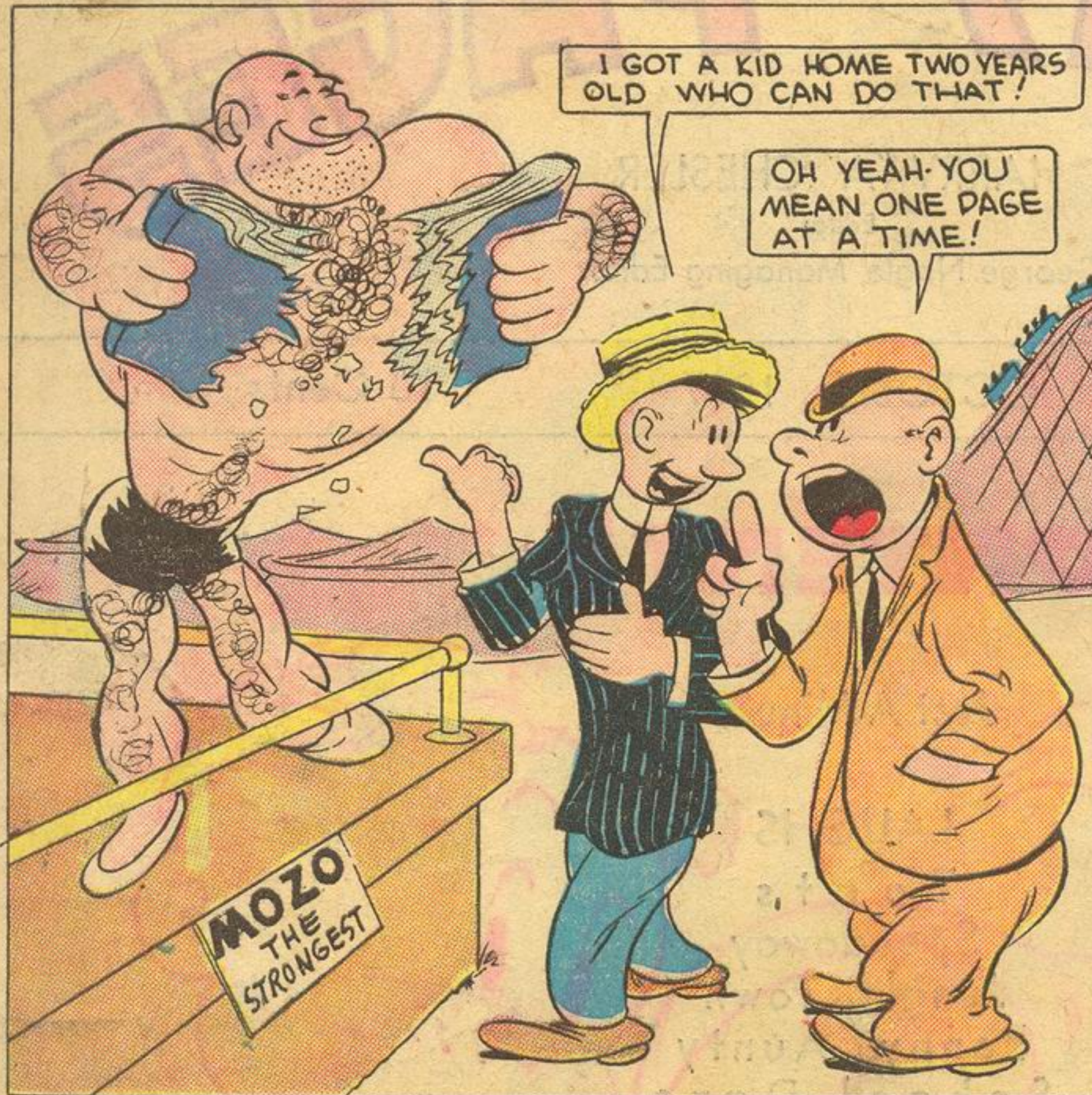
Say, Mr. Monk, are you
rowing a boat or
running an elevator?





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LAUGHS



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FUNNY PAGES

HARRY "A" CHESLER

Editor

George Nagle, Managing Editor

Vol. 2. No. 2

OCTOBER, 1937

10 Cents

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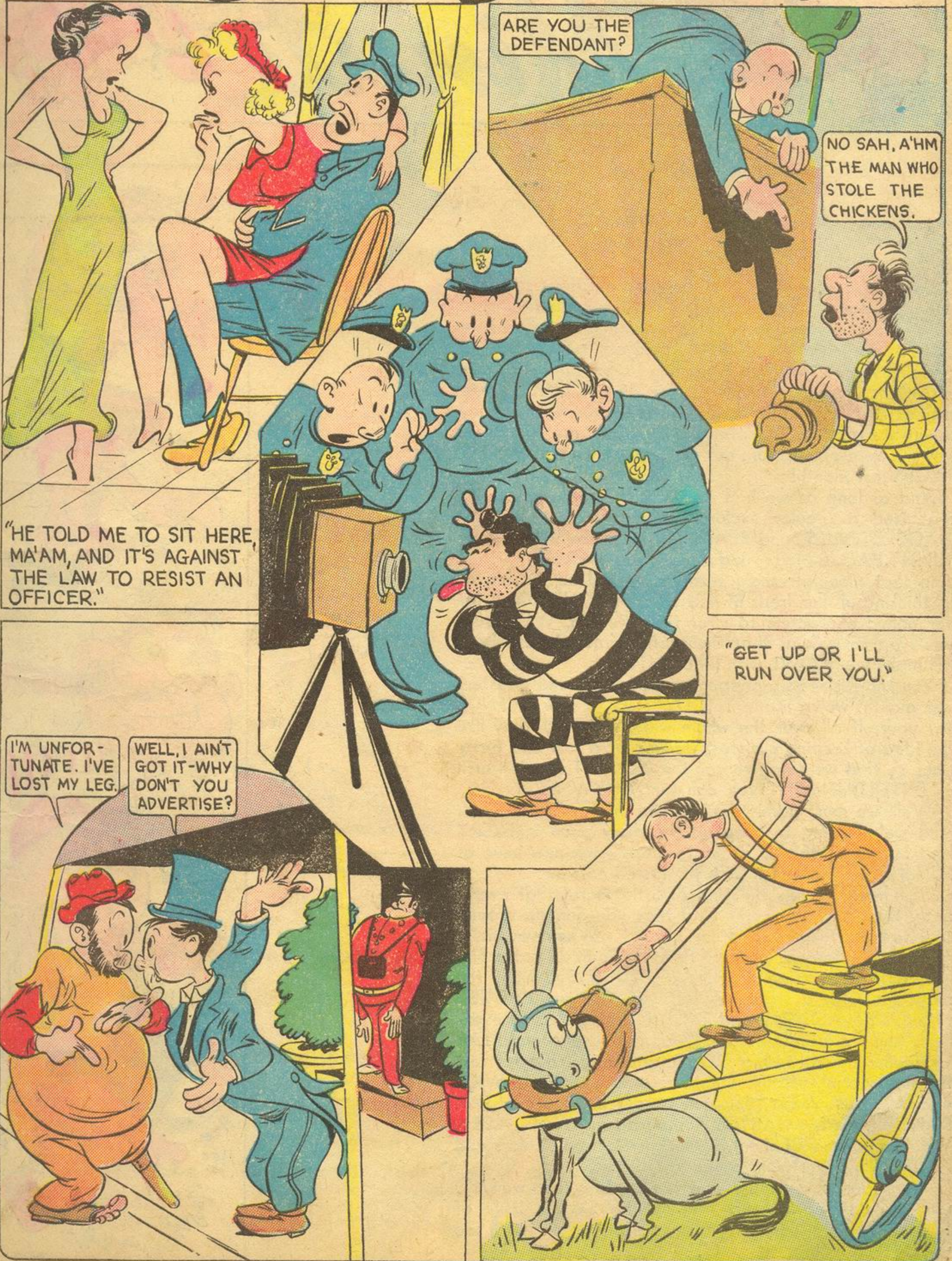
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Laughing at Life





Jest Minute



HELLO, FOLKS!

Boy, we're sure glad that the hot weather is almost gone! All summer long we had to use our imaginations to keep us cool during the sweltering months. As long as we couldn't go up to the NORTH POLE and paddle around in a KAYAK, we fixed up a couple of substitutes. We had our artists draw us a couple of nice, cool ICEBERGS, and a flock of IGLOOS, and we set them around the office to create an ARCTIC atmosphere. That, my friends, is why we were able to turn out such a swell issue of FUNNY PAGES last month!

And as long as we had the ARCTIC atmosphere, we organized a regular exploring party to discover new GAGS, STORIES, and FEATURES, to make this issue of FUNNY PAGES bigger and better than EVER!

In that nice refreshing setting, we had no trouble at all thinking up hundreds of new FUNNY SITUATIONS for our comic characters to strut their stuff in. We're sure you'll agree with us that their crazy antics in this issue will make you HOWL with LAUGHTER!

You know, since we pepped up our artists and gagsters last month, we've made THOUSANDS of new FRIENDS like yourself all over the whole wide WORLD! They like the idea of keeping our staff working at a fast and funny pace so that we can give you the BIGGEST dime's worth of ENTERTAINMENT you can buy ANYWHERE!

Well, we must admit that we like the idea, too. . . . And we're going to keep up the dizzy pace in EVERY kind of WEATHER, in order to make each new issue of FUNNY PAGES better than the last!

Sh-h-h-h-h! Here's the kind of little secret that everybody likes. You know, the kind that you can go around and whisper to all your friends. . . . When you finish reading this copy of FUNNY PAGES, you can get a BIG kick out of reading FUNNY PICTURE STORIES, the magazine with a thousand THRILLS. It's just PACKED with SPEED, ACTION, and EXCITING STORIES of every kind. And for a thousand LAUGHS, we recommend STAR COMICS, our other big COMIC magazine. But for real he-man, rootin', tootin', shootin' stories of the old WILD and WOOLY WEST, you can always depend on STAR RANGER, the big CARTOON magazine of the GOLDEN WEST. Everyone of them is chock full of vivid colors and ACTION pictures from cover to COVER!

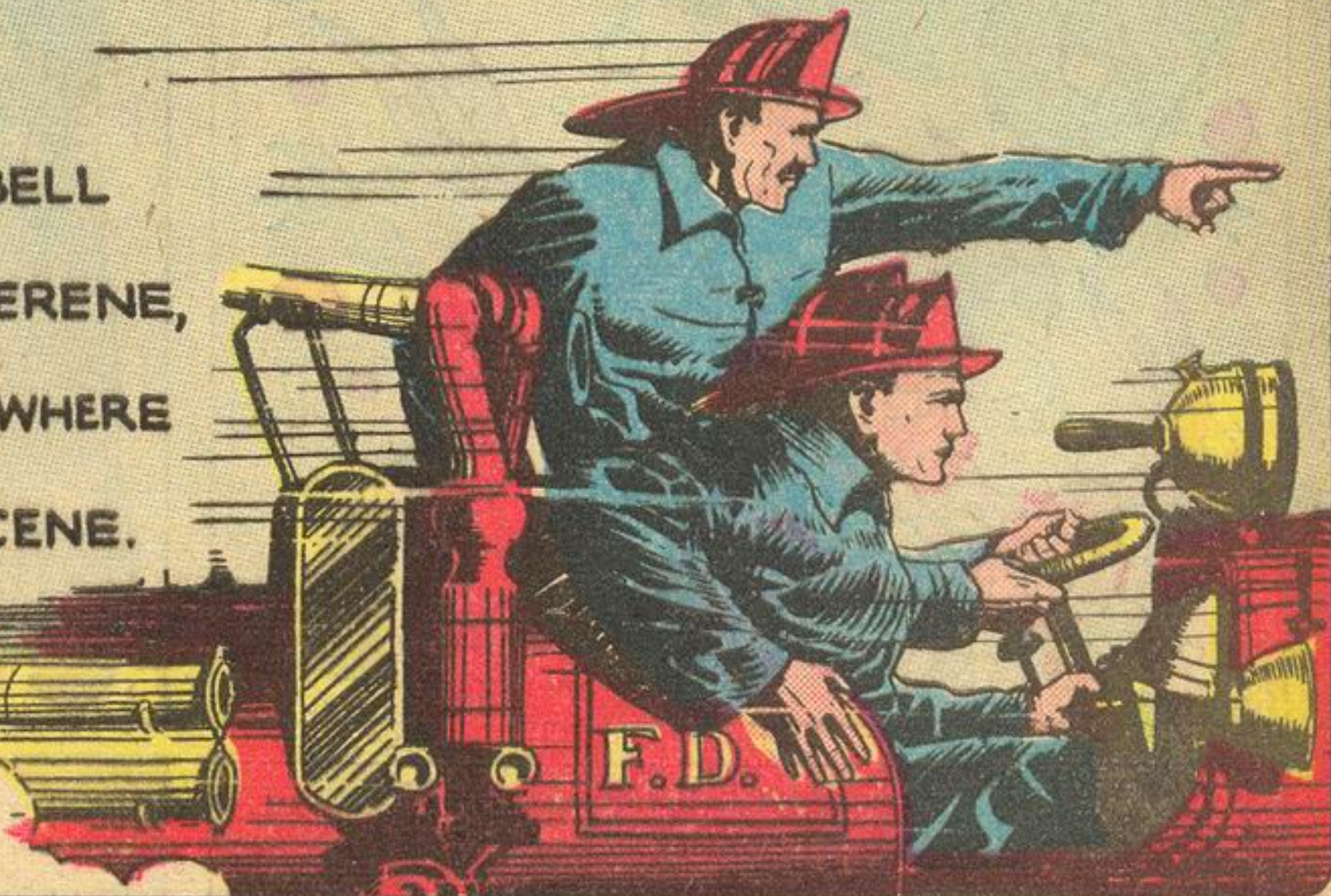
Well, friends, we won't keep you any longer as we know you are anxious to start reading this SWELL issue of FUNNY PAGES, so go right ahead and . . . we'll see you all next month.

HAPPY READING . . .

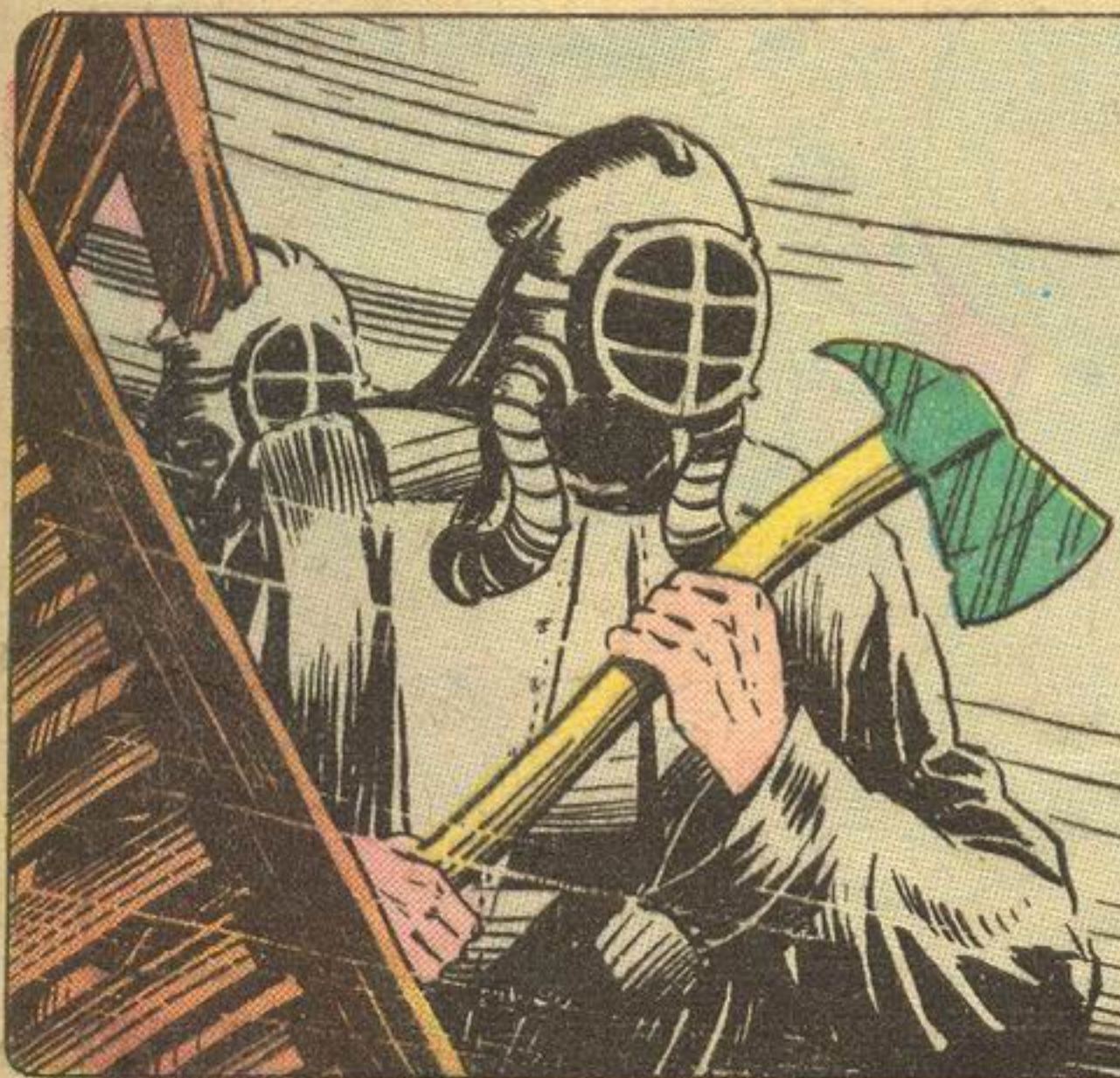


Salute TO OUR FIREMEN

A SHRIEKING SIREN AND A BELL
BREAK THROUGH THE AIR SERENE,
A FIRE HAS BROKEN OUT SOMEWHERE
AND THEY RUSH TO THE SCENE.

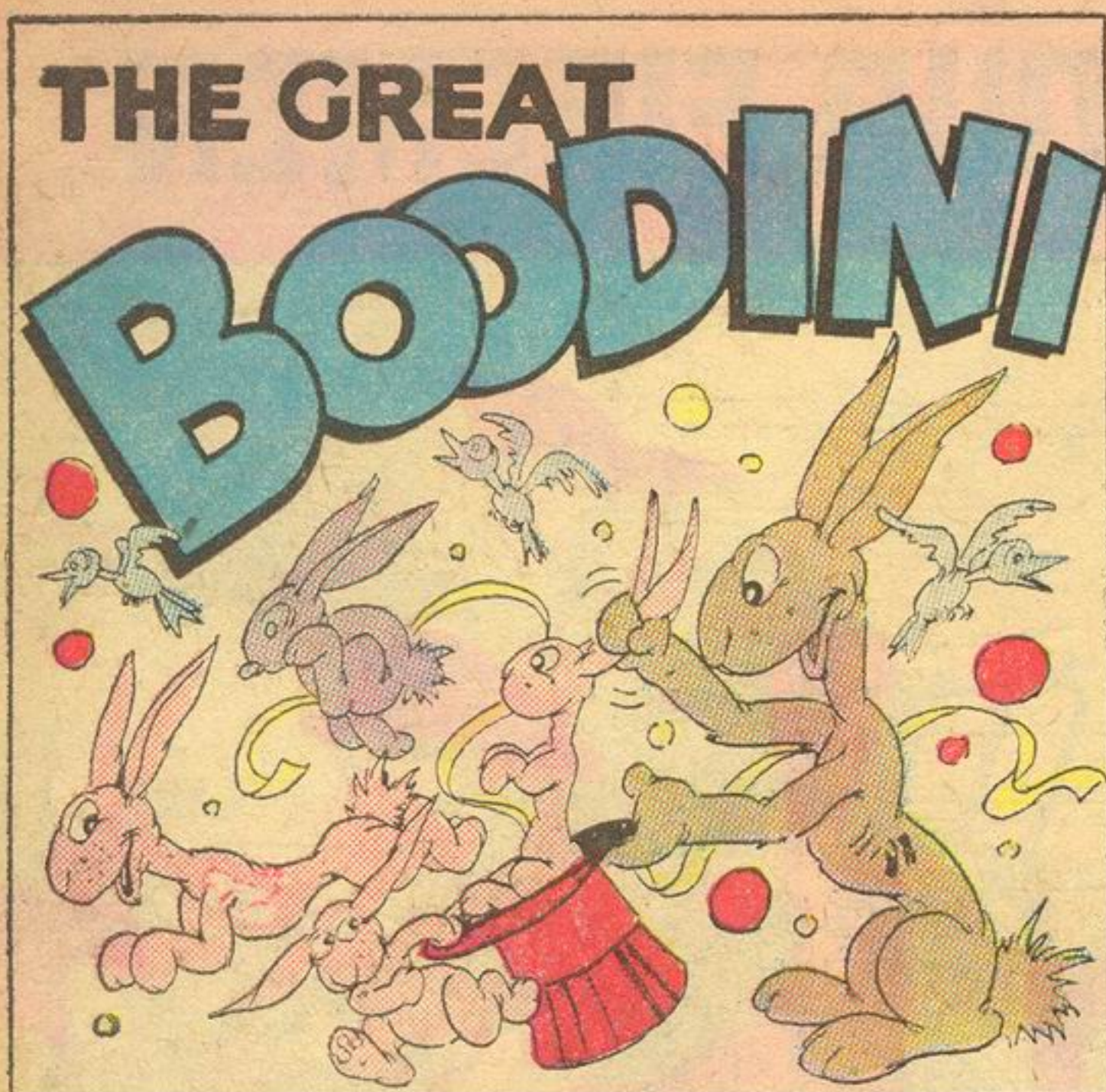


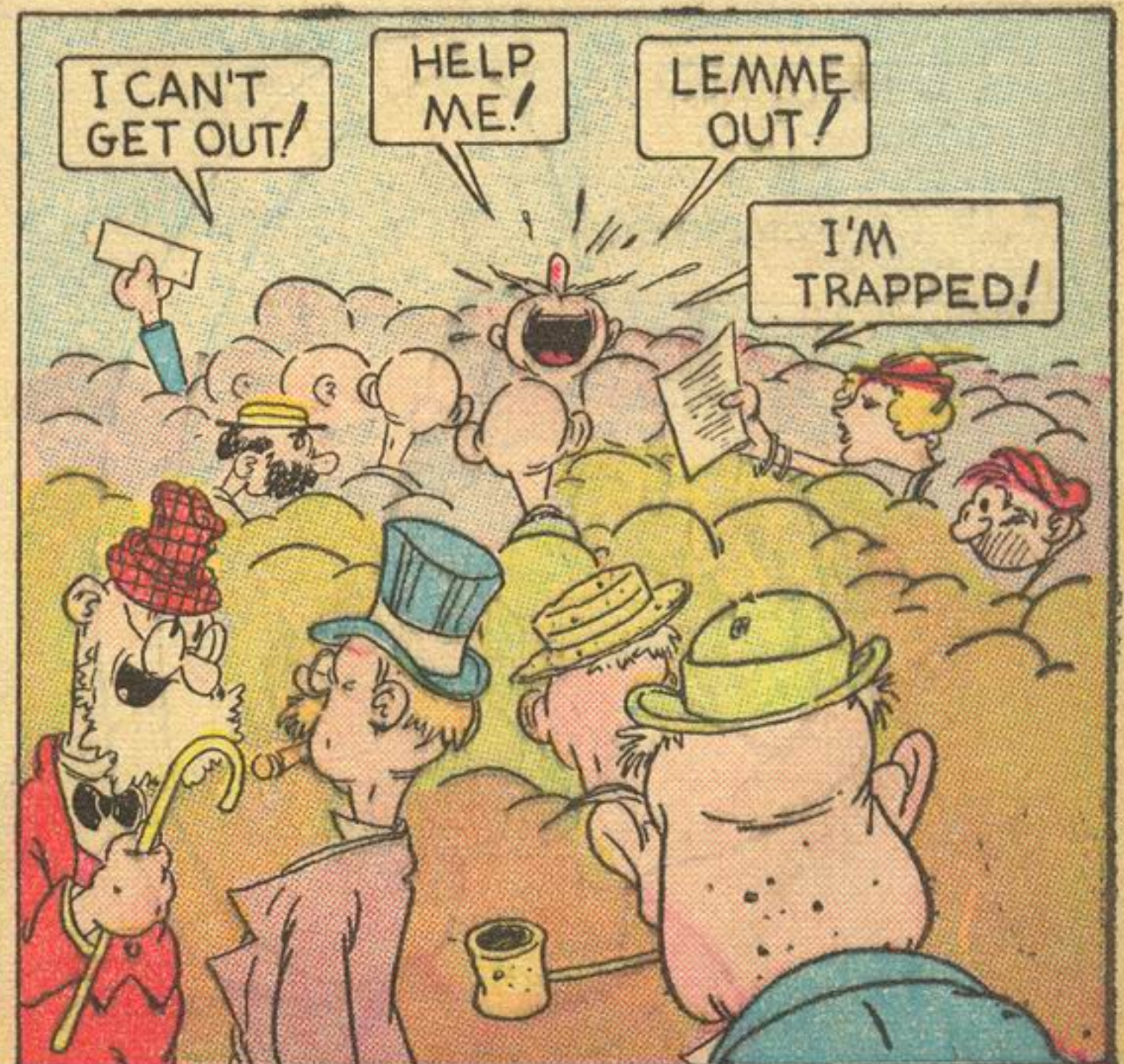
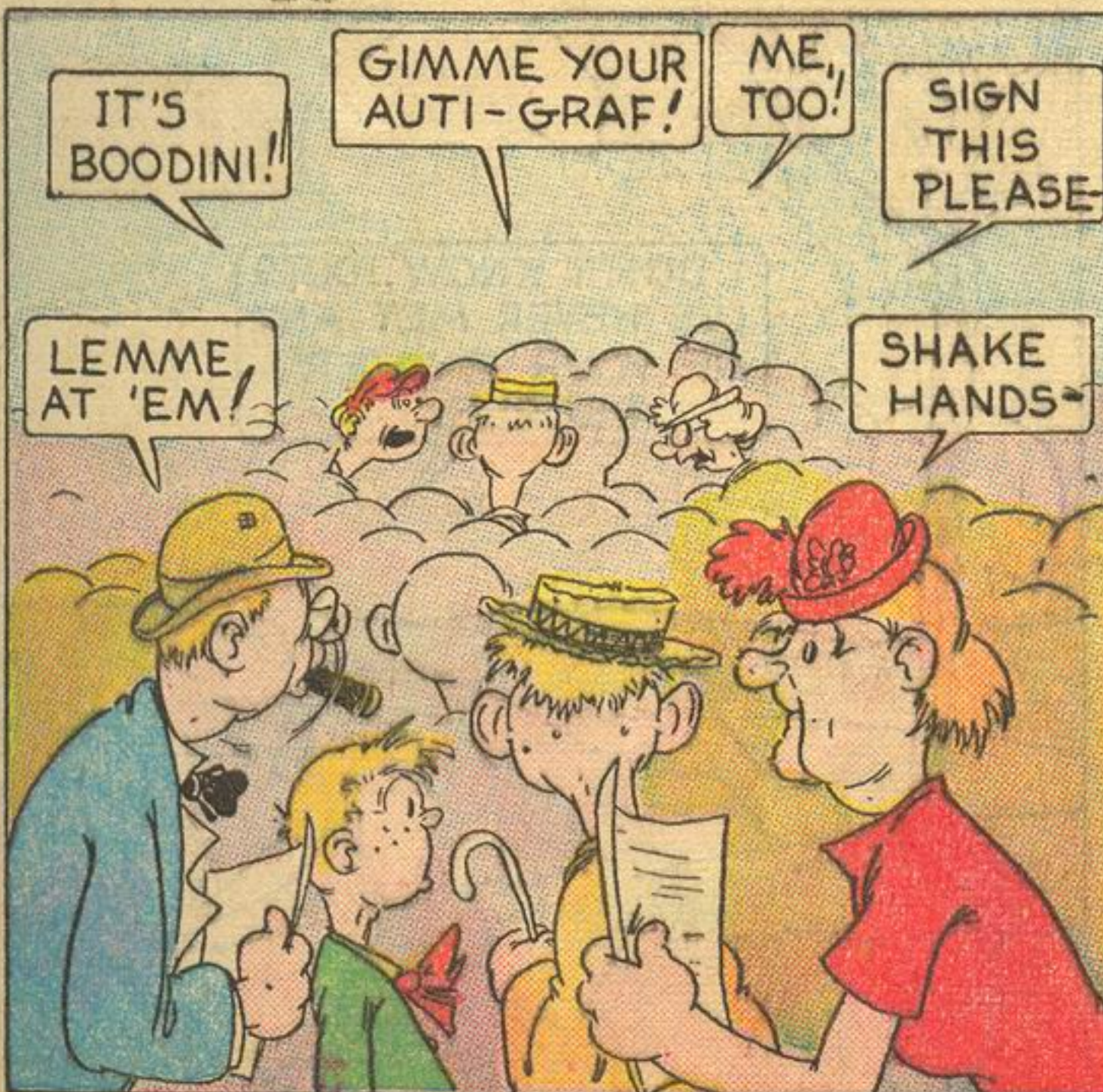
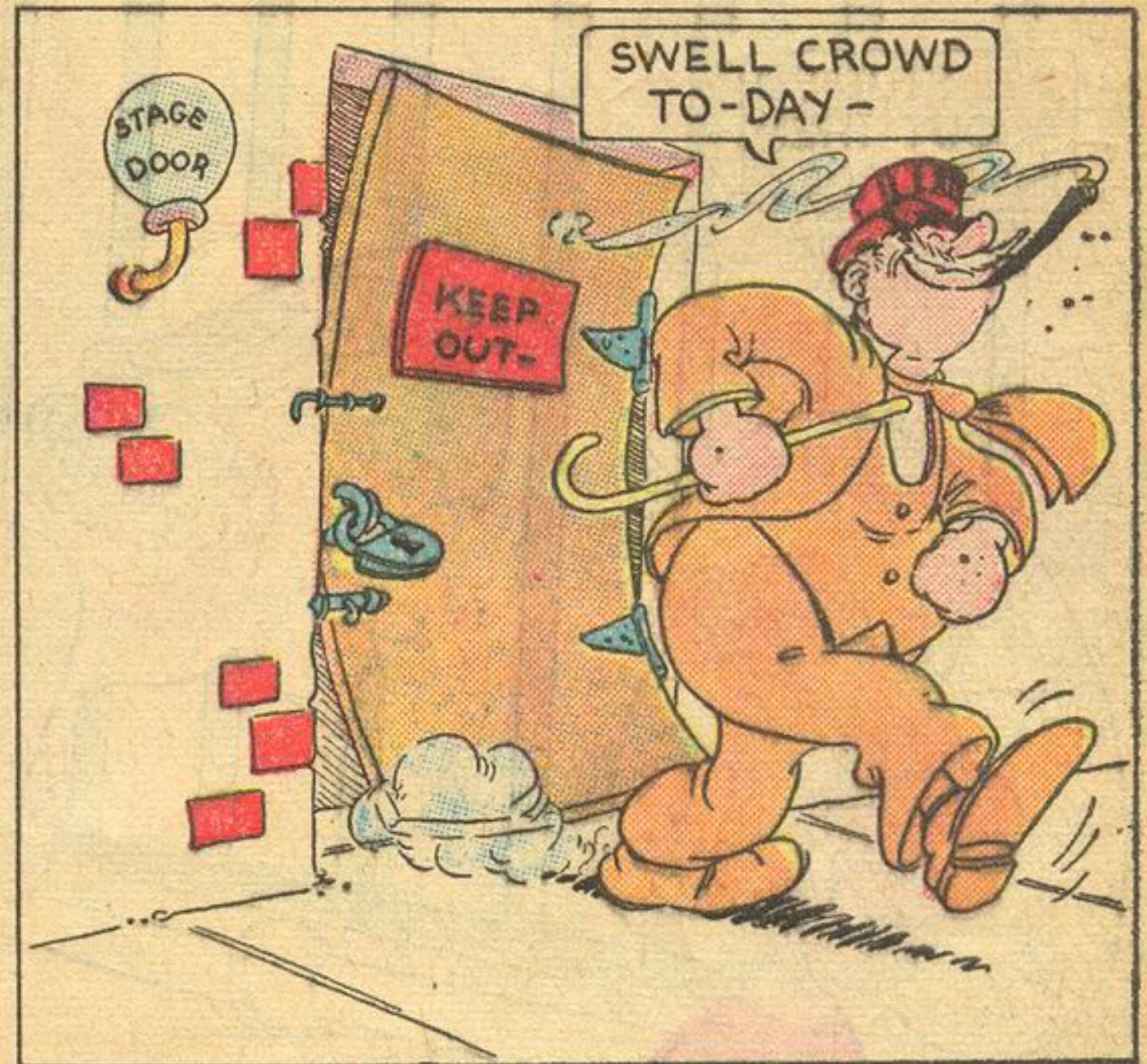
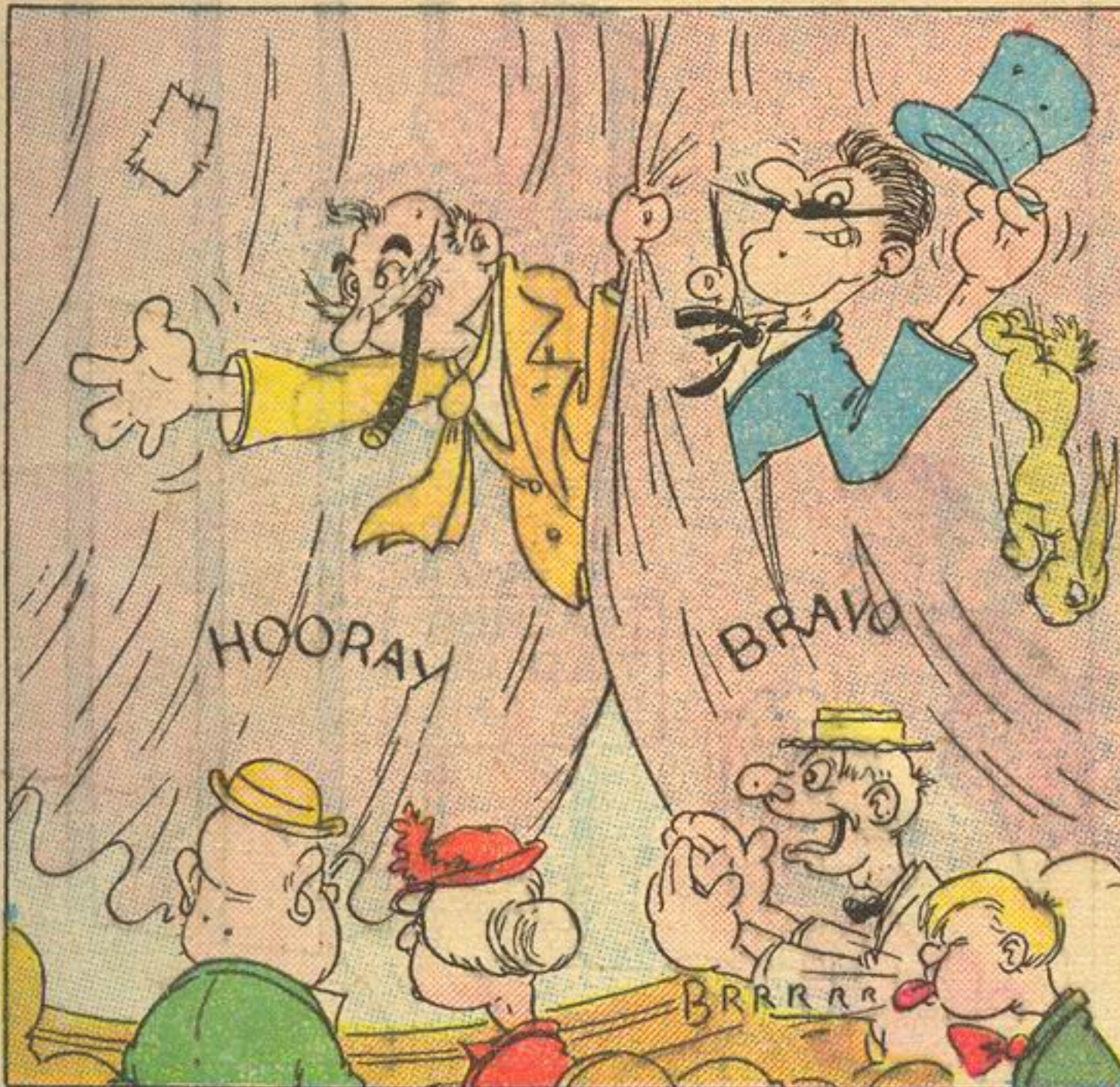
THE FLAMES RISE HIGH AND LICK THE SKY
BUT CANNOT DAUNT THE BRAVE,
WITH AXE AND HOSE THEY DO OR DIE,
AND MANY LIVES THEY SAVE.



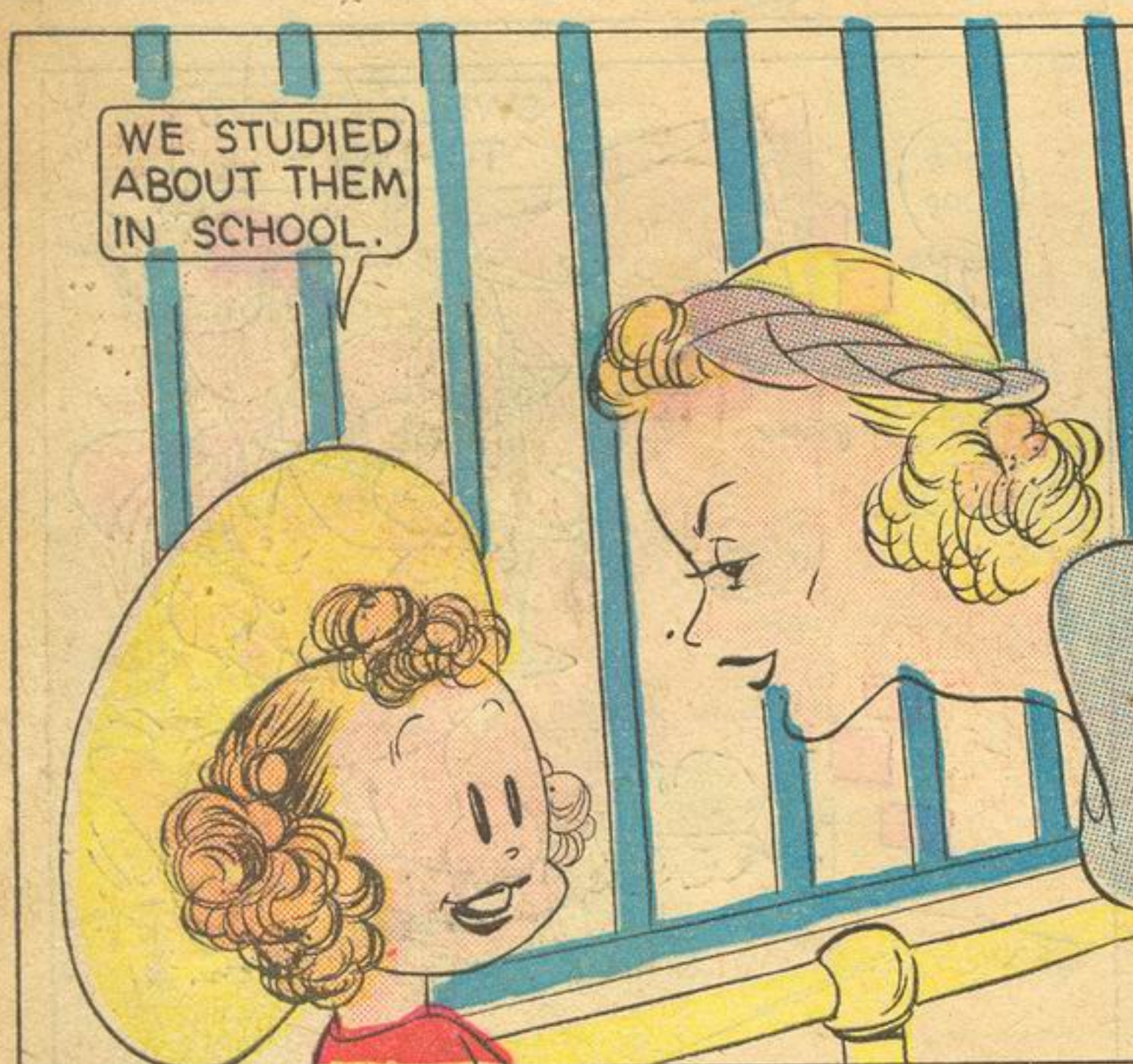
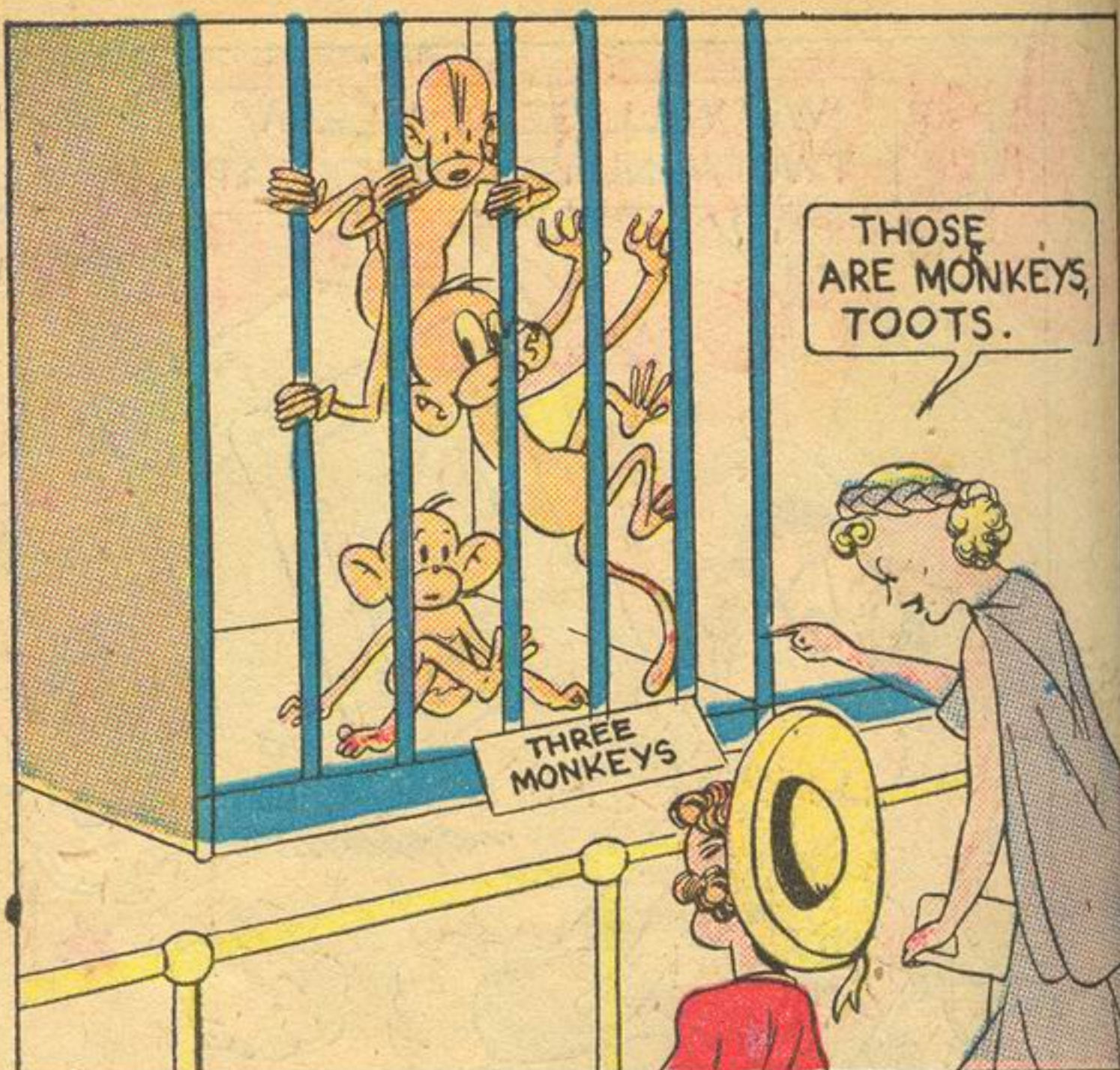
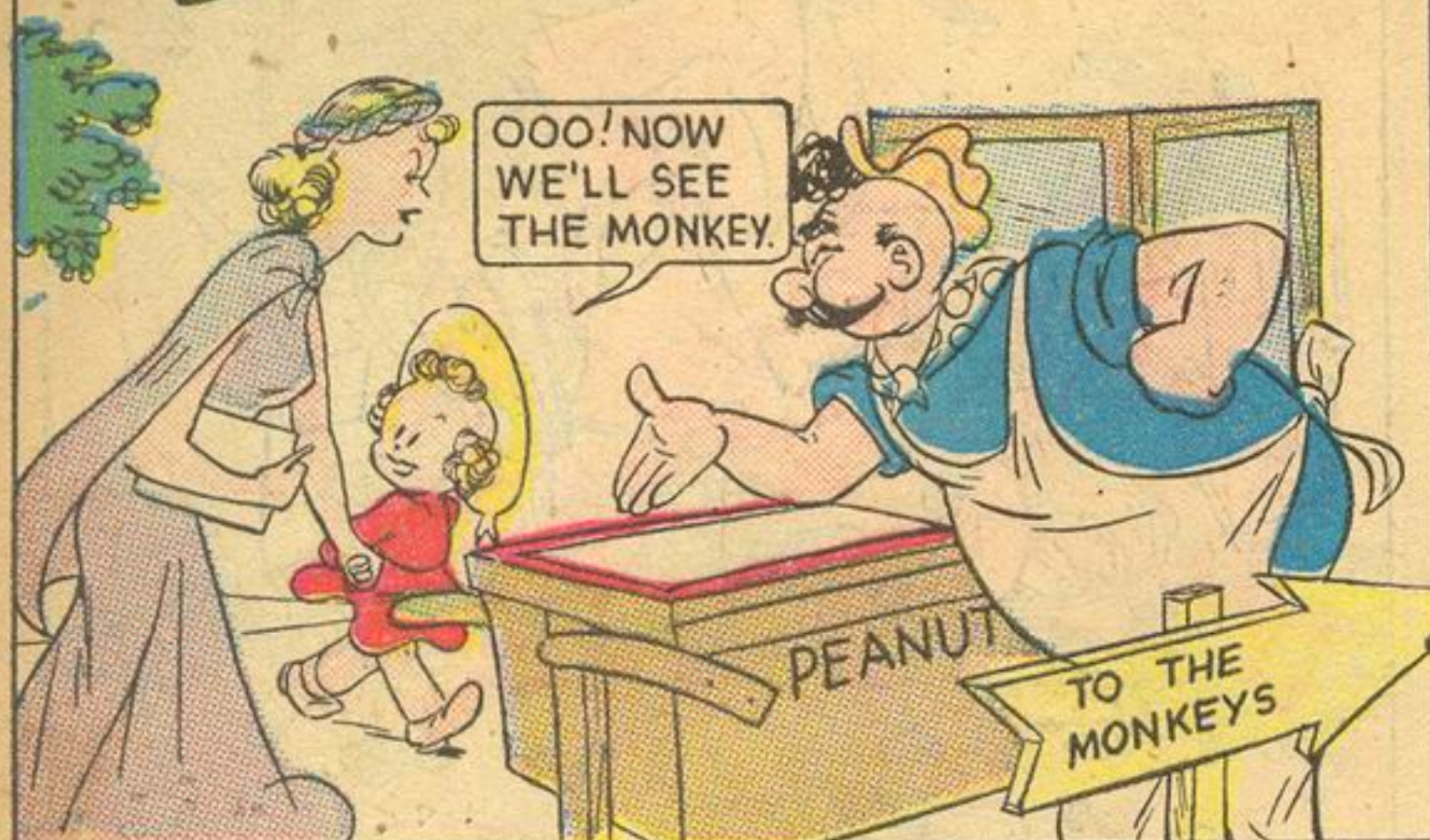
ALARMS MAY COME AT ANY TIME,
THE FIREMEN ARE PREPARED.
AND OWING TO THEIR BRAVERY
SO MANY LIVES ARE SPARED.



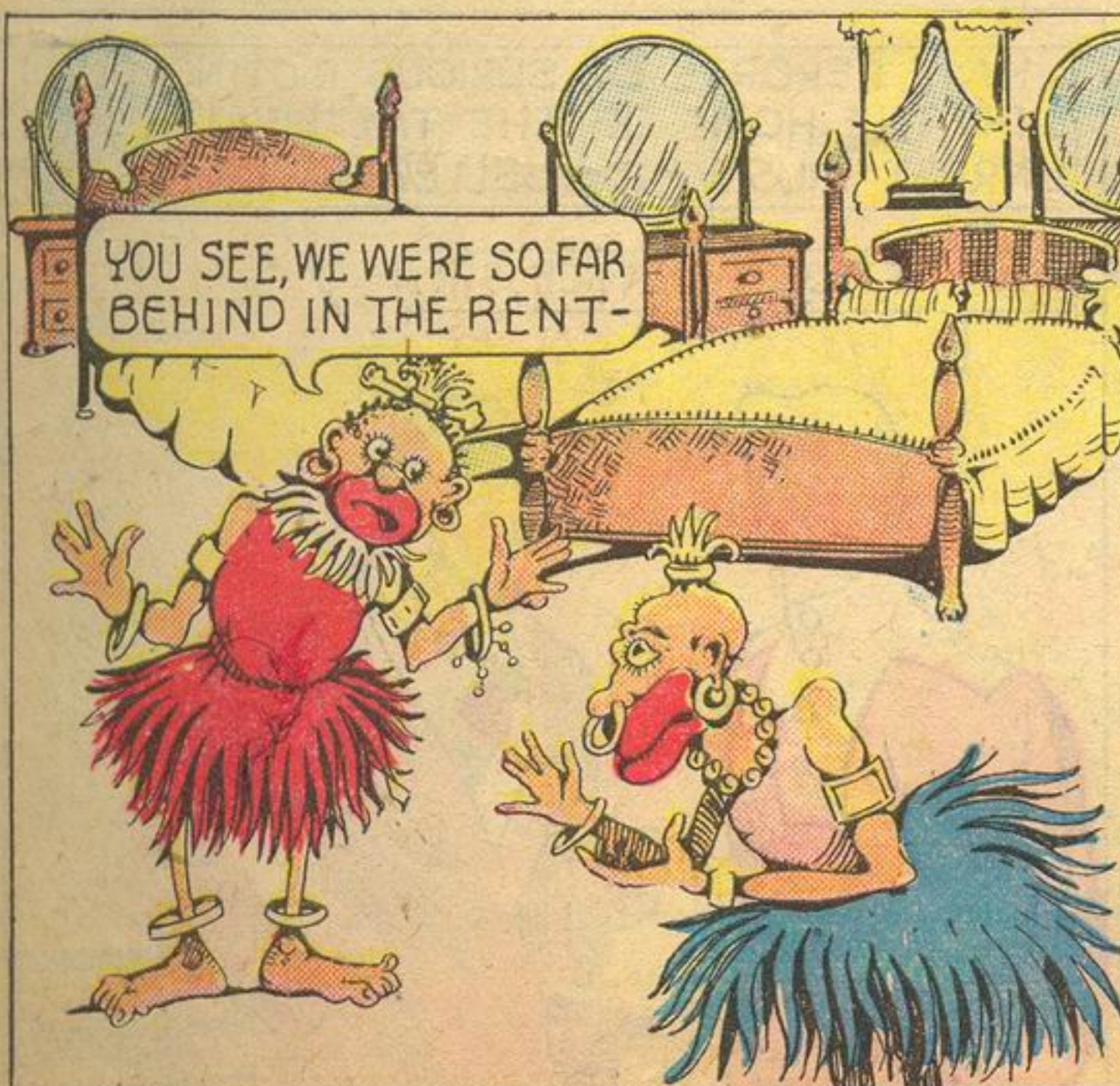
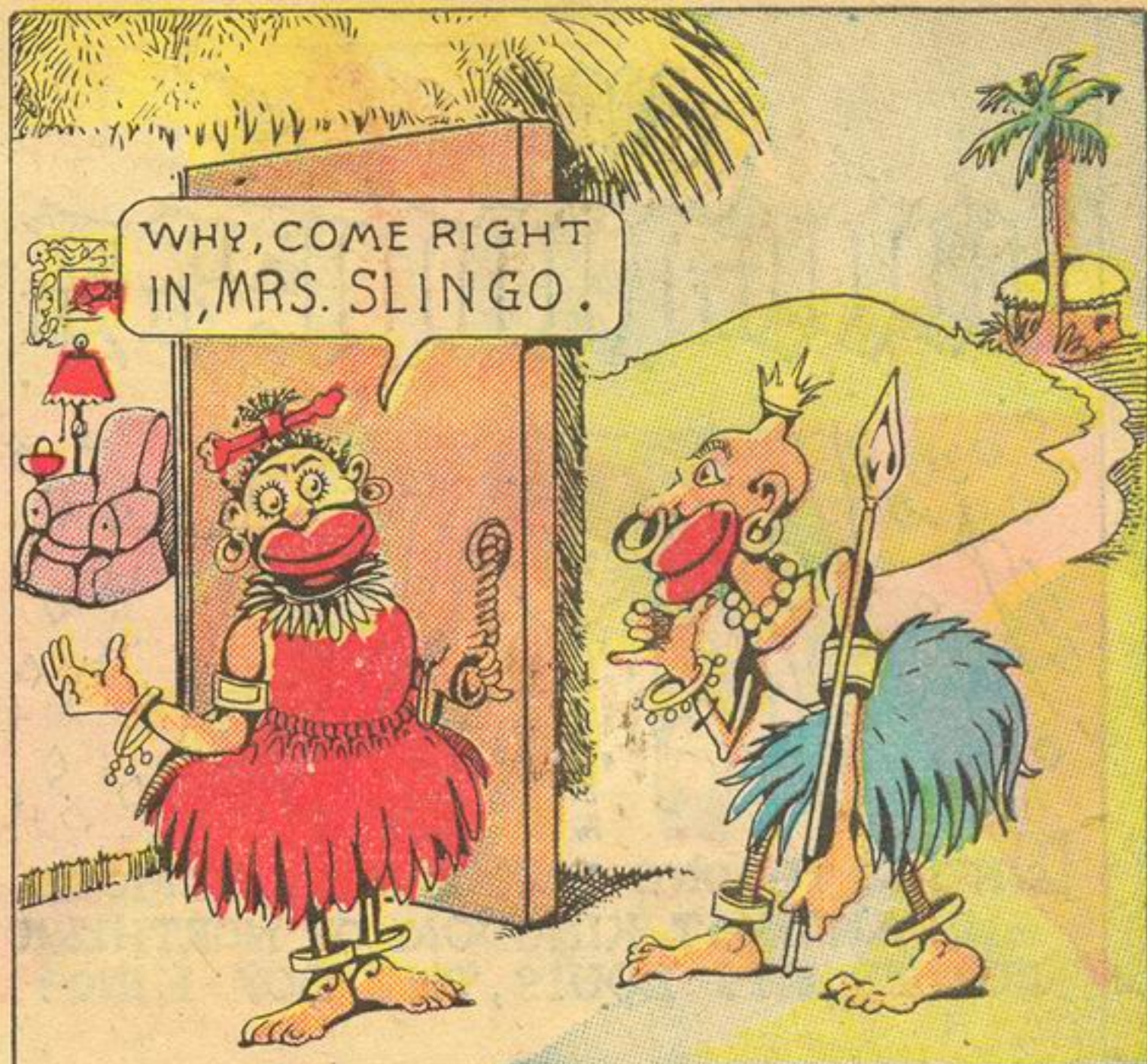




TOOTS



Jungle Town



HIS HIGHNESS



ON THE THRONE OF KASPIANA, REMOTE AND ANCIENT KINGDOM OF NORTHERN EUROPE, SITS LOUIS, THE BOY KING.

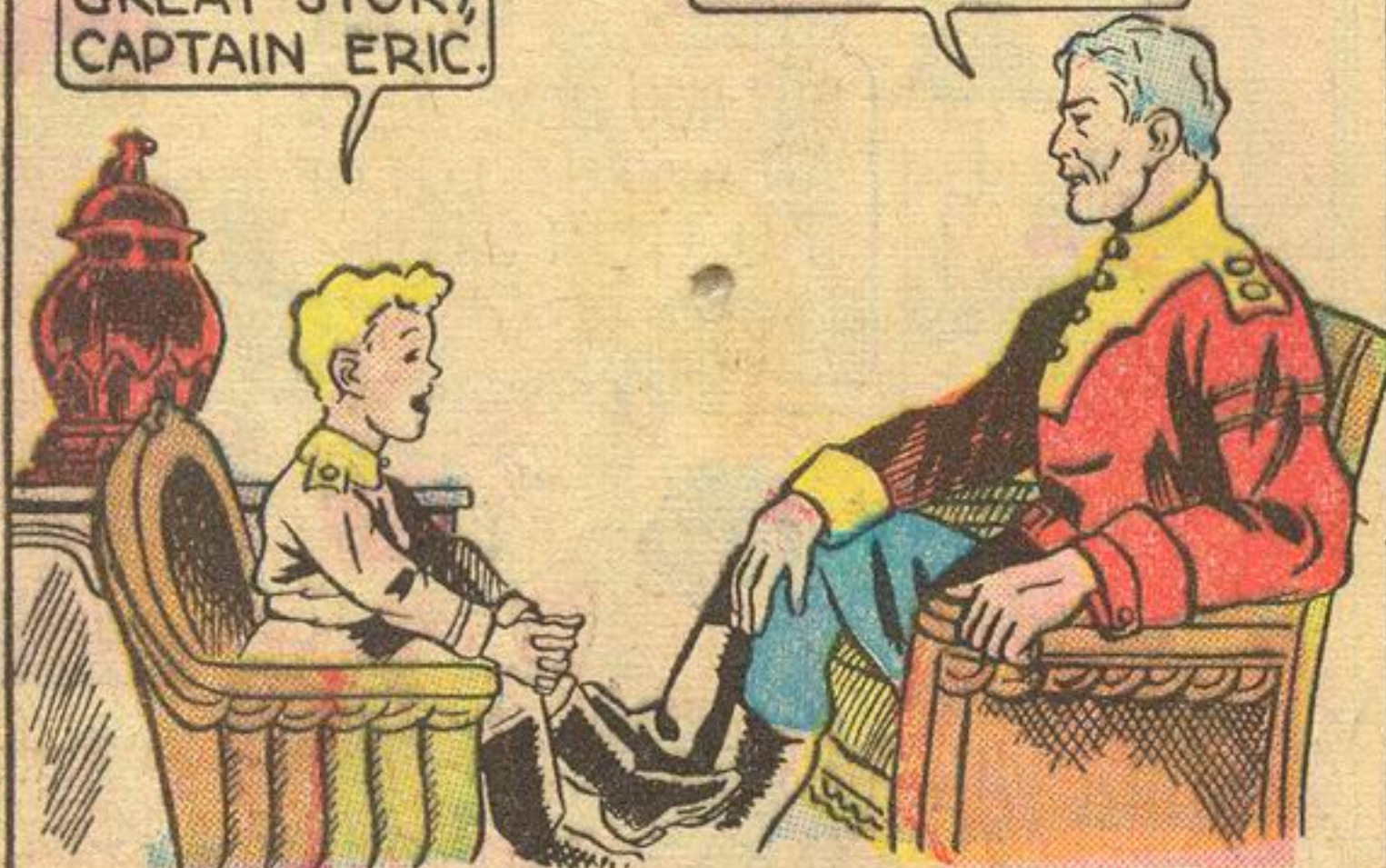
AND WITH THE ENEMY SO CLOSE, EVERY MOMENT DRAWING NEARER, BRINGING DEATH WITH THEM, THERE WAS NOTHING TO DO BUT OPEN FIRE!

IT CERTAINLY MUST HAVE BEEN EXCITING!



THAT WAS A GREAT STORY, CAPTAIN ERIC.

THANK YOU, YOUR HIGHNESS.



ERIC HAGERT, CAPTAIN OF THE KING'S GUARD, OVERSEER OF THE MILITARY, IS THE IDOL OF THE YOUNG KING.

A KING'S LIFE IS A LONELY ONE, YOUR HIGHNESS, BUT YOU MUST LEARN TO BE A GOOD KING.

BUT THEY MAKE ME FEEL SO LONELY. WHY CAN'T I HAVE COMPANIONS?



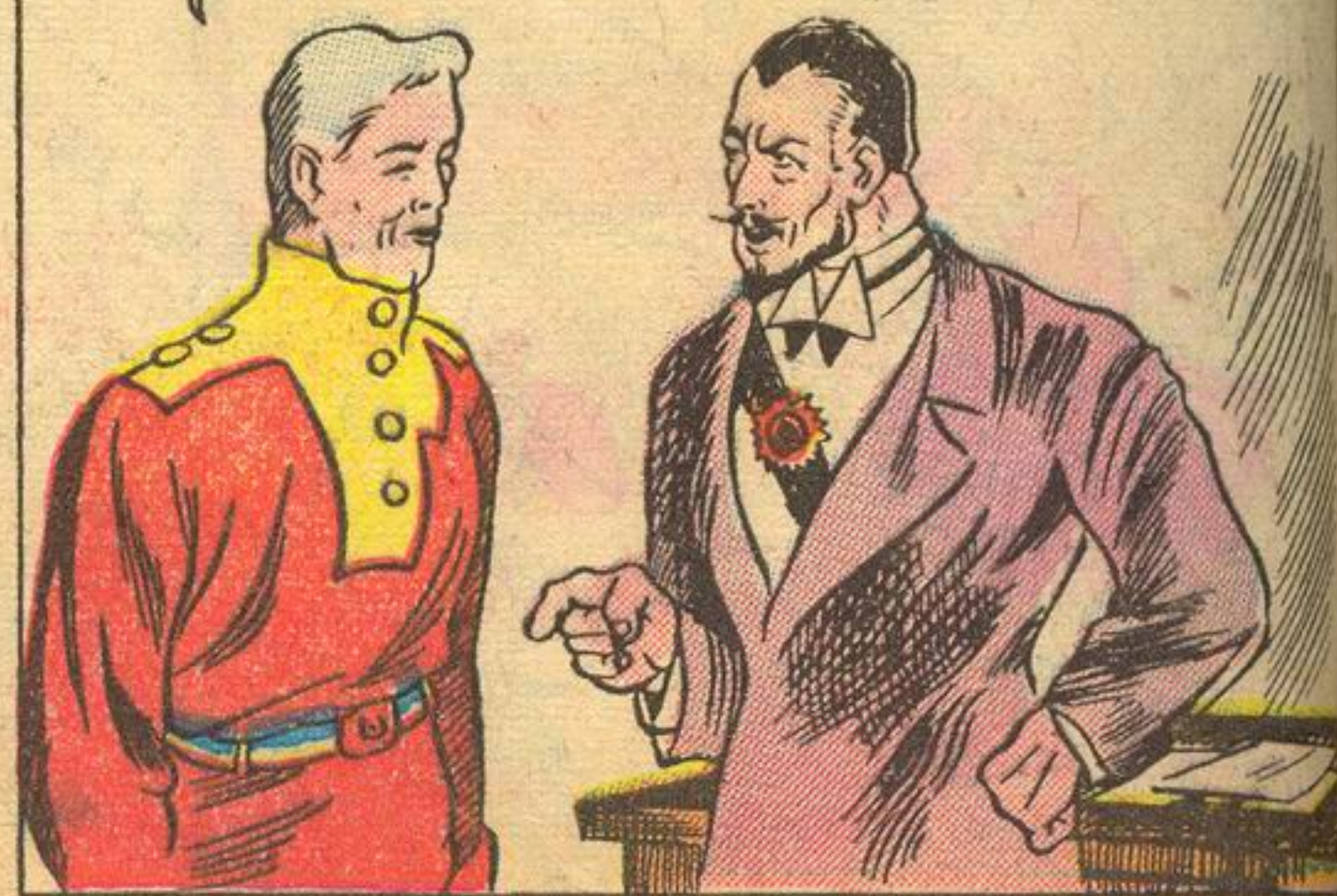
YOUR HIGHNESS, CHANCELLOR VON STRUMEN ASKS YOUR PARDON FOR THIS INTRUSION AND BEGS TO SEE CAPTAIN HAGERT.

YOU MAY GO, CAPTAIN ERIC.



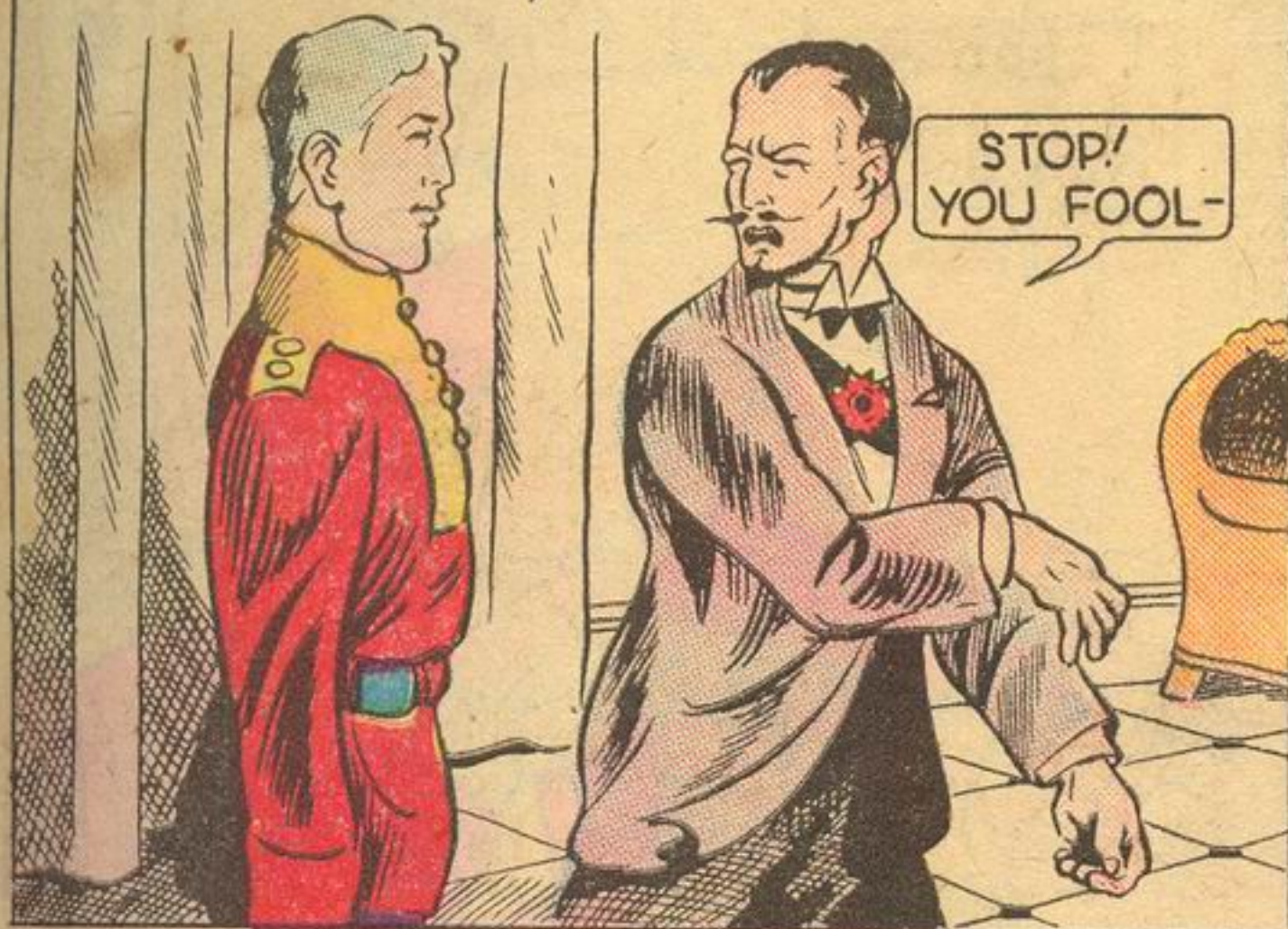
I HAVE REPORTS OF SERIOUS RIOTING OUTSIDE THE HOME OF THE TAX DEPUTY. SUCH UNREST MUST BE QUELLED AT ONCE.

I AM AT YOUR SERVICE, SIR!



I MIGHT SUGGEST, SIR, THAT THE PEOPLE ARE SORELY BURDENED BY TAXATION - AND THAT THERE IS MUCH RESENTMENT.

STOP!
YOU FOOL-



THE WAY TO QUELL REVOLT IS TO BURDEN THE SCUM WITH WORK AND MORE WORK AND TAXATION UNTIL THEY STARVE!

I CANNOT
AGREE, SIR --



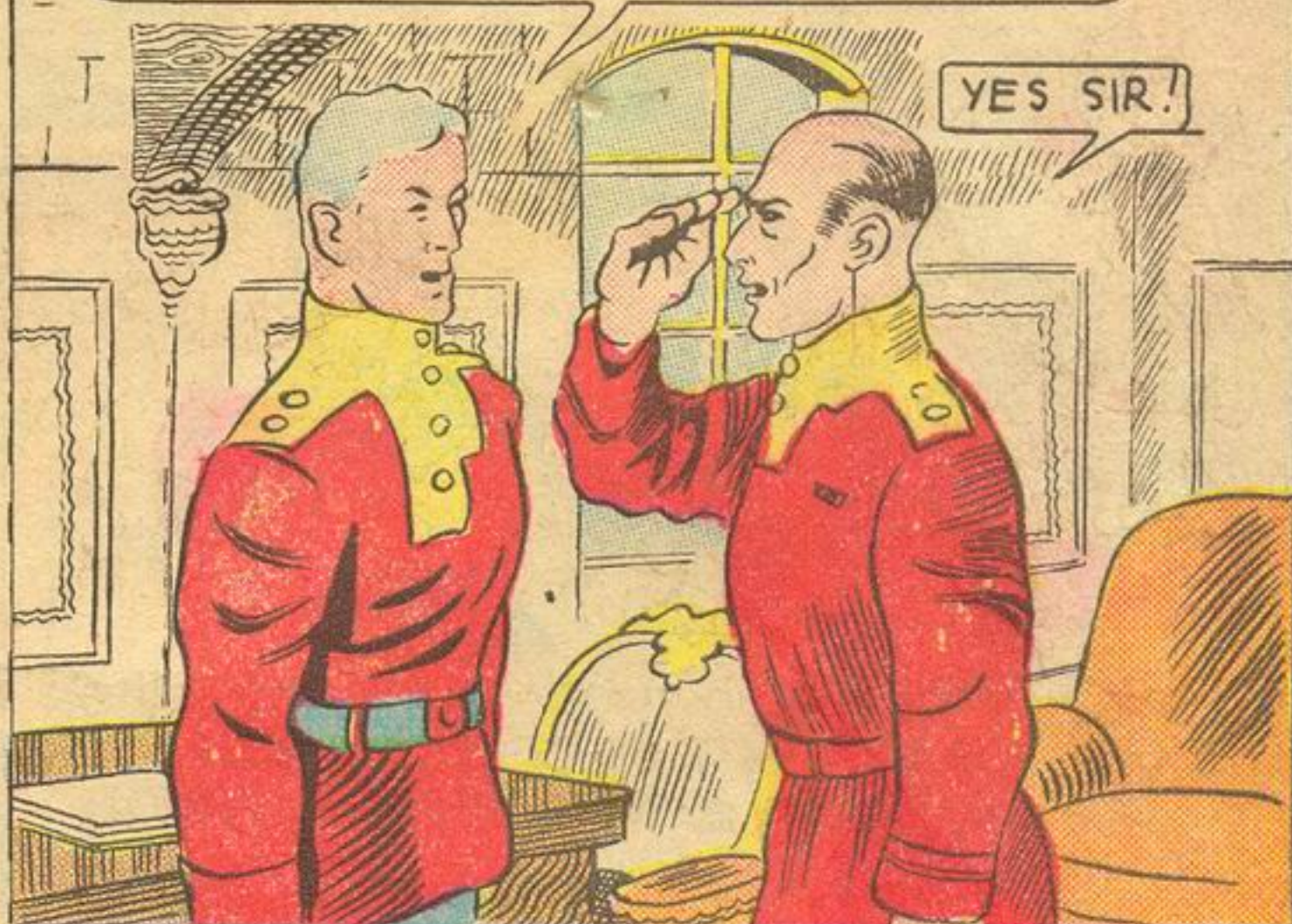
I DID NOT ASK YOUR OPINION! GO AT ONCE, SIR, OR I SHALL HAVE YOU THROWN INTO PRISON WITHOUT TRAIL!

VERY WELL,
CHANCELLOR
VON STRUMEN.



THERE IS RIOTING IN THE TOWN. IT MUST BE STOPPED. I WILL GO WITH YOU, LIEUTENANT STRUTT.

YES SIR!



RUTHLESSLY THE SOLDIERS ATTACK THE RIOTING MOB.

ALL RIGHT- OPEN
FIRE ON THEM!



UNABLE TO SEE SUCH SLAUGHTER OF UNARMED PEASANTS GOING ON, ERIC GIVES A COMMAND ---

CEASE FIRING! STOP
THIS MASSACRE!



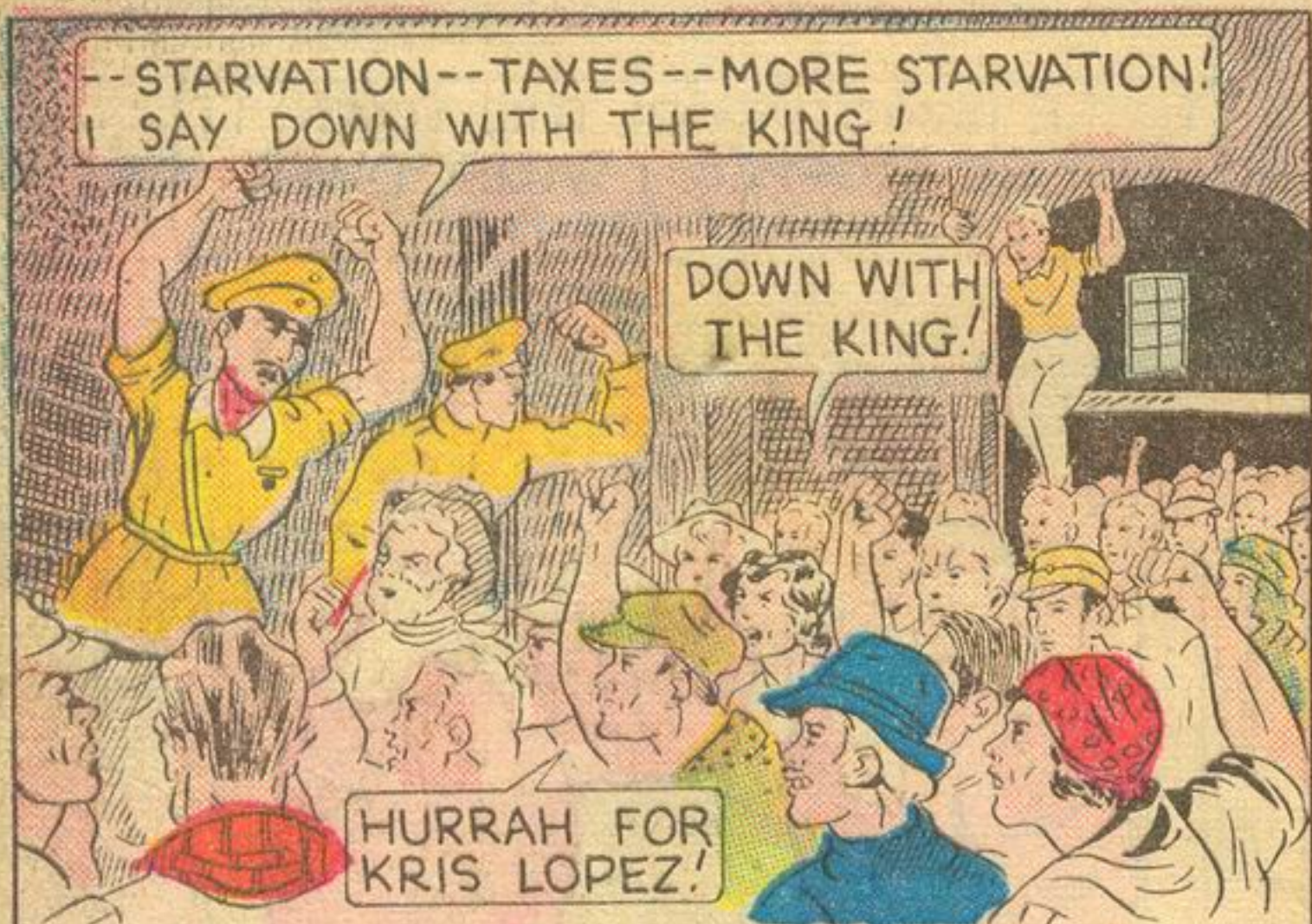
THEY SEEMED VIOLENT,
SIR!



YES, SIR.



DOWN WITH
THE KING!



HURRAH FOR
KRIS LOPEZ!

WHILE THE RIOTS TAKE THE ATTENTION
OF THE ARMY, KRIS LOPEZ, LEADER OF
A REVOLUTION, RAISES PUBLIC OPINION
TO INDIGNANT FRENZY.

YES, LOPEZ. YOUR FINE
WORDS GOT THEM!

NOW WHAT
IS THE BEST
WAY-?



KRIS IS RIGHT--AND WHEN
THE KING IS IN OUR POWER-




WHEN THE GUARD LEAVES THE PALACE
GROUNDS, WE STRIKE! -- TAKE OVER THE
ARSENAL! ALL KASPIANA SHALL BE IN OUR
HANDS!





SERGEANT OF THE GUARDS, YOU ARE TO KEEP HIS HIGHNESS EVER IN YOUR SIGHT. I FEAR FOR HIS SAFETY!

ERIC RETURNS TO THE PALACE. FEARFUL OF AN UPRISING, HE ORDERS A STRICT GUARD OVER THE YOUNG KING.



YOUR HIGHNESS, I HAVE THOUGHT OF WHAT YOU SAID ABOUT BEING LONESOME AND HAVE ORDERED ONE OF YOUR GUARDS AS COMPANION.

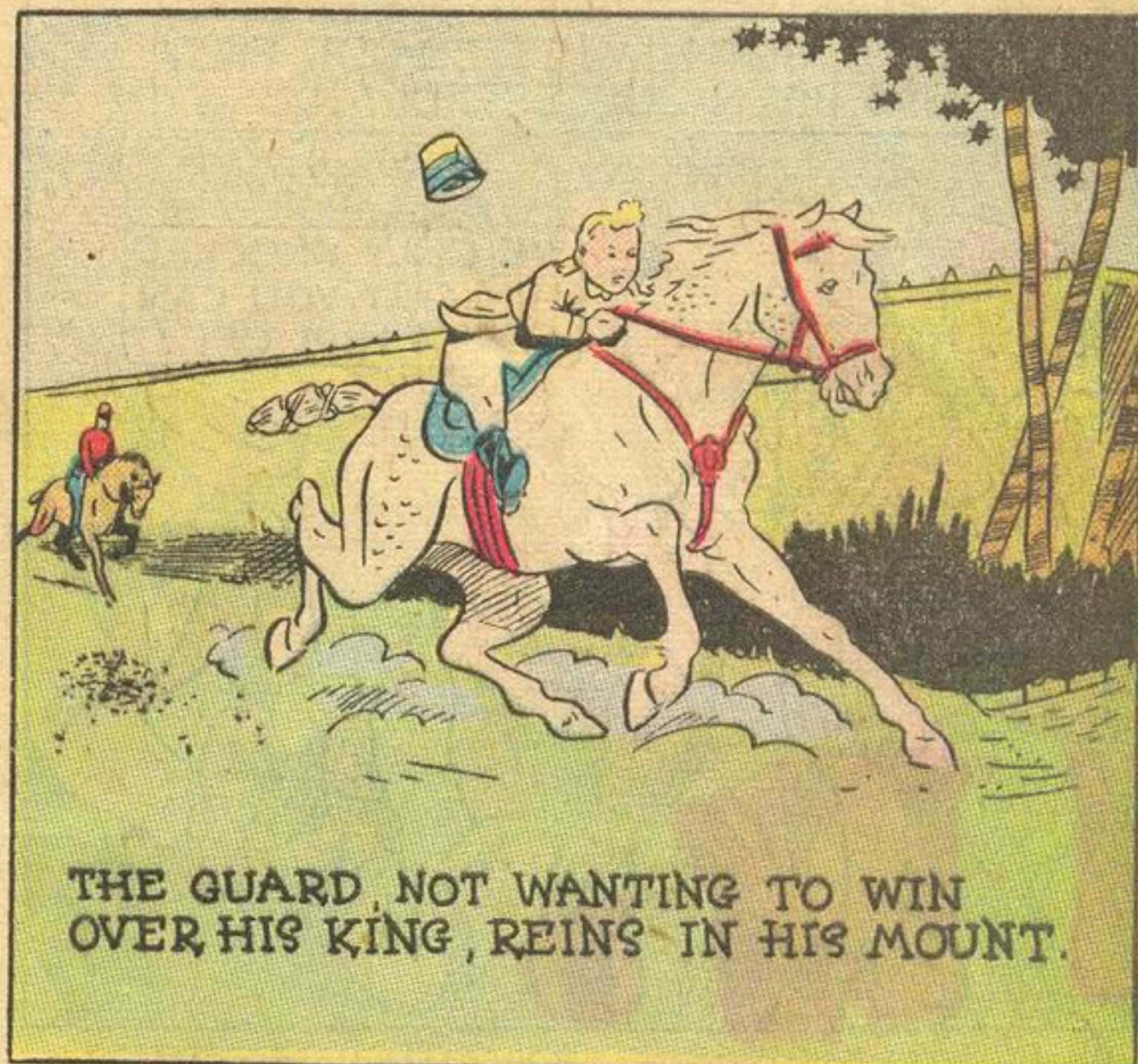
OH, THANK YOU CAPTAIN, BUT I WISH IT WERE YOU INSTEAD.

ERIC DOES NOT TELL LOUIS THE REAL REASON FOR HIS APPOINTING A BODYGUARD.

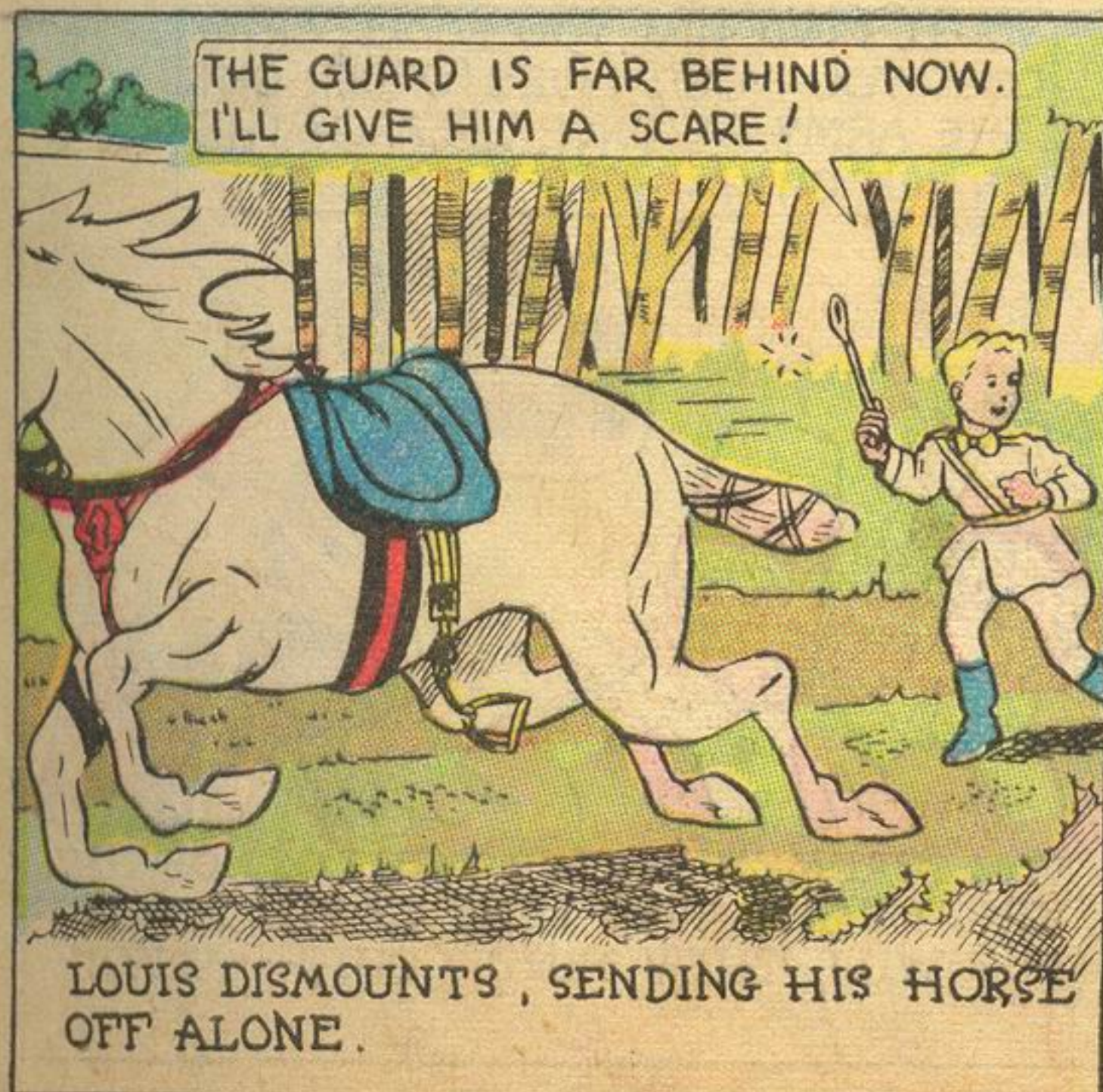


IT'S FUN HAVING SOMEONE WITH ME! AND SAY--I'LL BEAT YOU AROUND THE BRIDLE PATH.

VERY WELL, YOUR HIGHNESS.



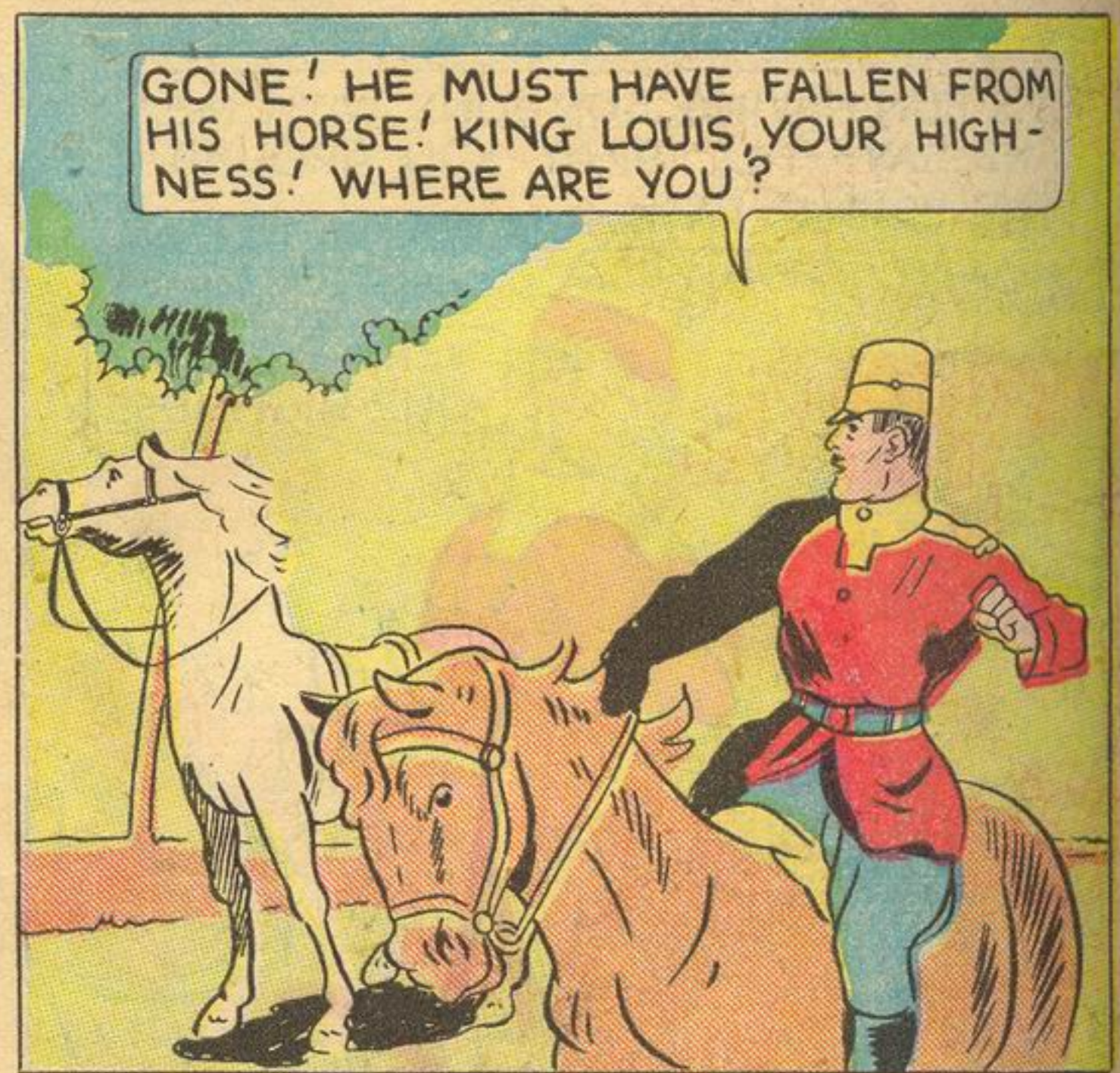
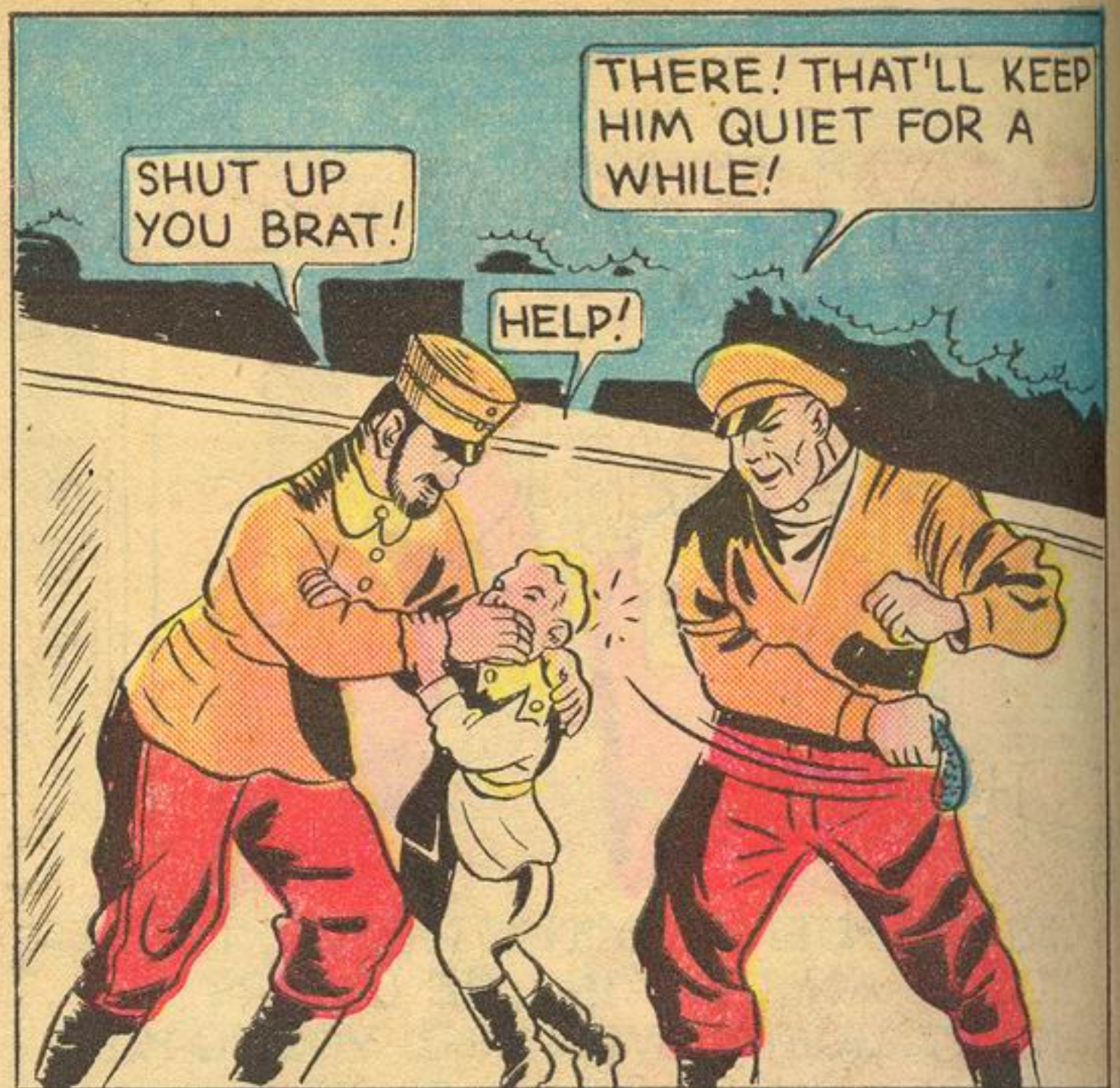
THE GUARD, NOT WANTING TO WIN OVER HIS KING, REINS IN HIS MOUNT.



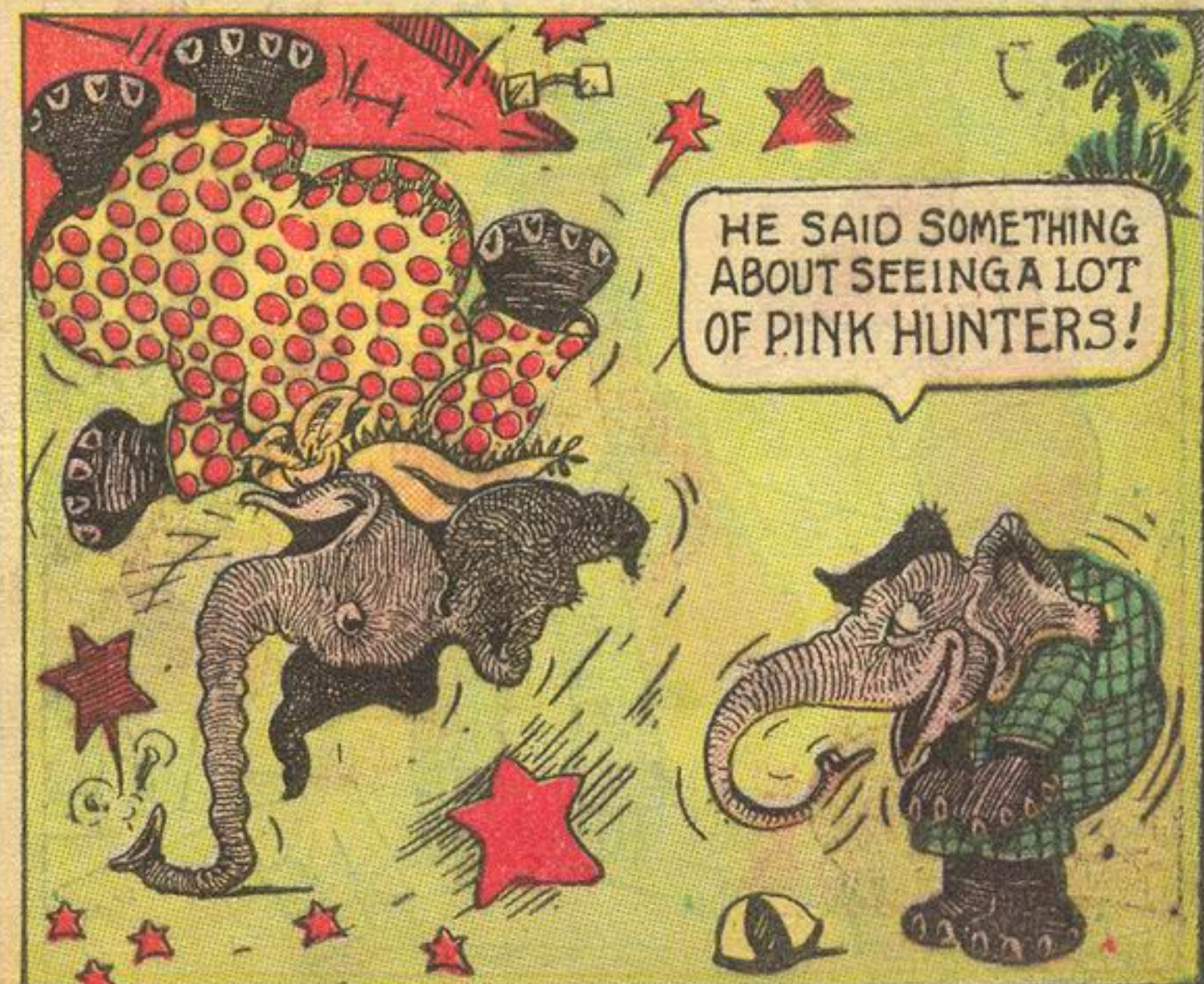
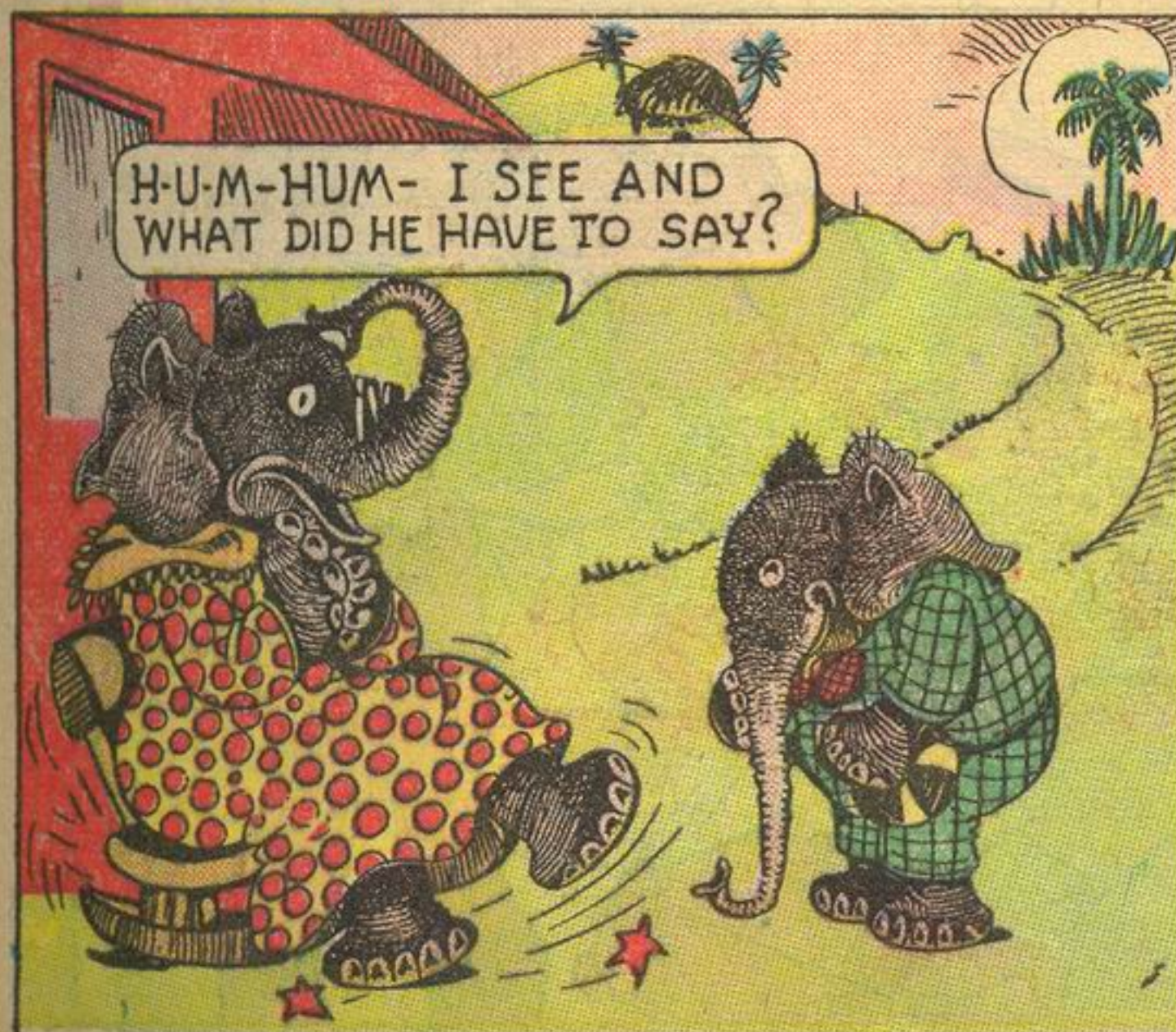
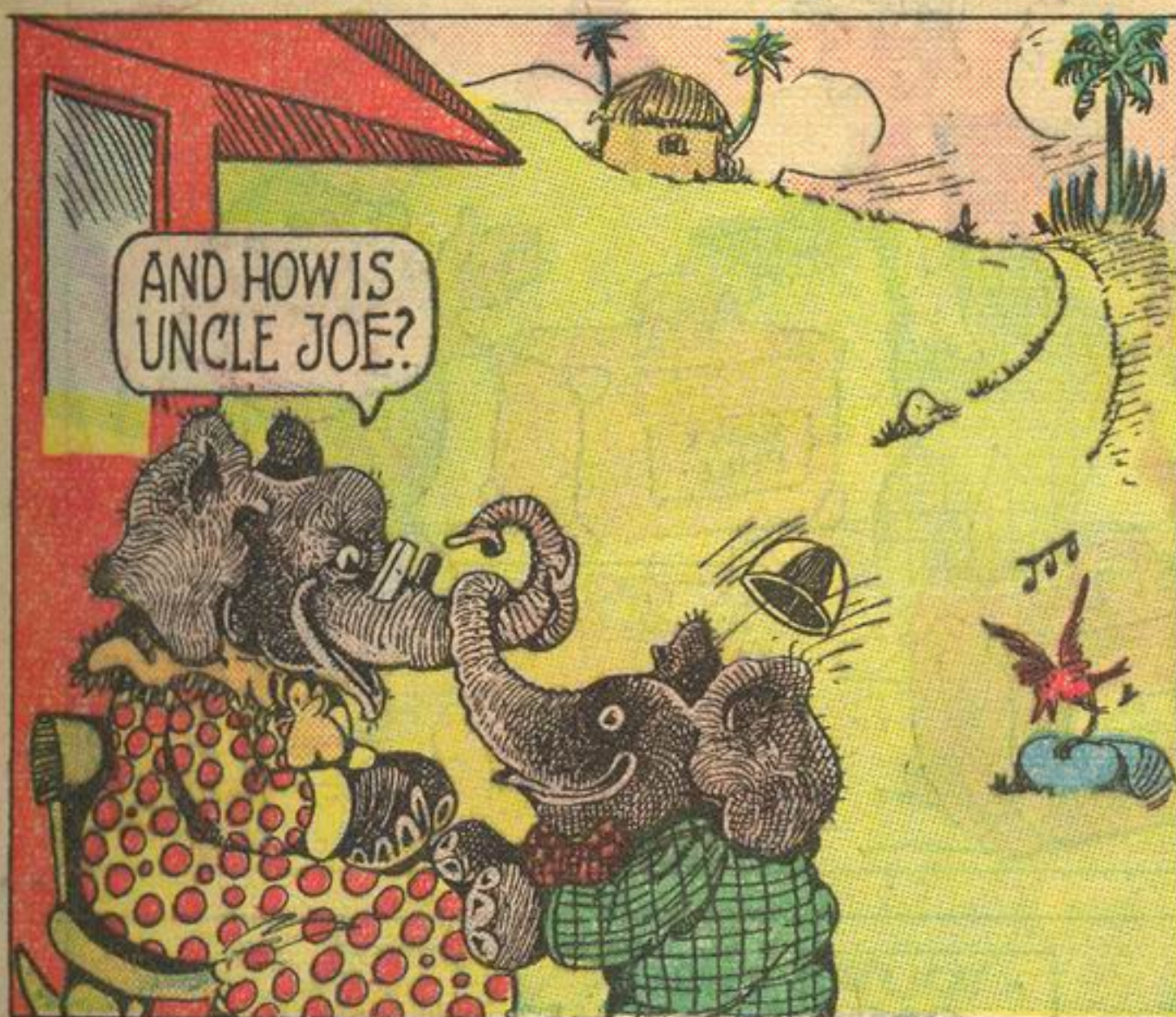
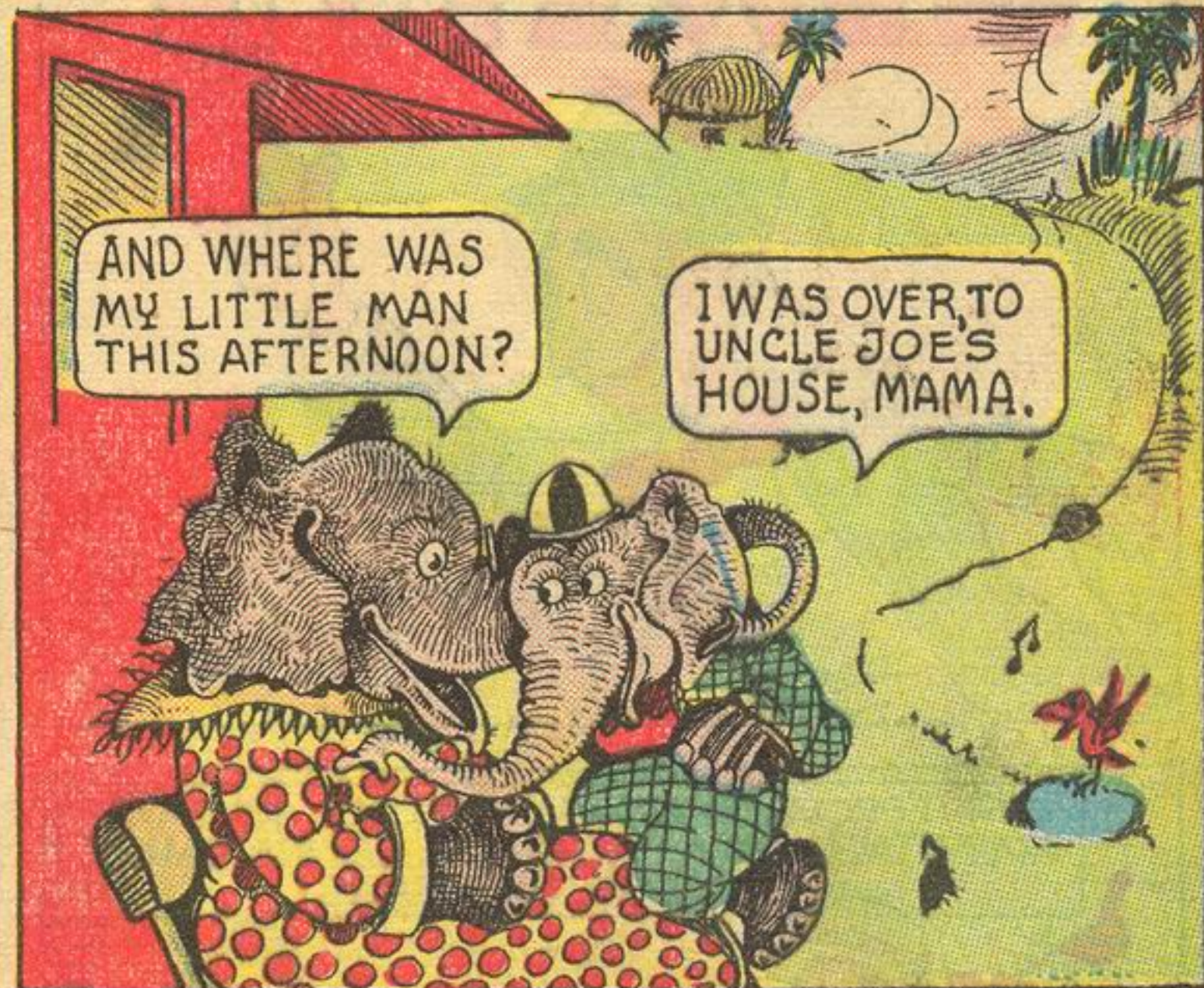
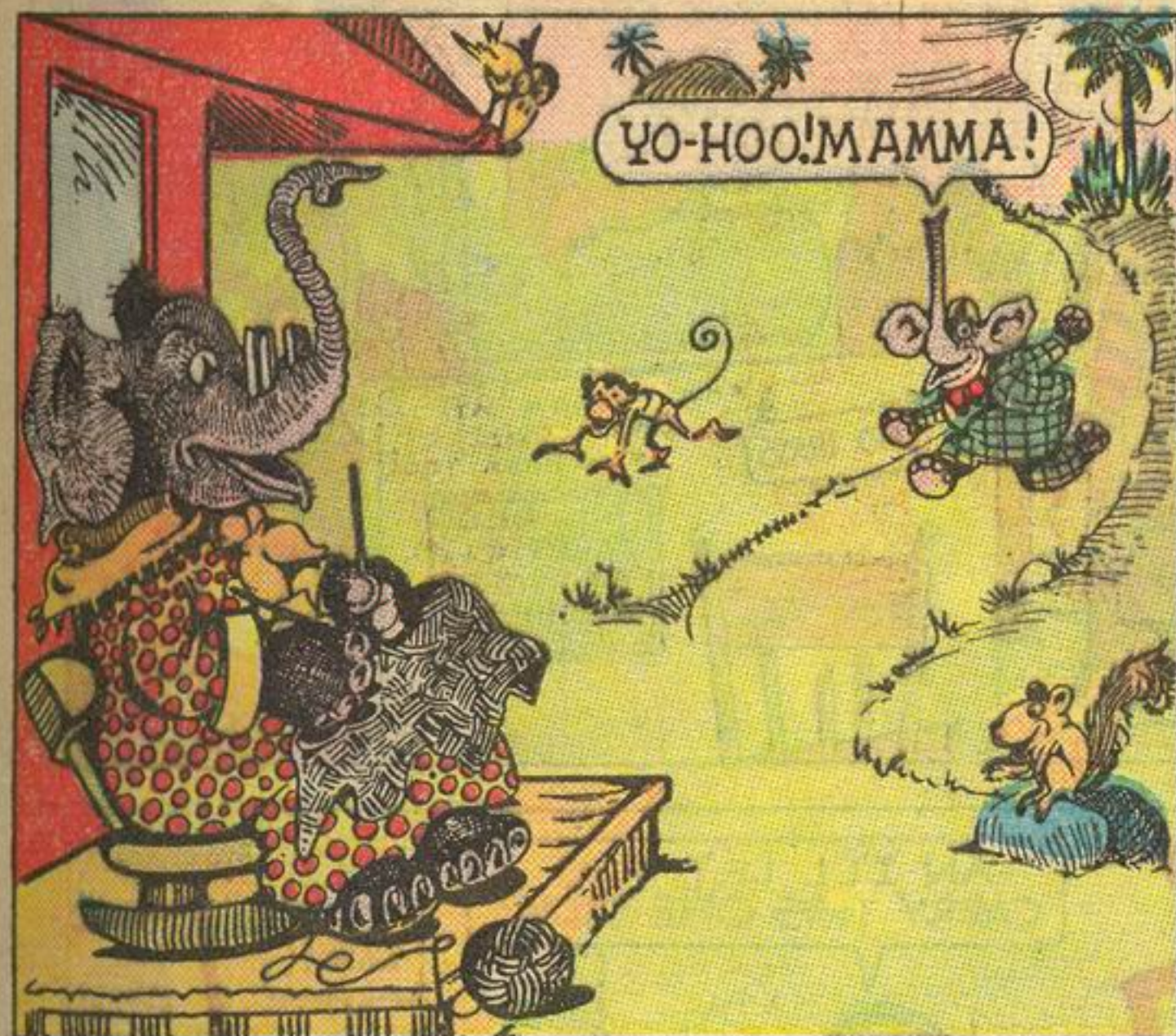
THE GUARD IS FAR BEHIND NOW. I'LL GIVE HIM A SCARE!

LOUIS DISMOUNTS, SENDING HIS HORSE OFF ALONE.

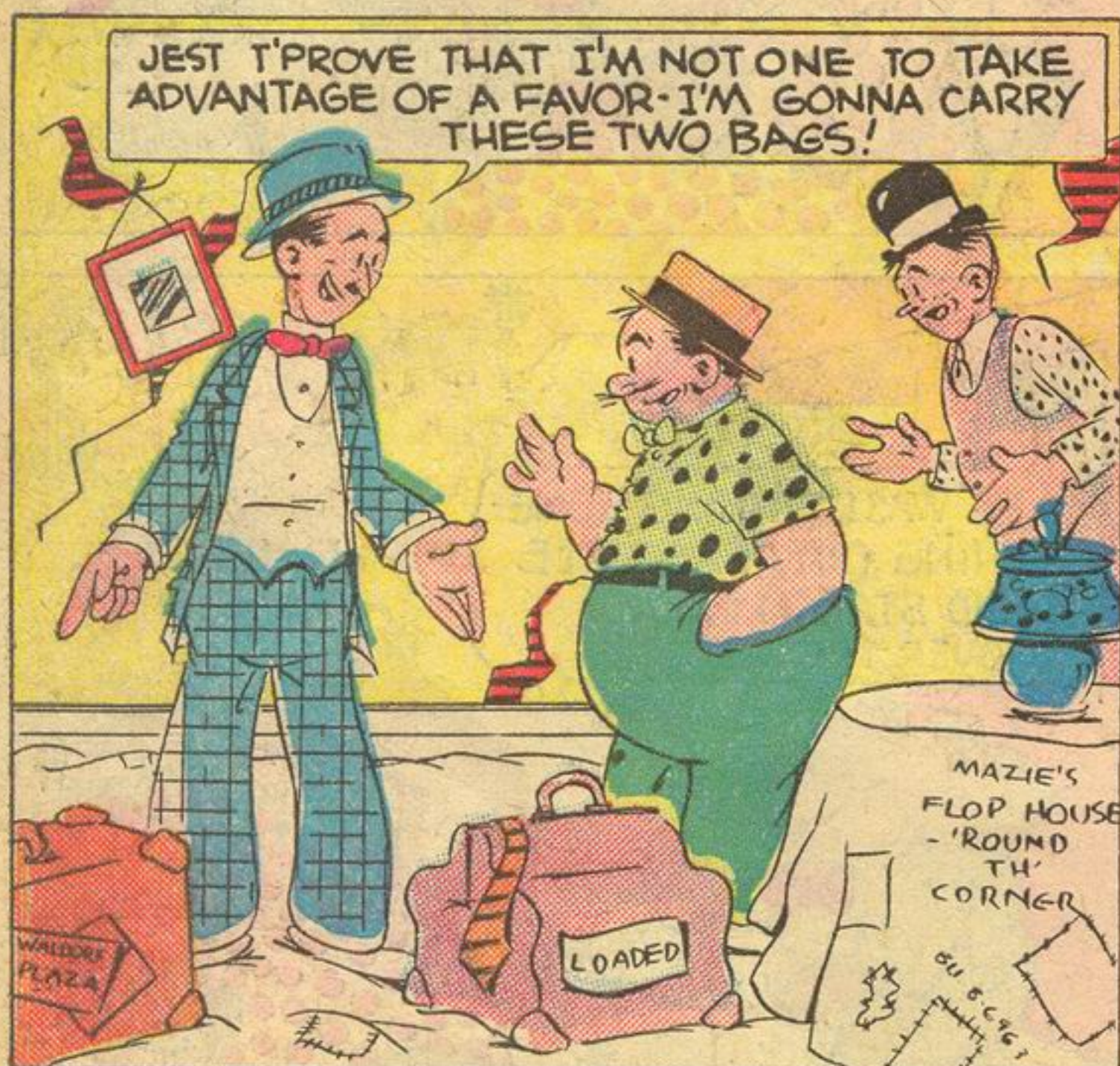




'SCHOOL DAZE'

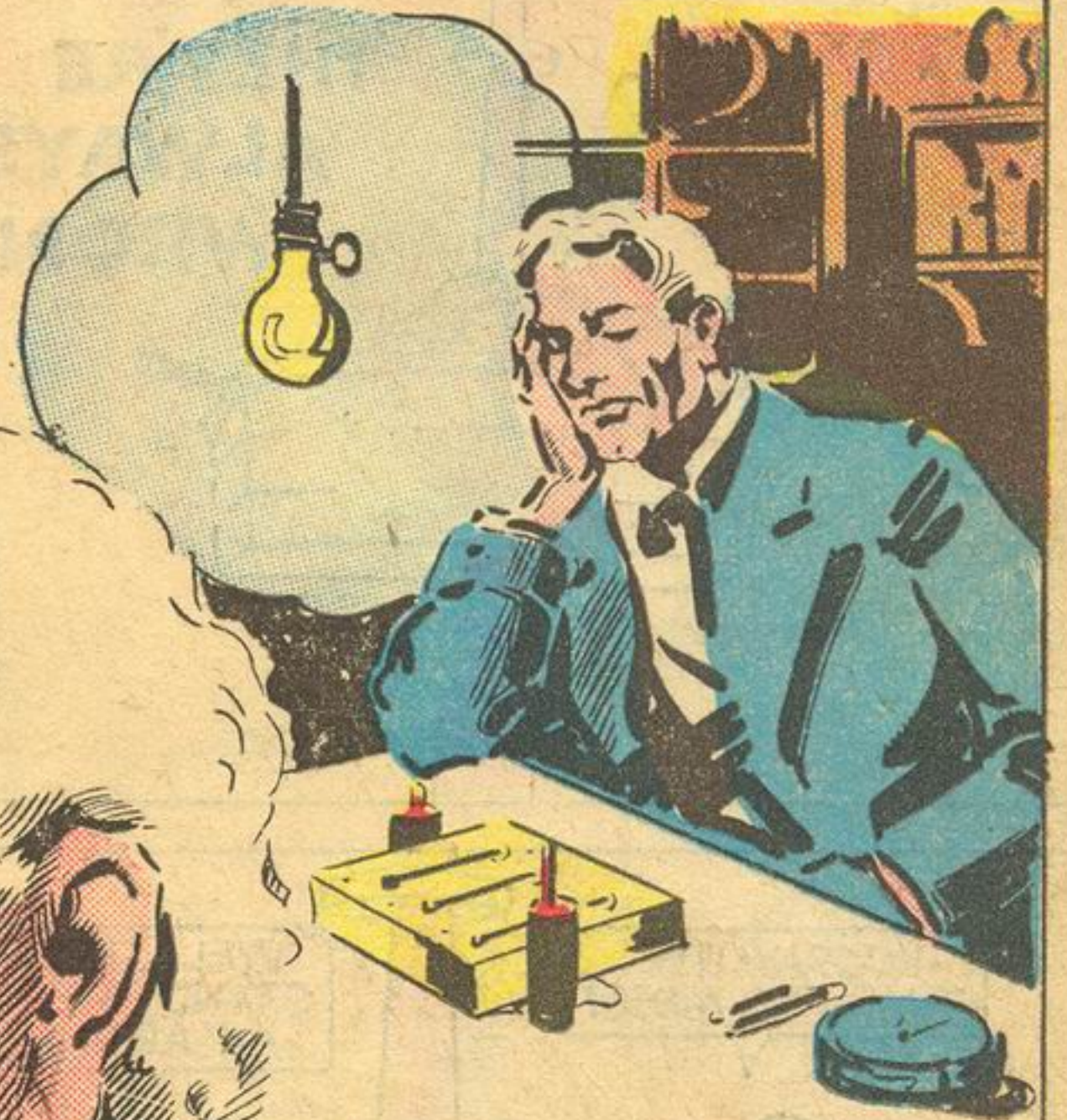


SLIPPERY SAM



Empire Builders

LONG HOURS OF HARD WORK
AND PERSISTENT DEVOTION
DEVELOPED THE TALKING
MACHINE.



THE SAME ENERGY
OF THIS MASTER
MIND PRODUCED
THE ELECTRIC
LIGHT BULB.

THOMAS A EDISON

1847 — 1931

THESE TWO GREAT INVENTIONS
DID MORE TO LIFT THE POOR
MAN'S STANDARD OF LIVING THAN
ANY SIMILAR INVENTION IN MAN'S
HISTORY.



THEY BROUGHT LIGHT AND MUSIC INTO
HIS HOME, BROUGHT COMFORT, ENTER-
TAINMENT AND EDUCATION TO FARMER
AND FACTORY HAND ALIKE. MORE THAN
TWO MILLION TALKING MACHINES A
YEAR, WERE PRODUCED, GIVING GREATER EMPLOY-
MENT TO THOUSANDS, WHILE BETTER LIGHTING
FACILITIES SPED PRODUCTION TO NEW HEIGHTS.
THUS EDISON DID HIS PART IN BUILDING THE
"GREAT AMERICAN INDUSTRIAL EMPIRE."

BLOCK *and* FALL

THEY'RE
ALWAYS
WRONG



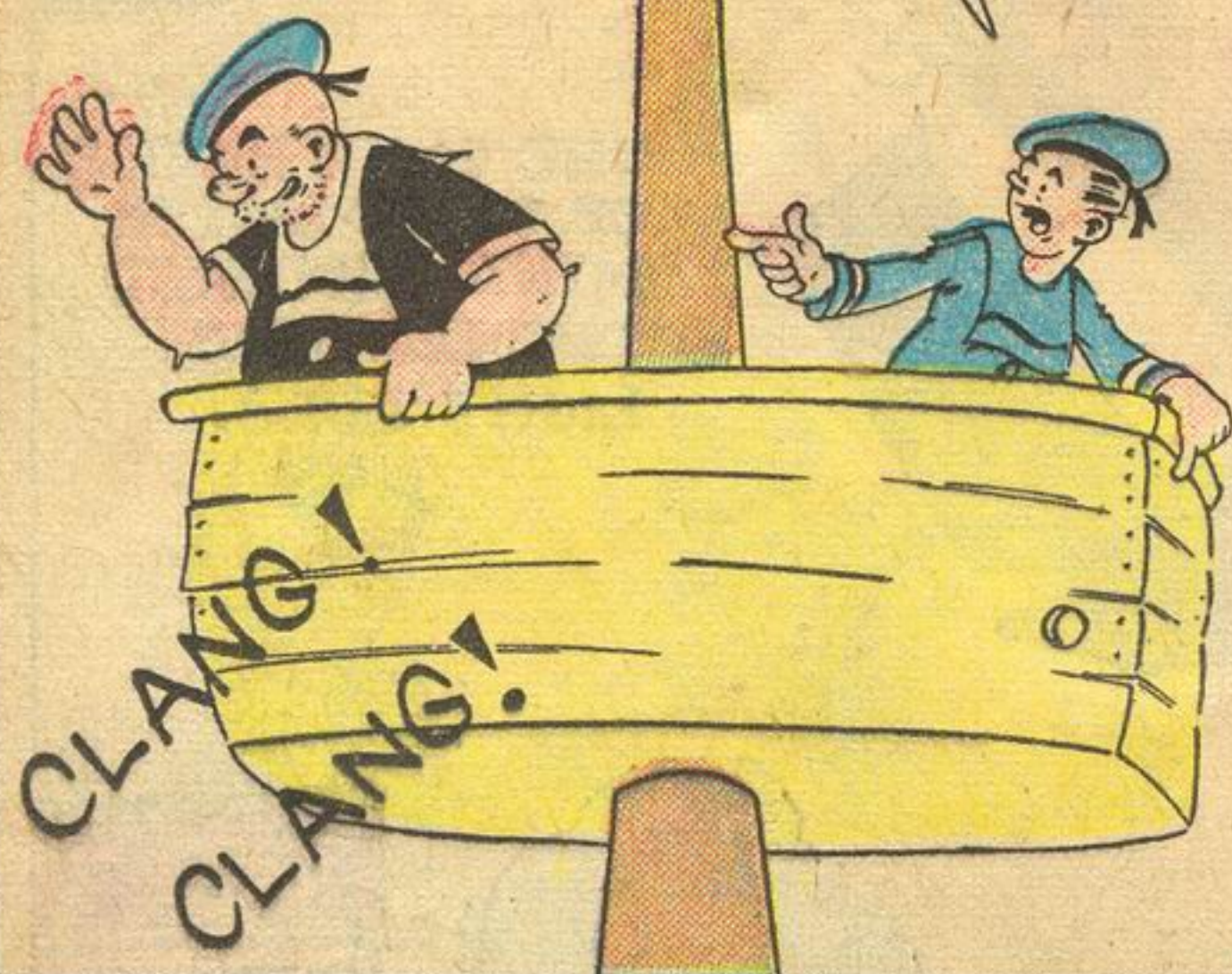
WHADDYA
SEE, MATEY?

BLAST ME, WE'LL BE
IN BOSTON BY SUN-
DOWN, AN' I'M BLOWIN'
ME WHOLE MONTH'S
PAY ON A LITTLE
GAL I KNOW!



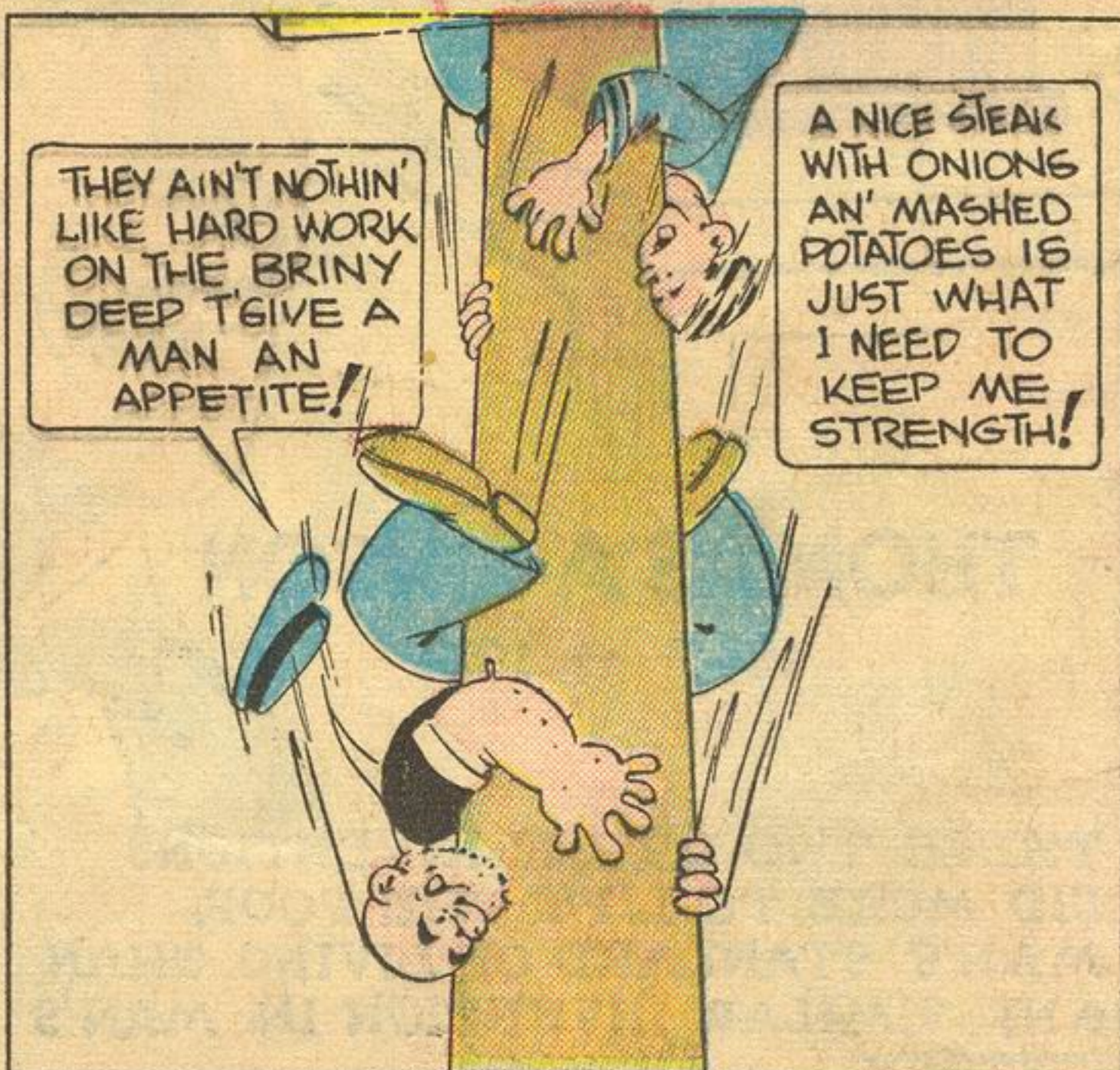
HOORAY-IT'S
TIME FOR MESS!

WELL, DON'T
STAND THERE
AN' ARGUE!



THEY AIN'T NOTHIN'
LIKE HARD WORK
ON THE BRINY
DEEP T'GIVE A
MAN AN
APPETITE!

A NICE STEAK
WITH ONIONS
AN' MASHED
POTATOES IS
JUST WHAT
I NEED TO
KEEP ME
STRENGTH!



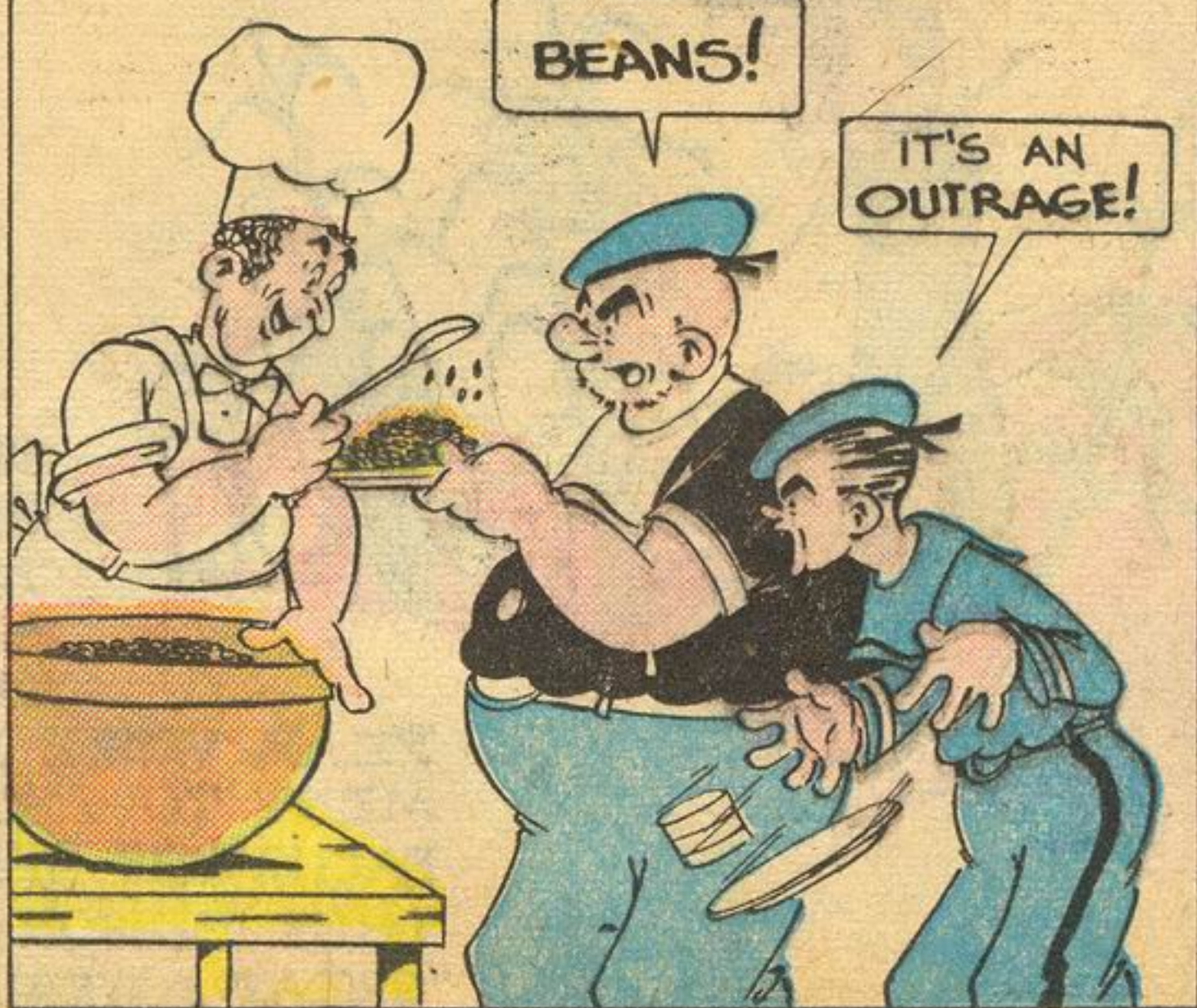
-OR A NICE ROAST
CHICKEN WITH GIBLET
GRAVEY 'N TOPPED OFF
WIT A PIECE OF
APPLE PIE!

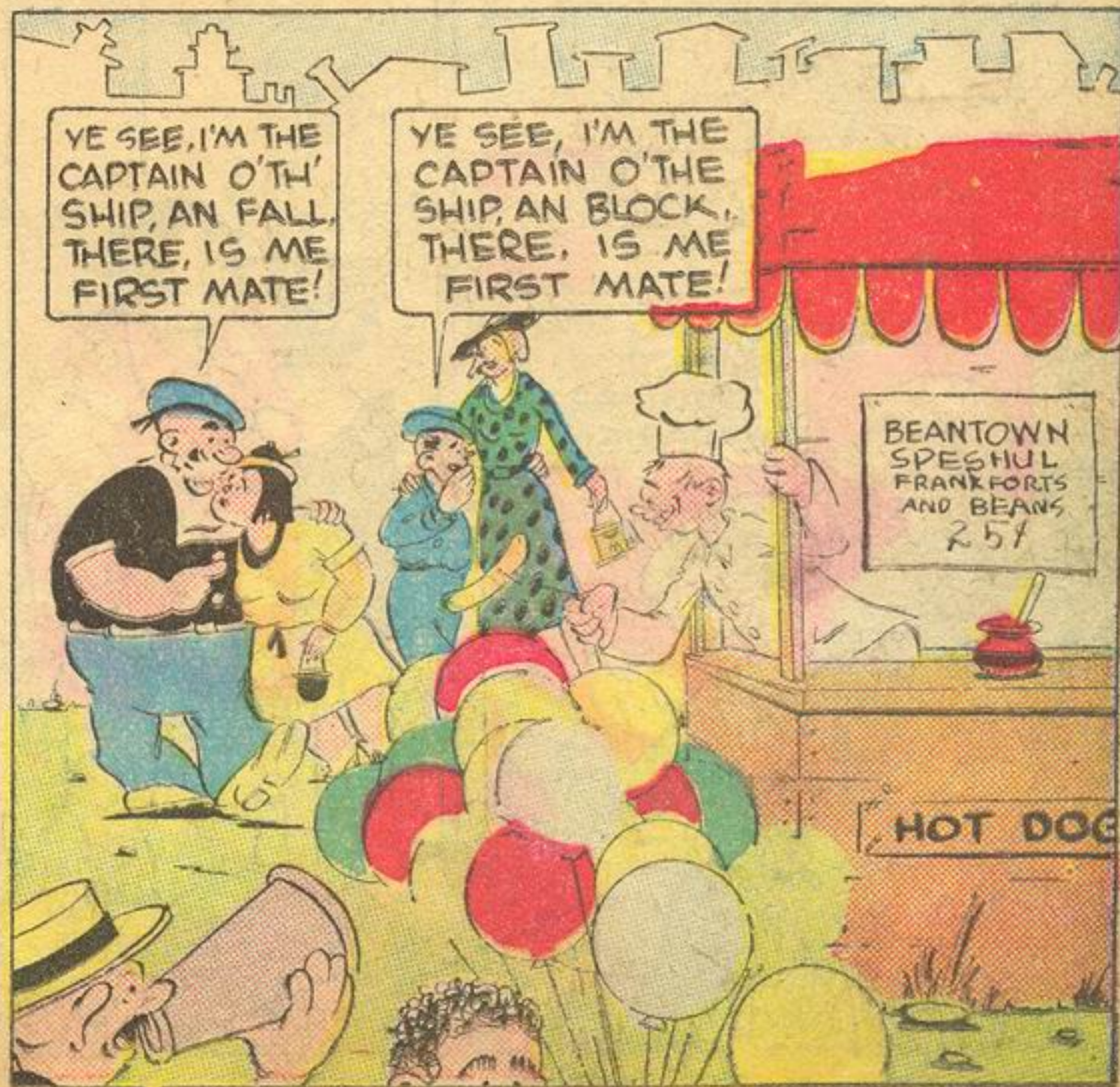
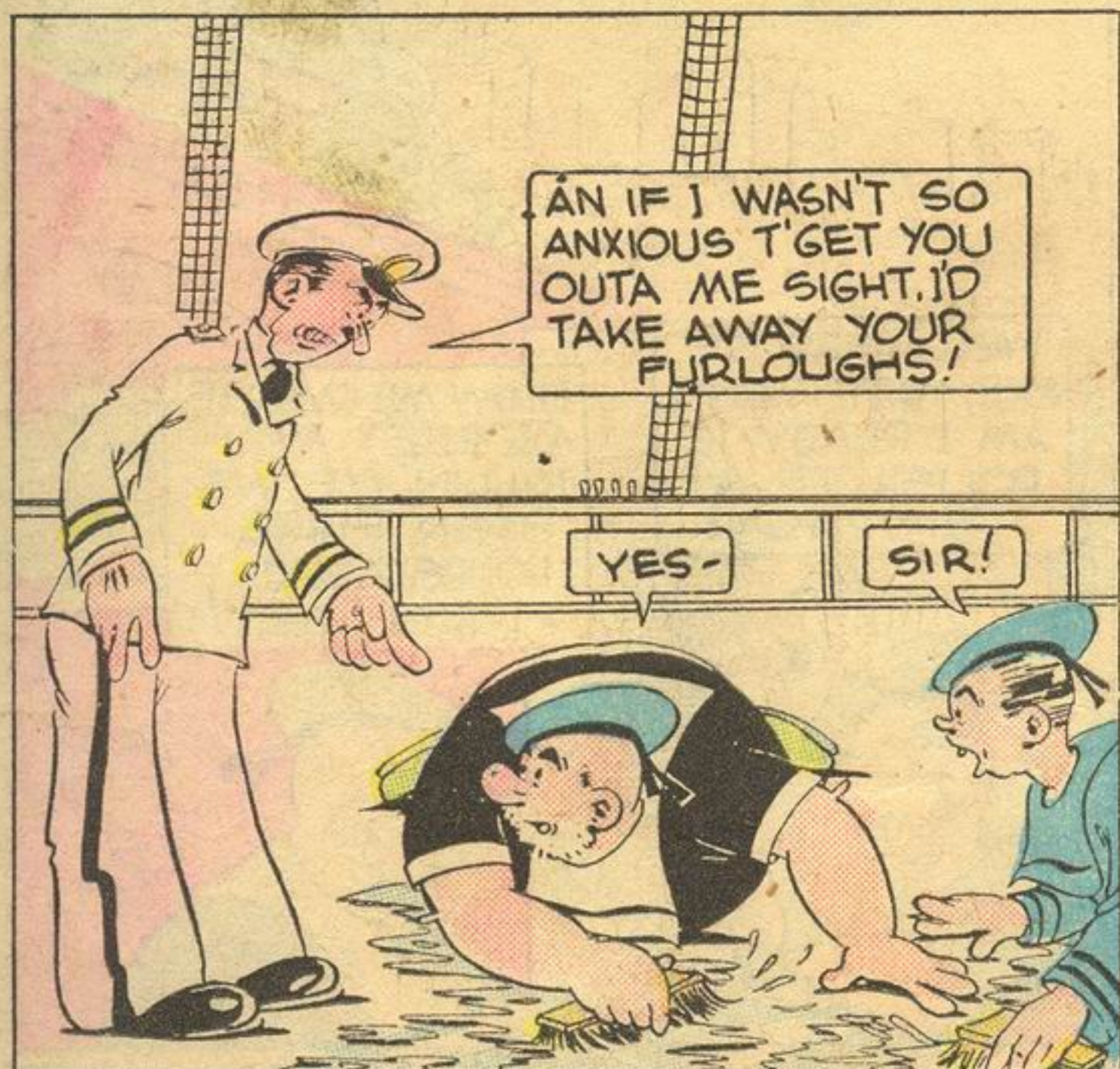
A-LA-MODE!



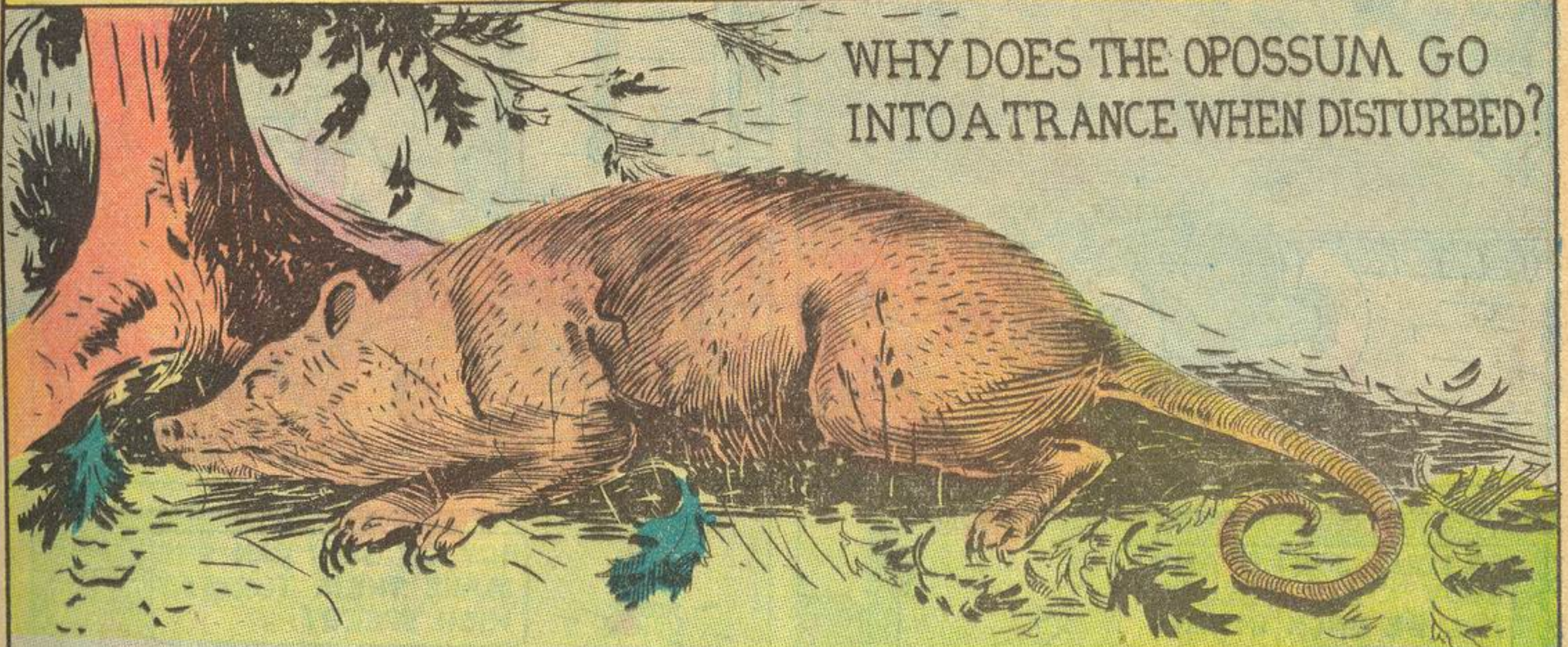
BEANS!

IT'S AN
OUTRAGE!



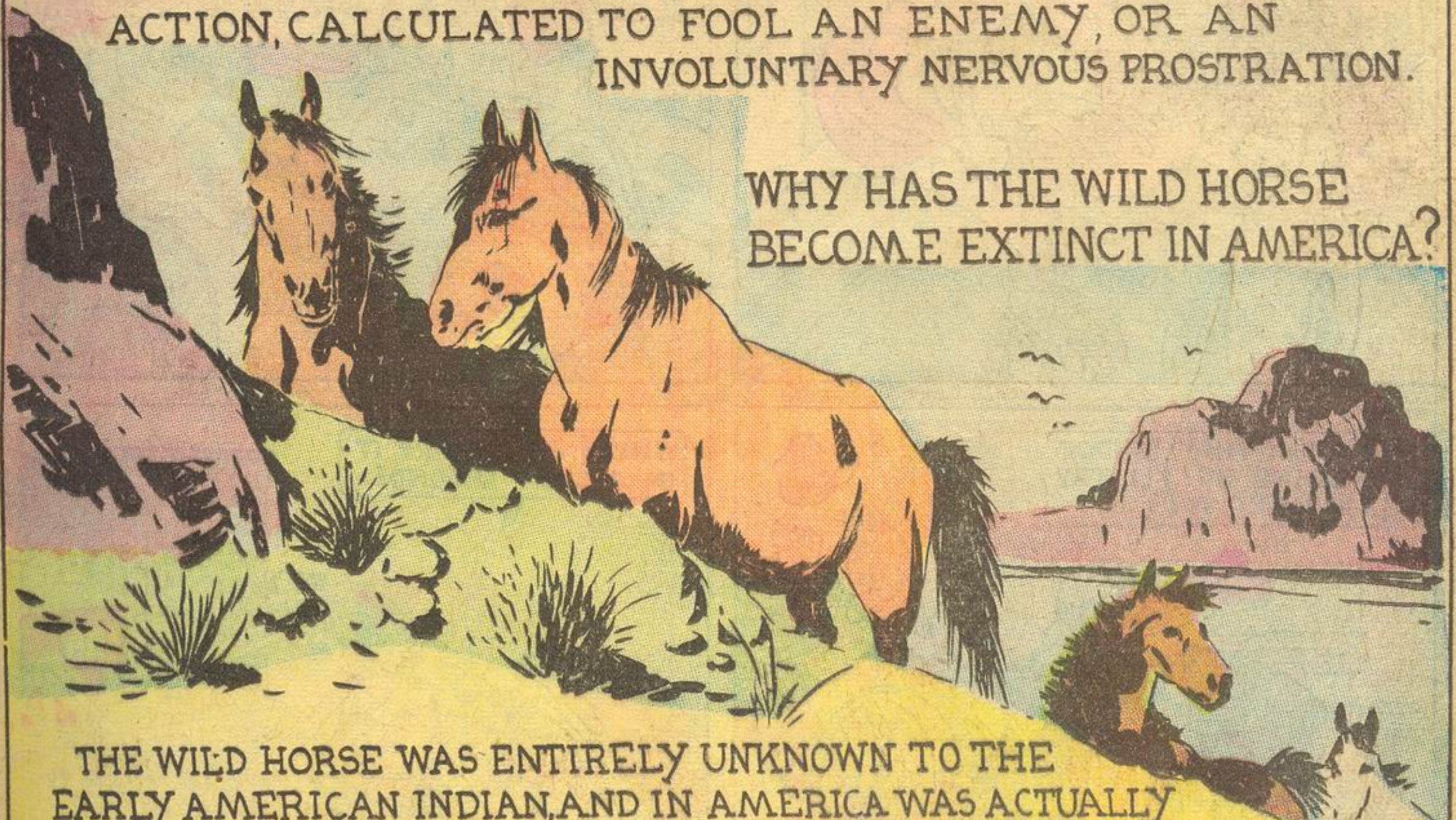


DO YOU KNOW *Why*?



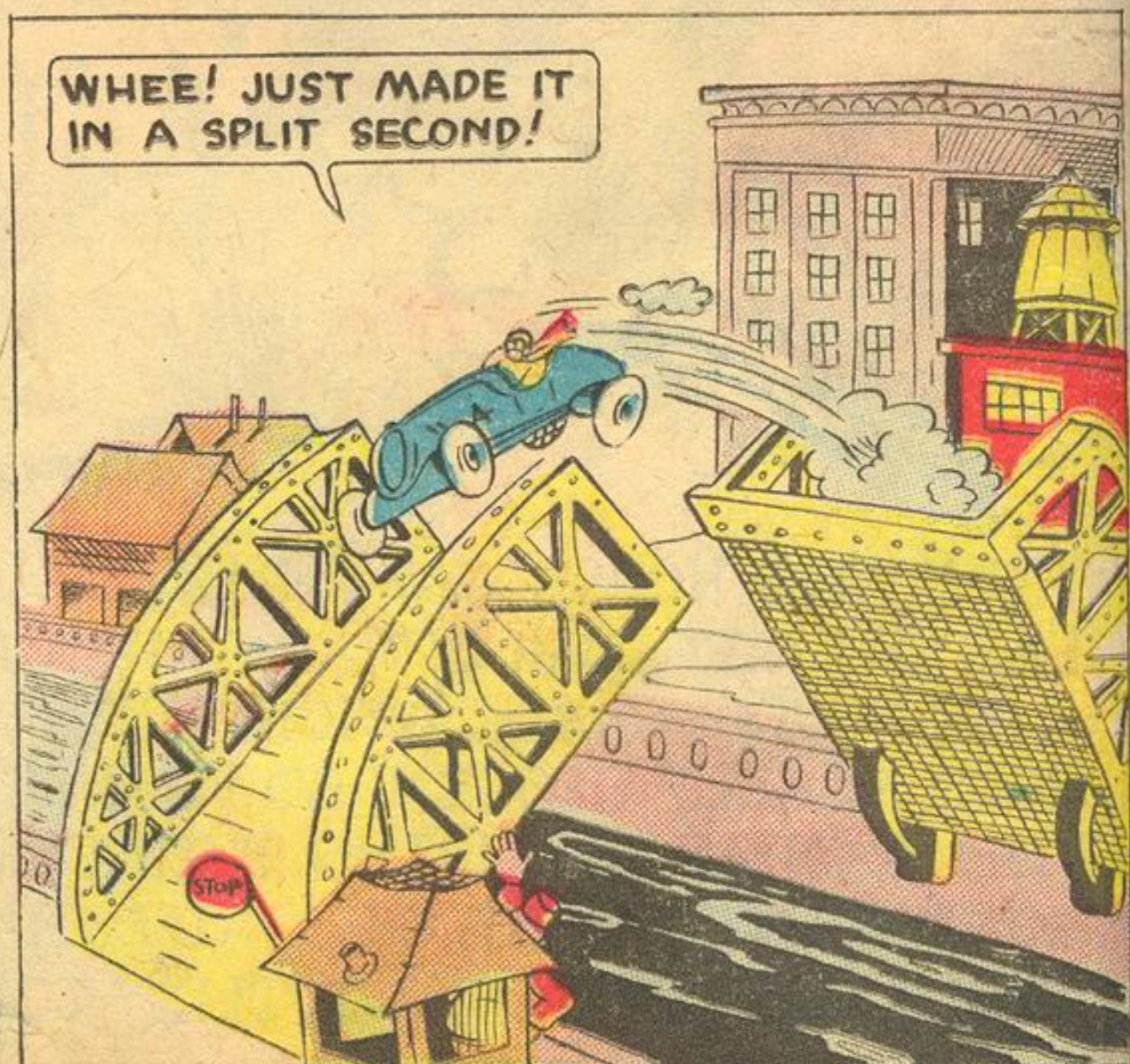
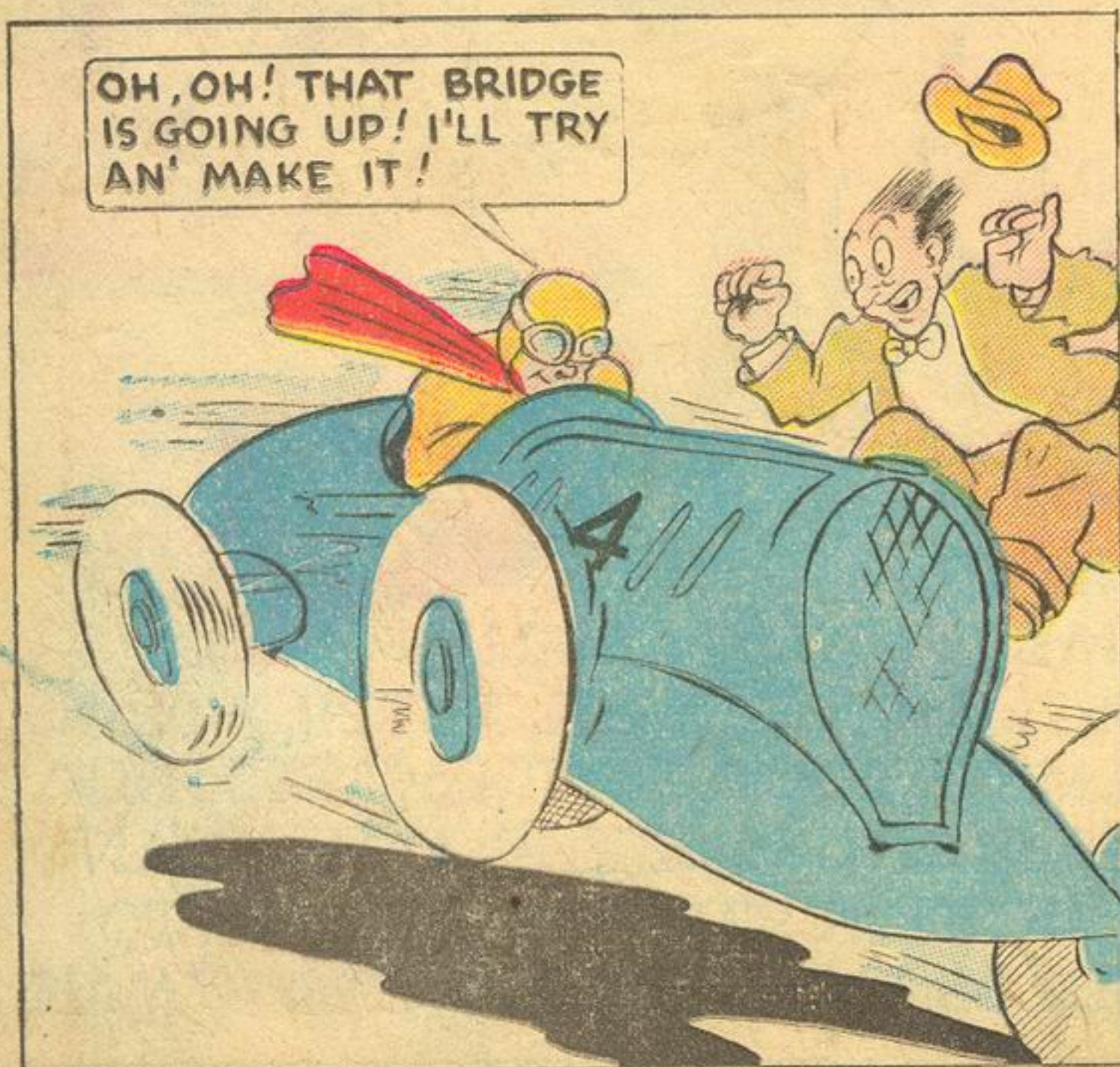
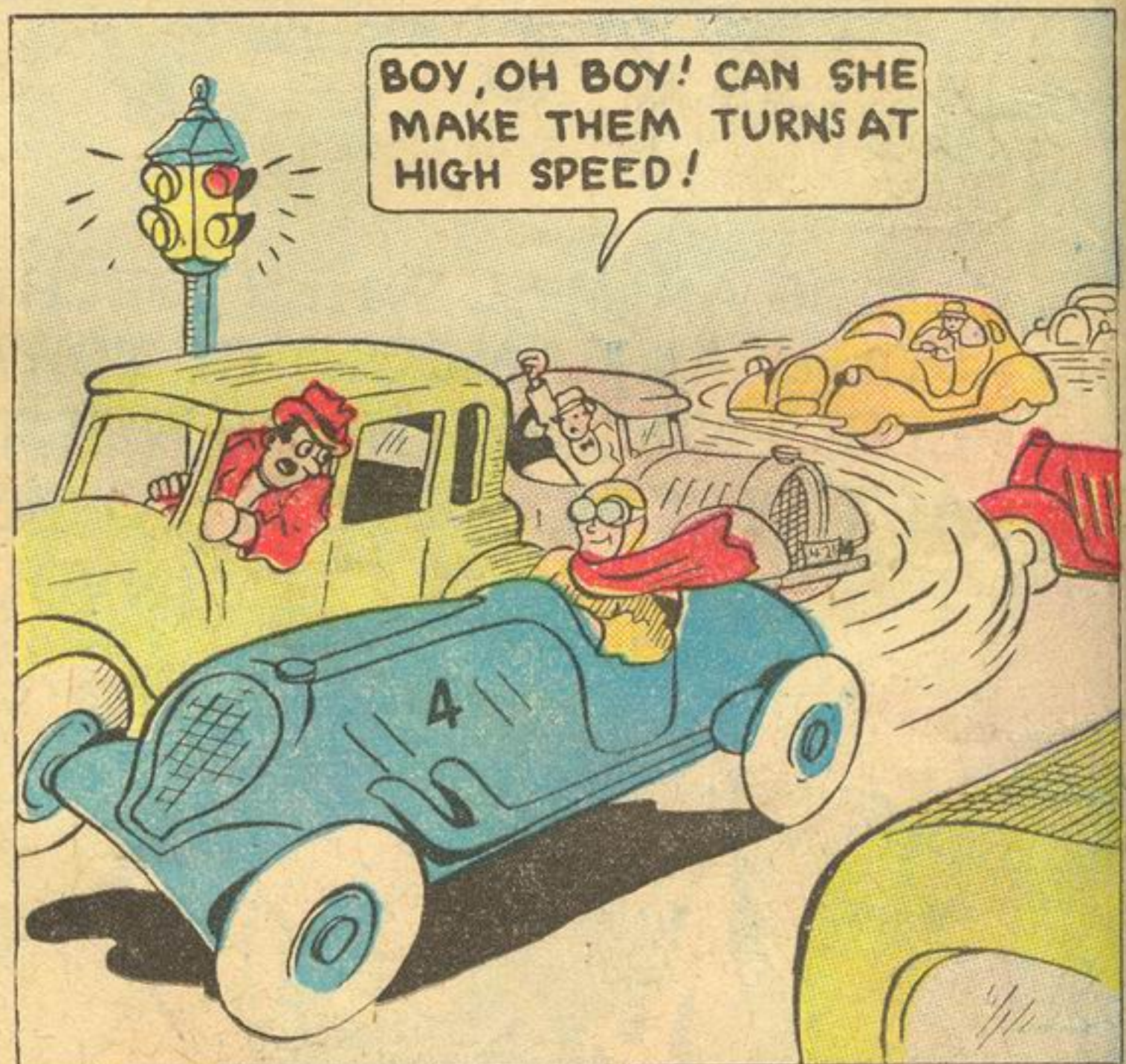
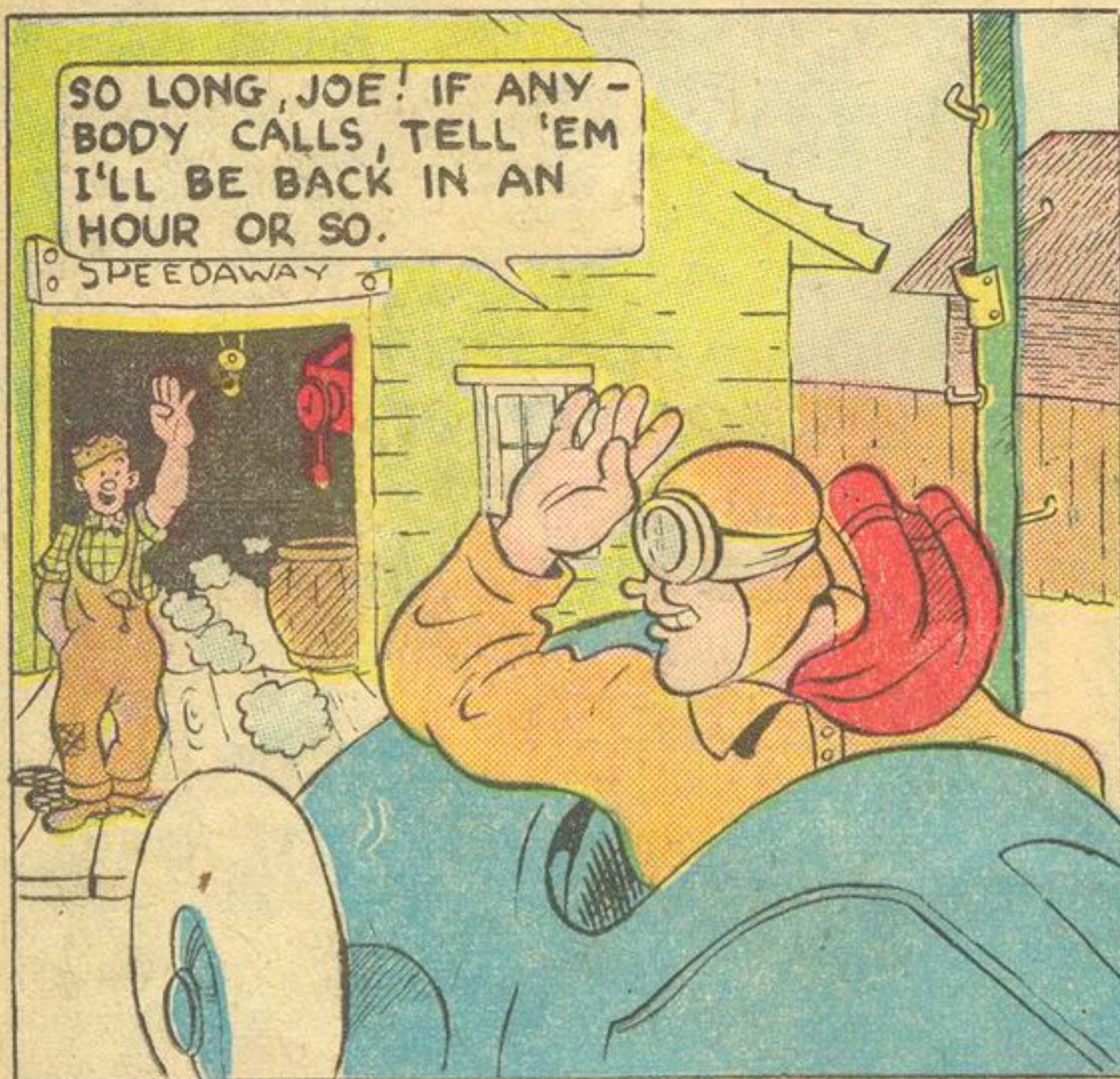
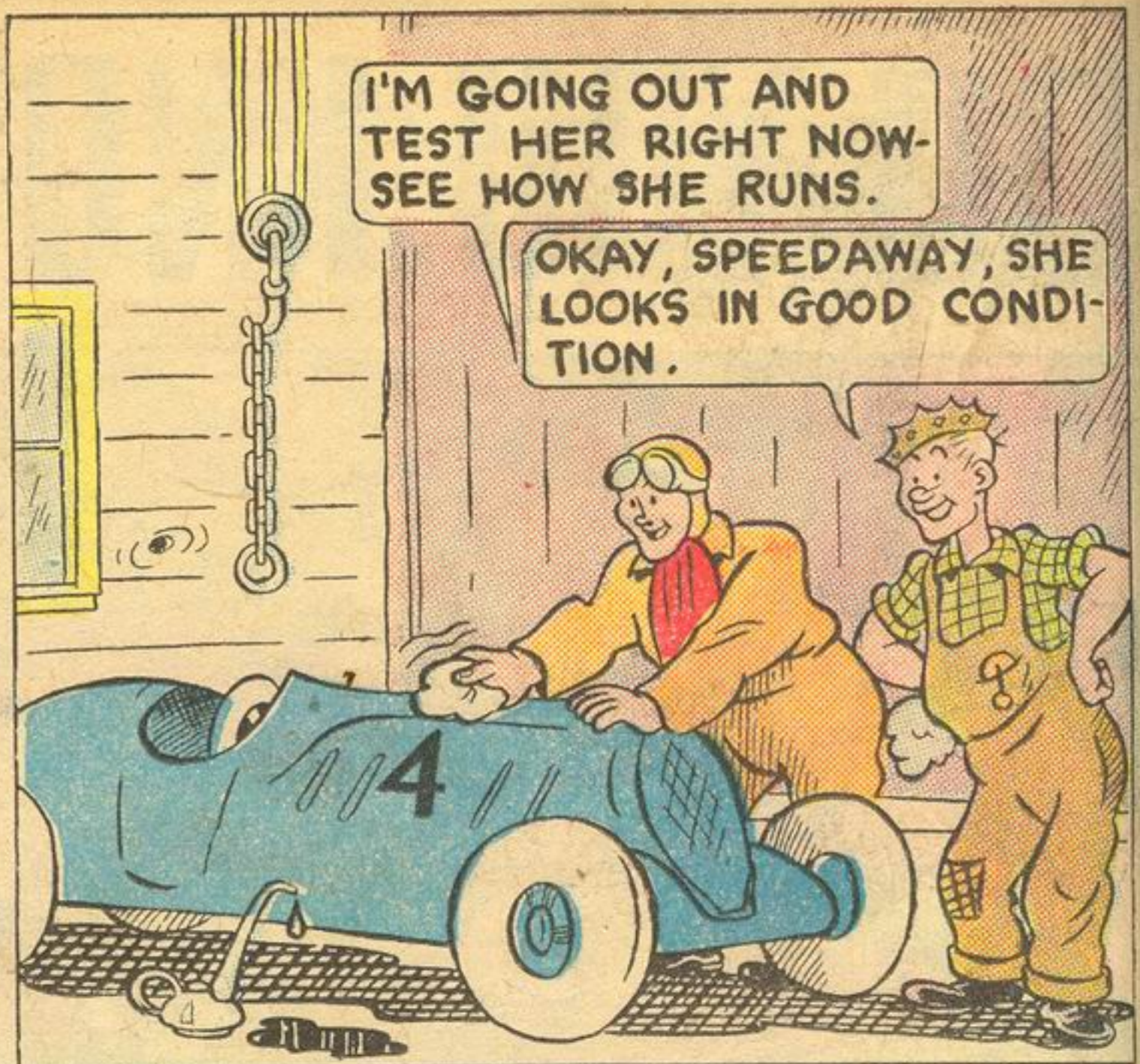
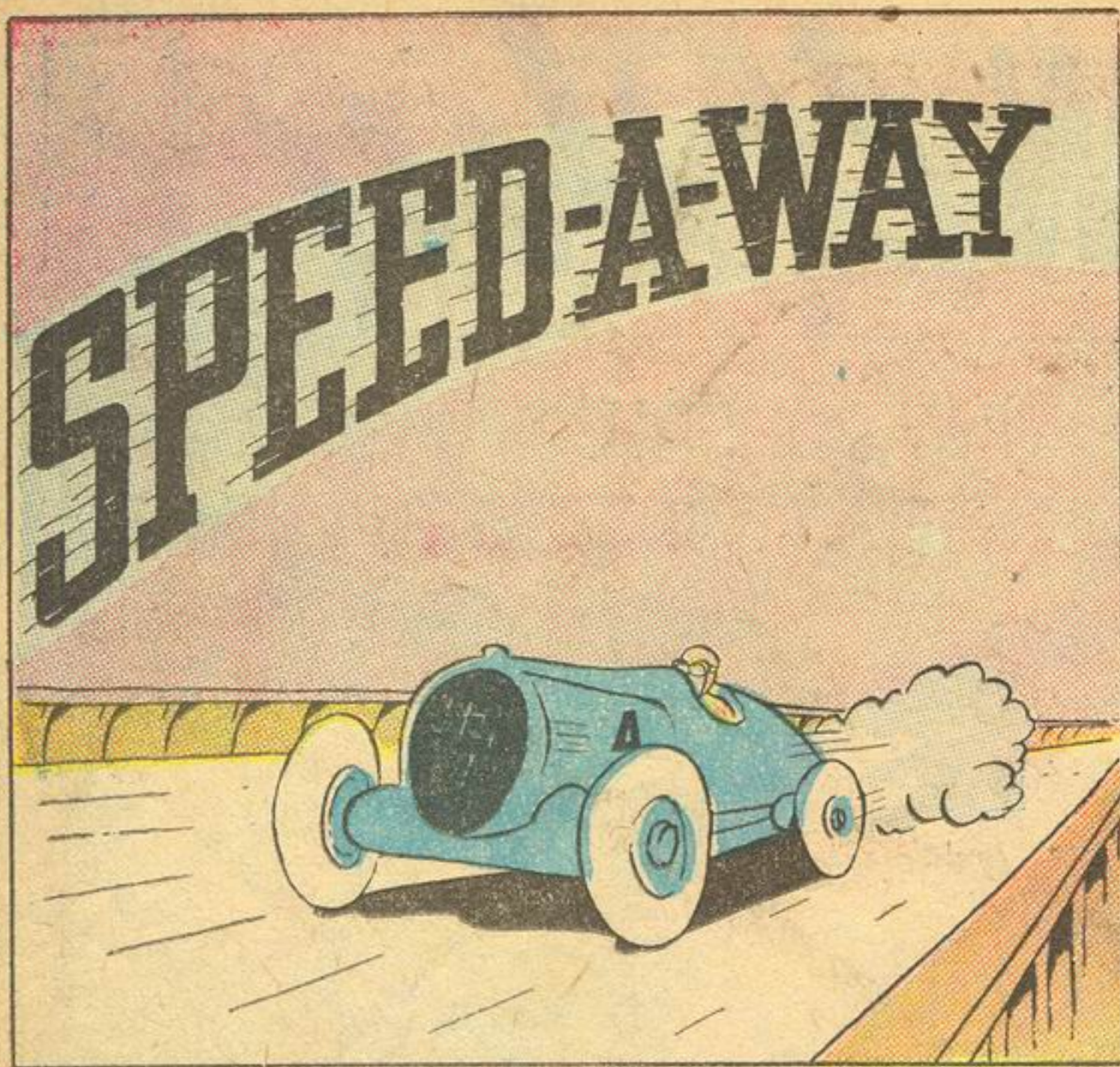
WHY DOES THE OPOSSUM GO INTO A TRANCE WHEN DISTURBED?

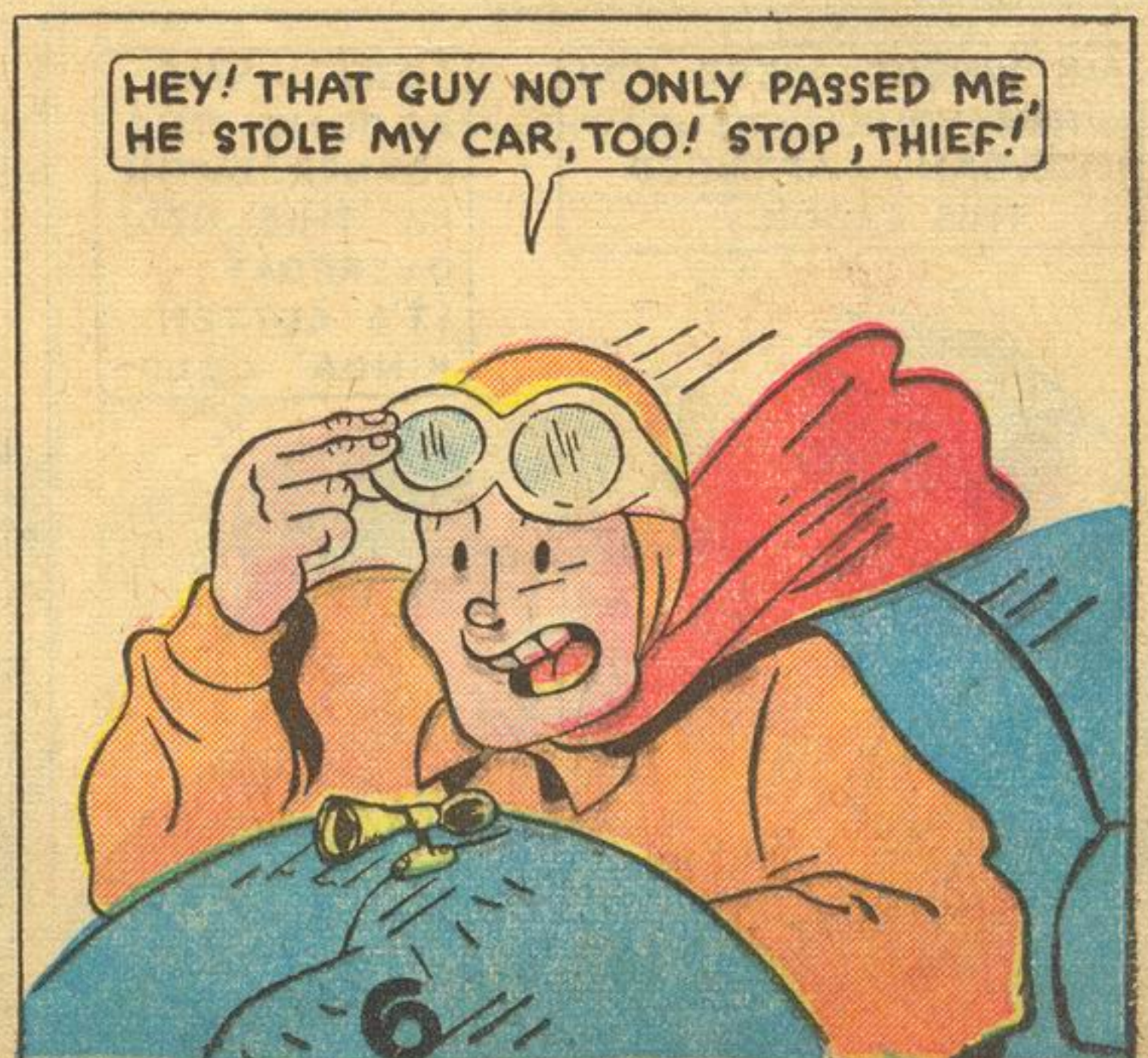
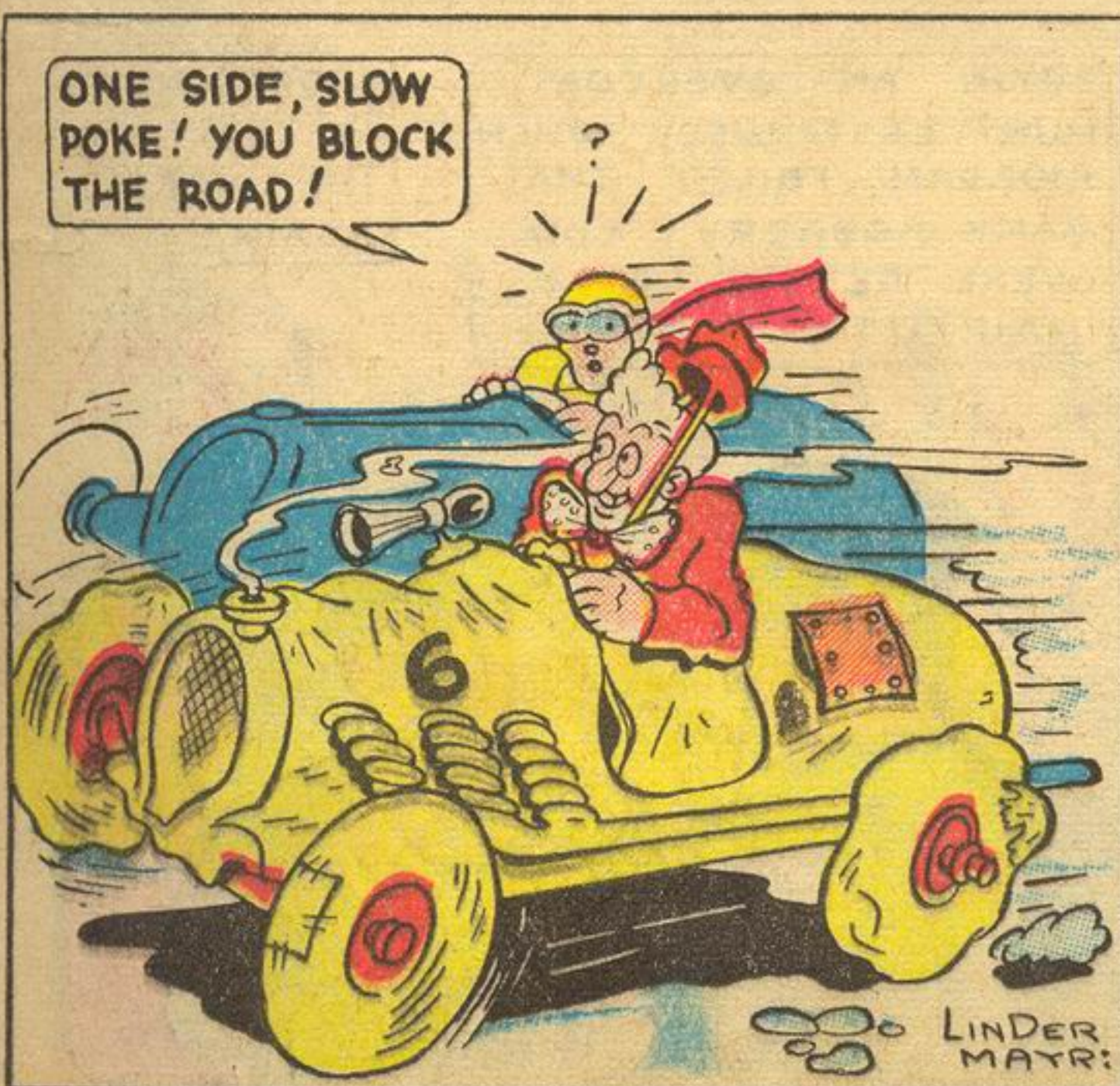
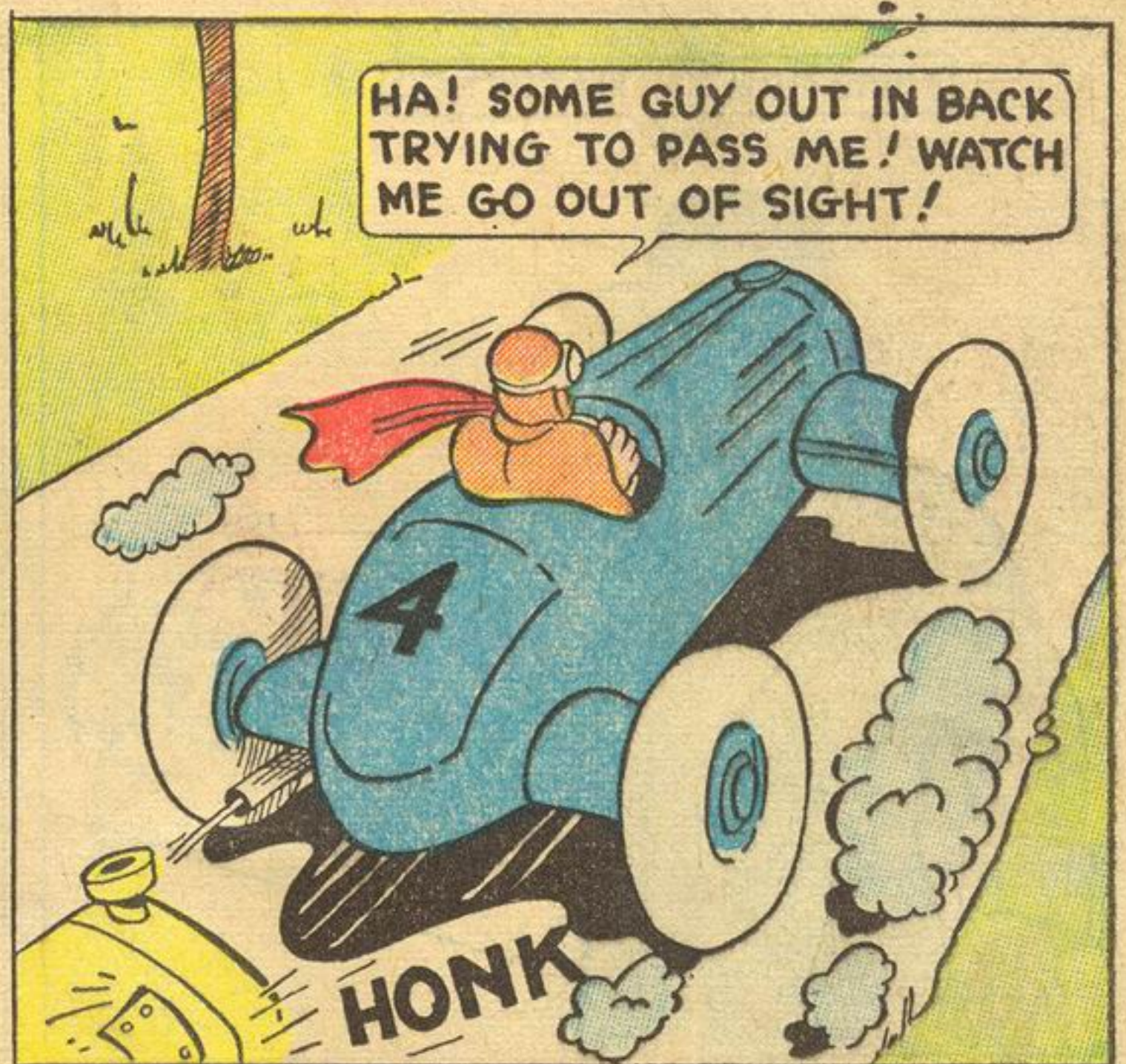
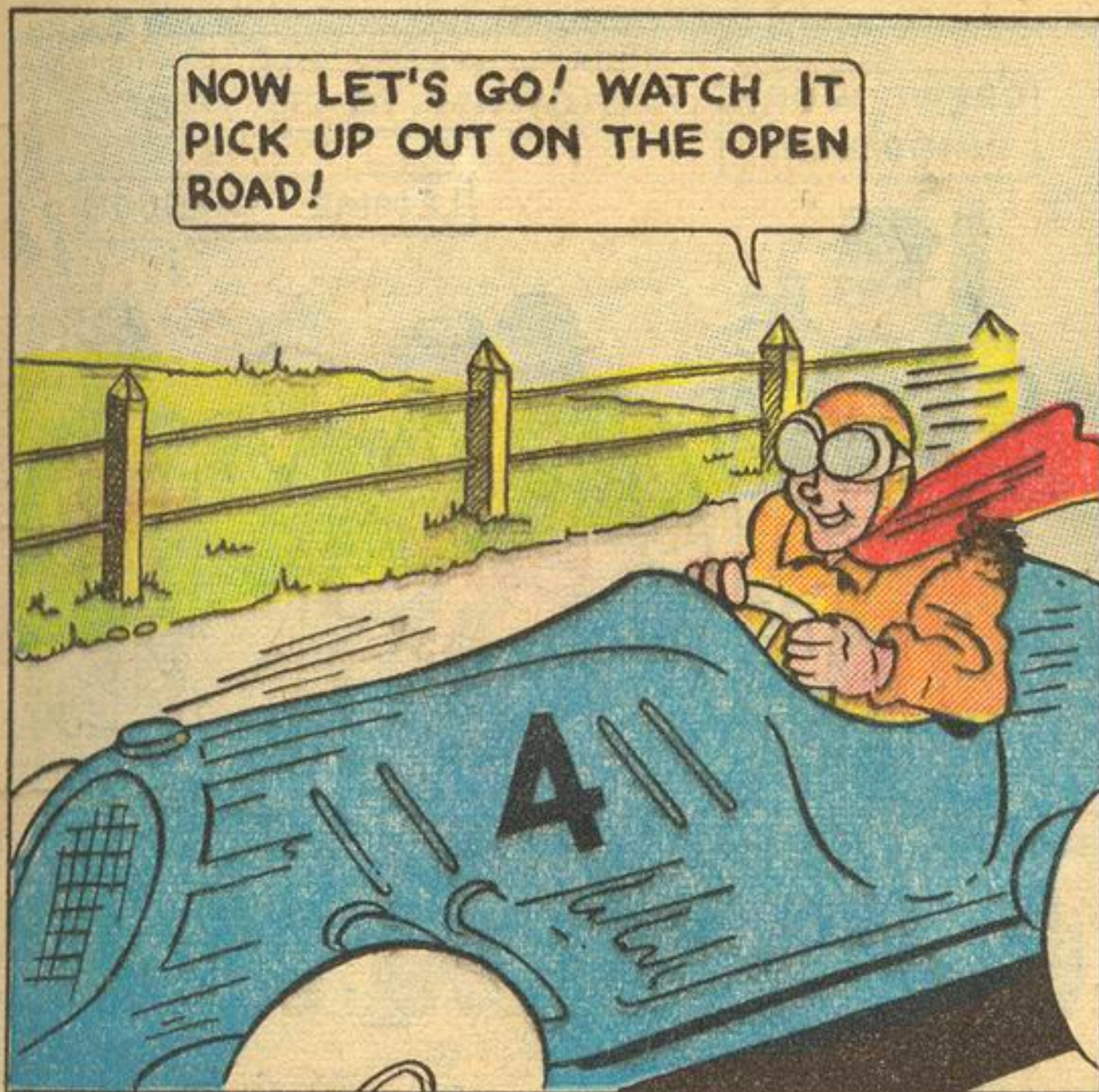
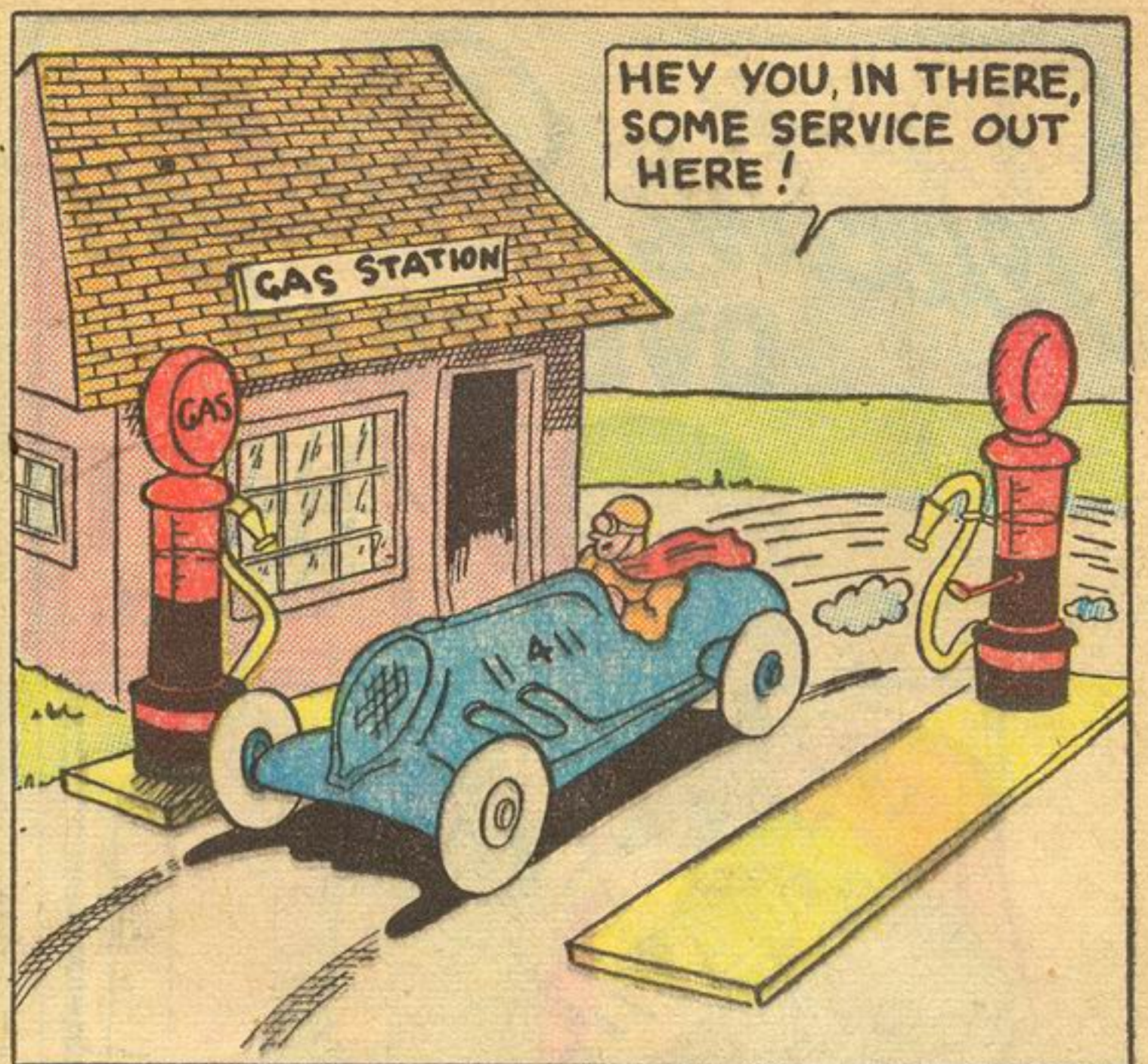
THIS ANIMAL, WHEN TOUCHED, FALLS AS IF DEAD. IT WILL STAND ANY AMOUNT OF TORTURE AND SHOW NO SIGNS OF LIFE. —NO ONE KNOWS WHETHER THIS IS A VOLUNTARY ACTION, CALCULATED TO FOOL AN ENEMY, OR AN INVOLUNTARY NERVOUS PROSTRATION.



WHY HAS THE WILD HORSE BECOME EXTINCT IN AMERICA?

THE WILD HORSE WAS ENTIRELY UNKNOWN TO THE EARLY AMERICAN INDIAN, AND IN AMERICA WAS ACTUALLY A PRODUCT OF CIVILIZATION. THE MUSTANGS THAT THE LATER INDIANS RODE REALLY DESCENDED FROM TAME HORSES THAT ESCAPED FROM THE SPANIARDS DURING THEIR EXPLORATIONS OF THE AMERICAN CONTINENT. THEIR GRADUAL EXTINCTION PROBABLY IS DUE TO THE EASE WITH WHICH THEY COULD BE MASTERED AND USED BY MAN.





Detective Schultz's OVERCOAT



HECTOR HANDSOME, THE MOVIE STAR, BOUGHT ONE JUST LIKE IT YESTERDAY

ZAT SO? WELL I GUESS I'LL BUY IT-



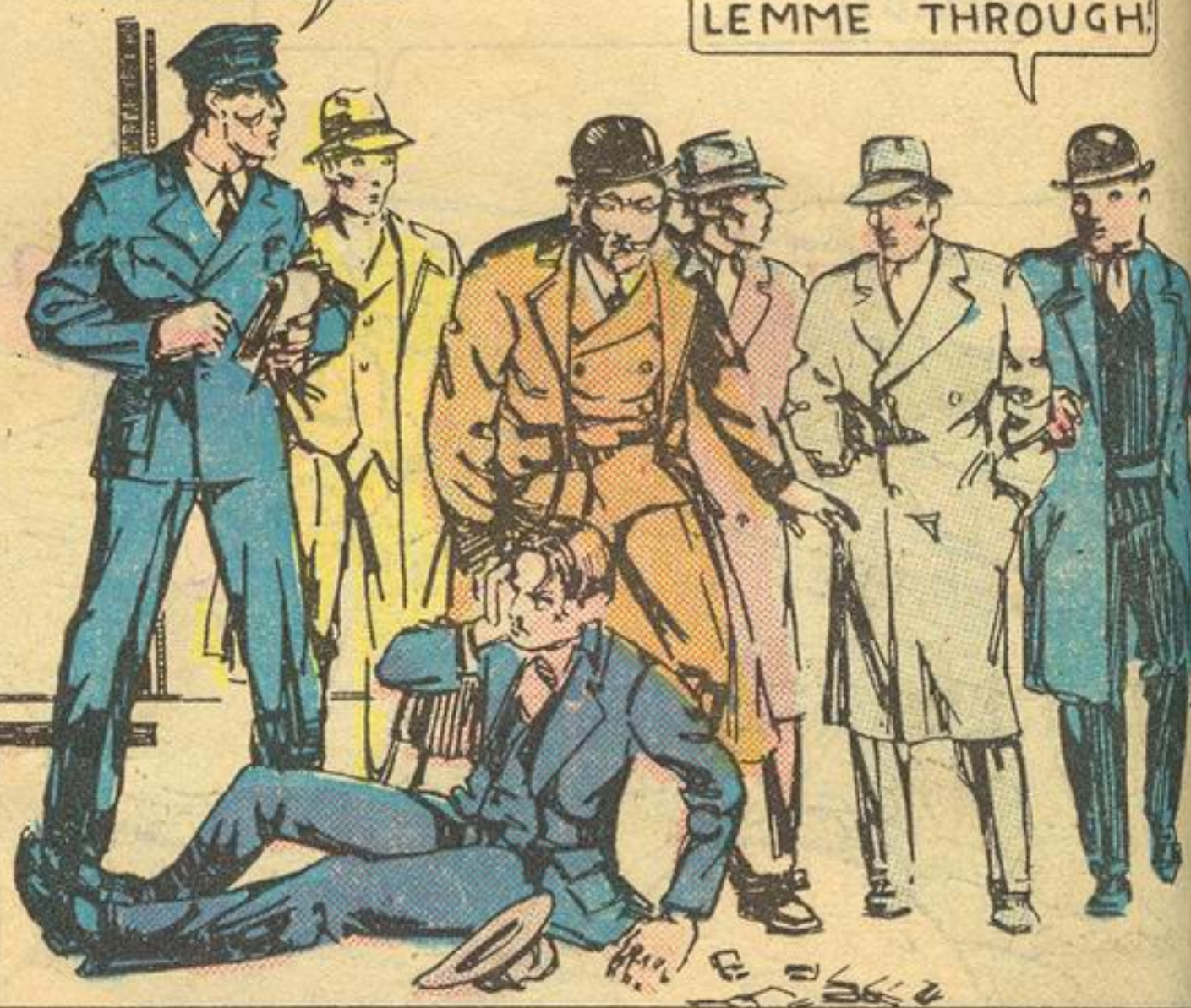
SOMETHIN'S HAPPENED.



GREAT WORK, RIORDAN!

NOTHIN' TO IT.

LEMME THROUGH!



AN' WHERE WERE YOU WHEN YOUR PARTNER, RIORDAN, CAPTURED THIS CROOK?

GOSH! I WAS AROUND THE CORNER BUYIN' ME THIS NEW OVERCOAT. IT'S GOTTEN KINDA COLD-



BUYIN' AN OVERCOAT, HUH? LAST WEEK WHEN RIORDAN FOILED THAT BANK ROBBERY YOU WERE GETTIN' A HAIRCUT!

POOR SCHULTZ IS GETTIN' THE WORKS AGAIN!



YOU GET ALL
THE BREAKS!

AW FORGET IT. COME ON,
I'LL BUY YOU A DINNER
IN HERE.

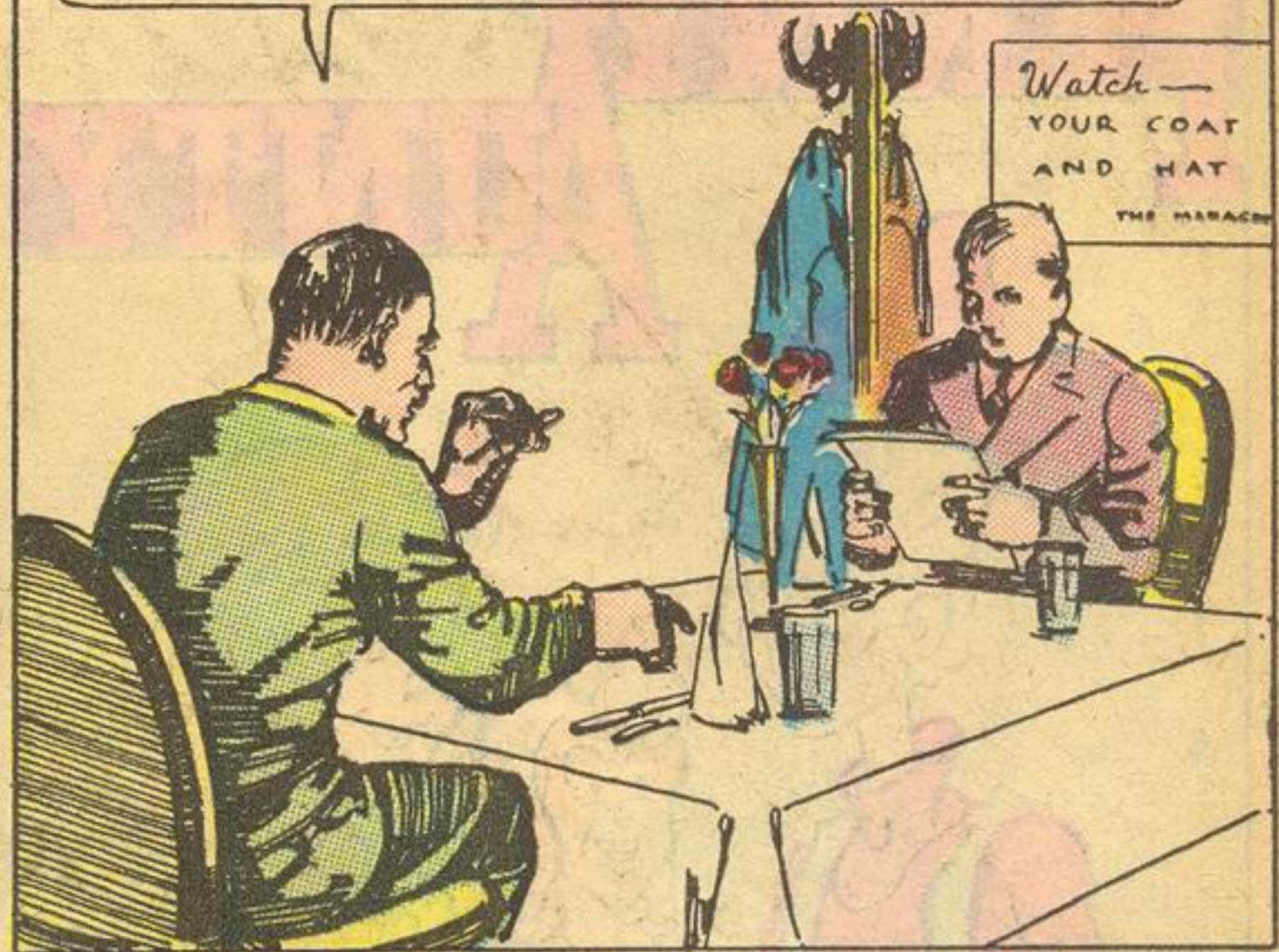
RESAUR

MENU
SOUP
LOBSCOWE
VERTECAKE
FISKEBOIE
SHUSHLE
SHISHIK
LOCKS

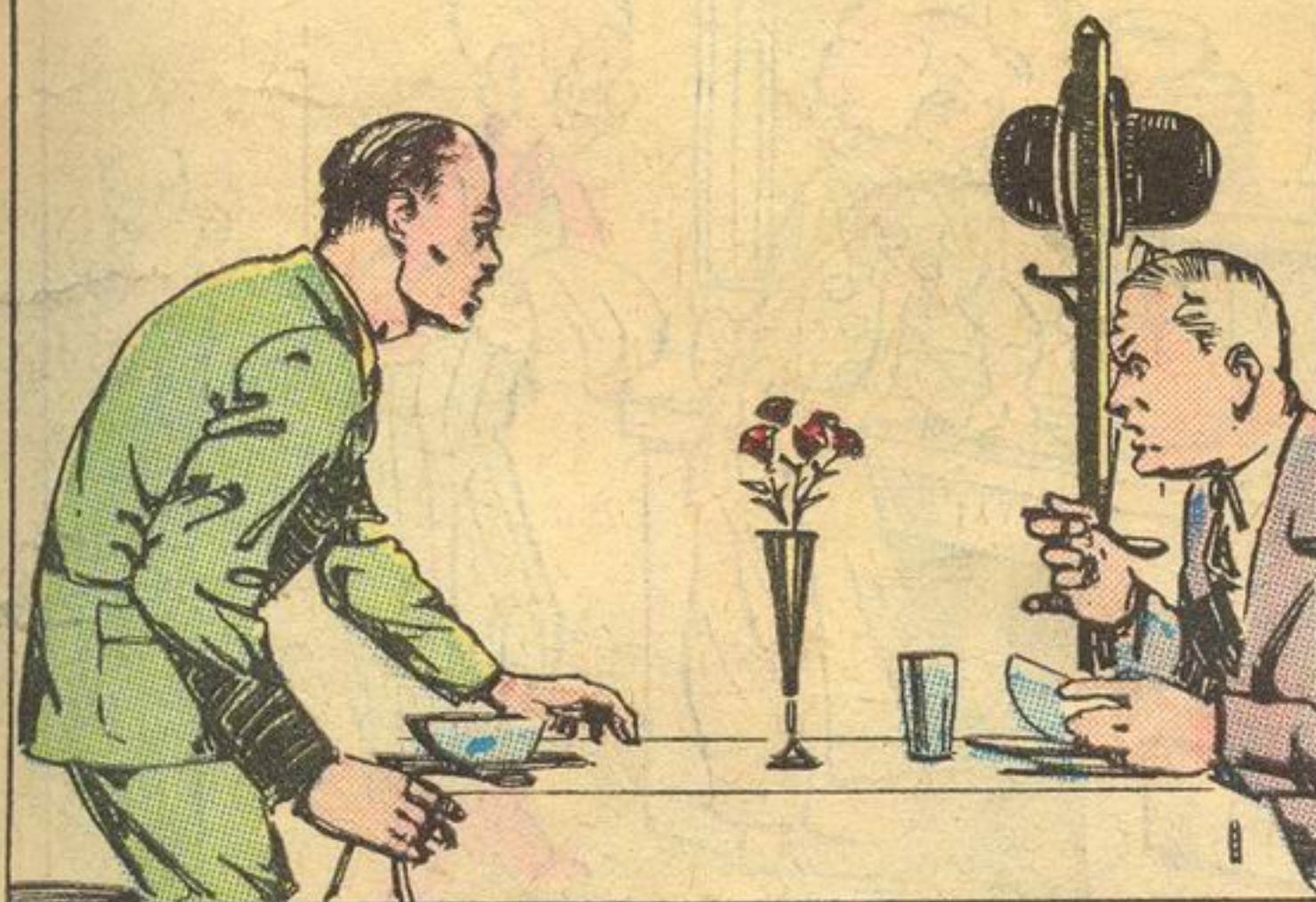


BETTER KEEP AN EYE ON YOUR NEW
COAT, SCHULTZ SOMEONE MAY SWIPE
IT ITS A KNOCKOUT

Watch —
YOUR COAT
AND HAT
THE MANAGER



HEY, SCHULTZ - SOMEONE'S
SWIPING YOUR COAT!

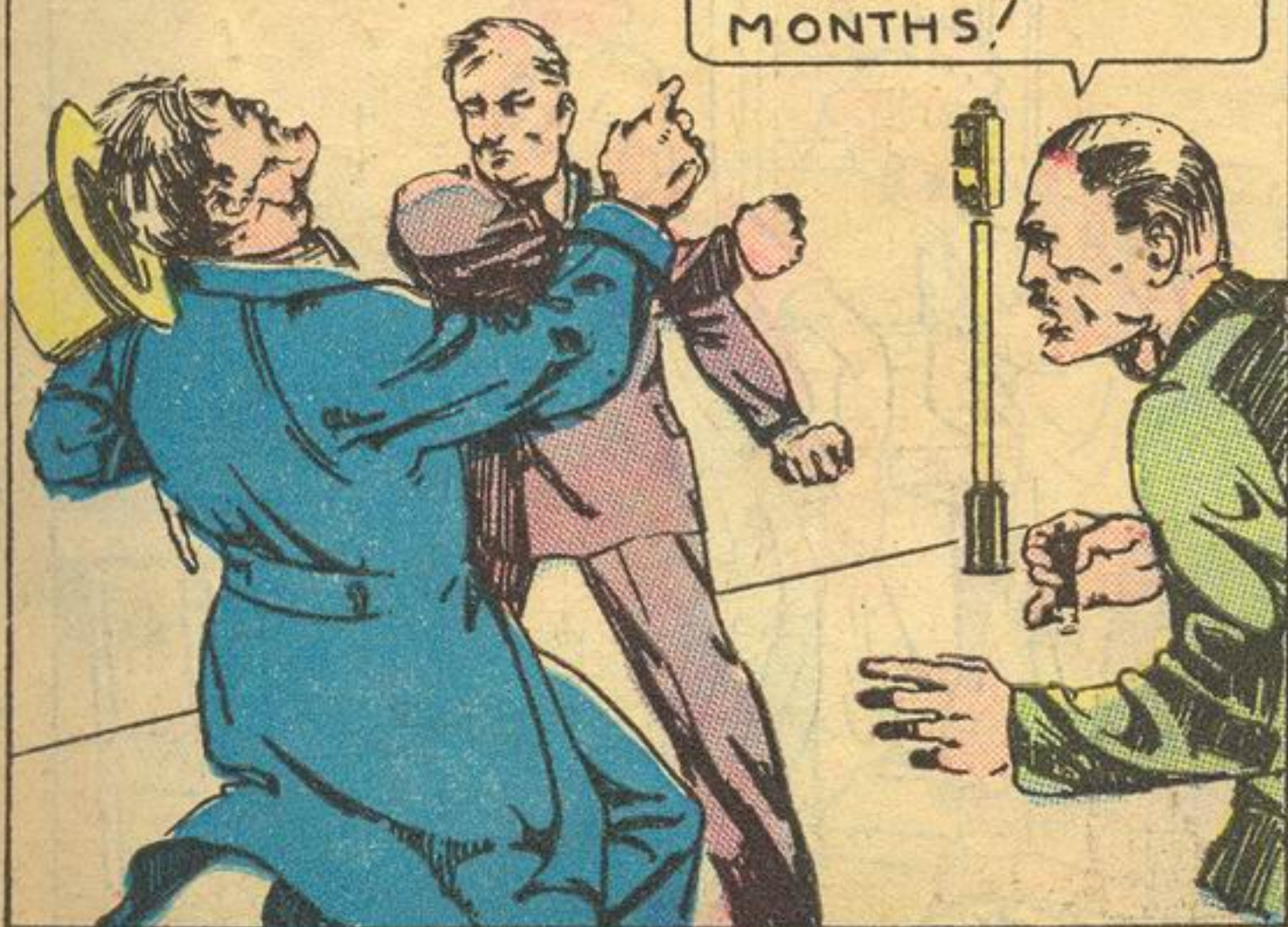


HEY--YOU! STOP!

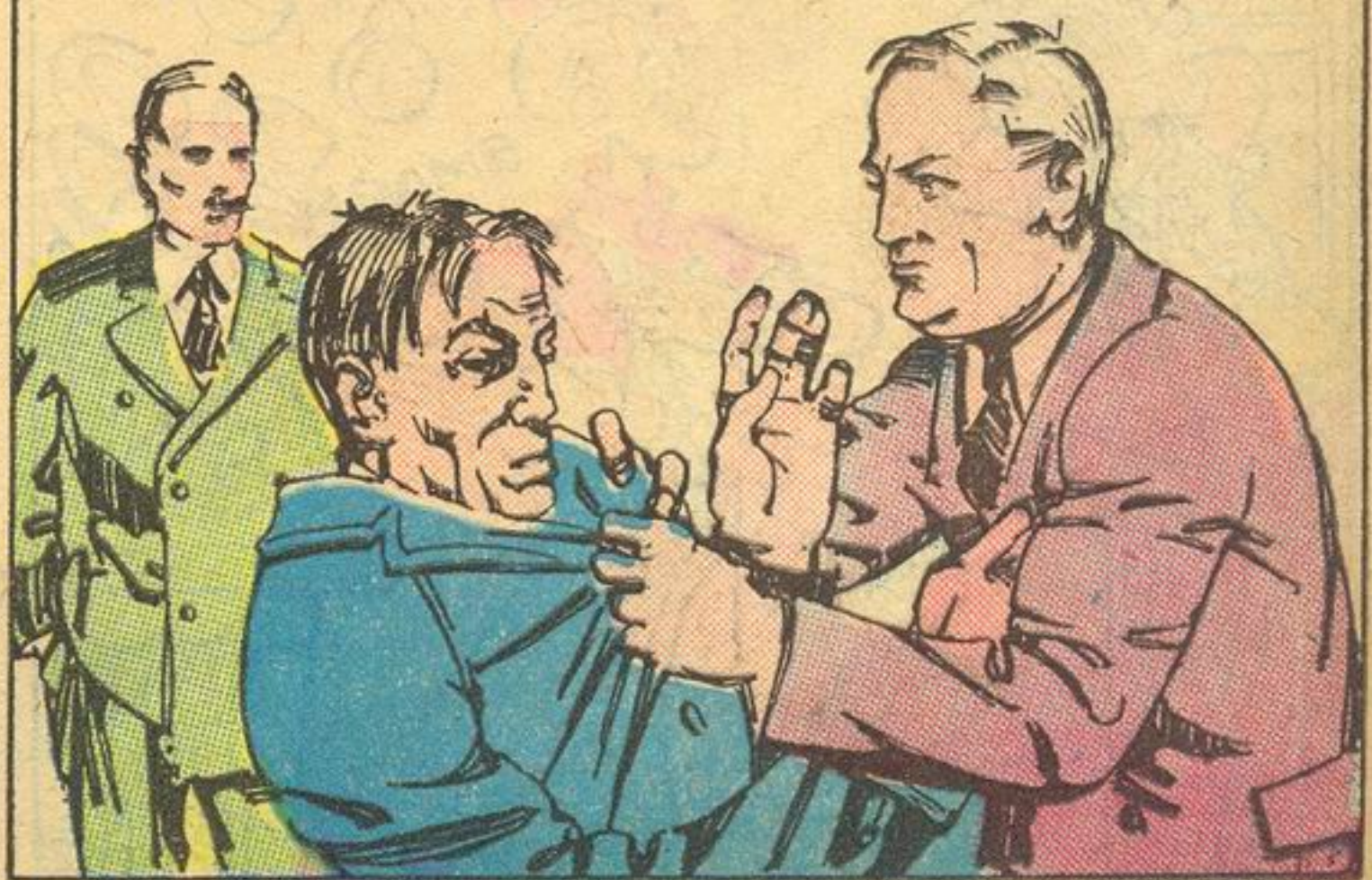


STEAL MY NEW
COAT, WILL YOU!

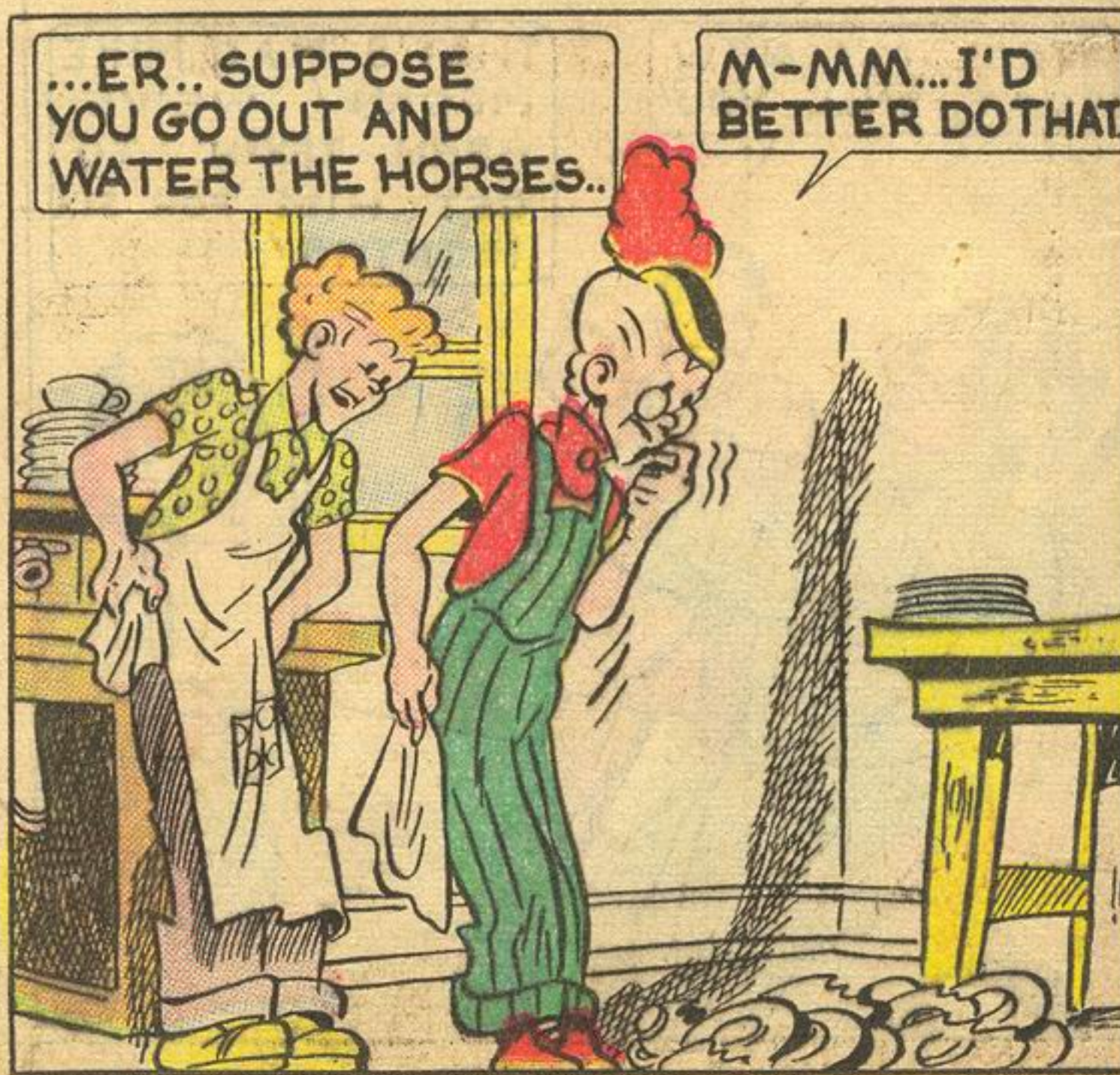
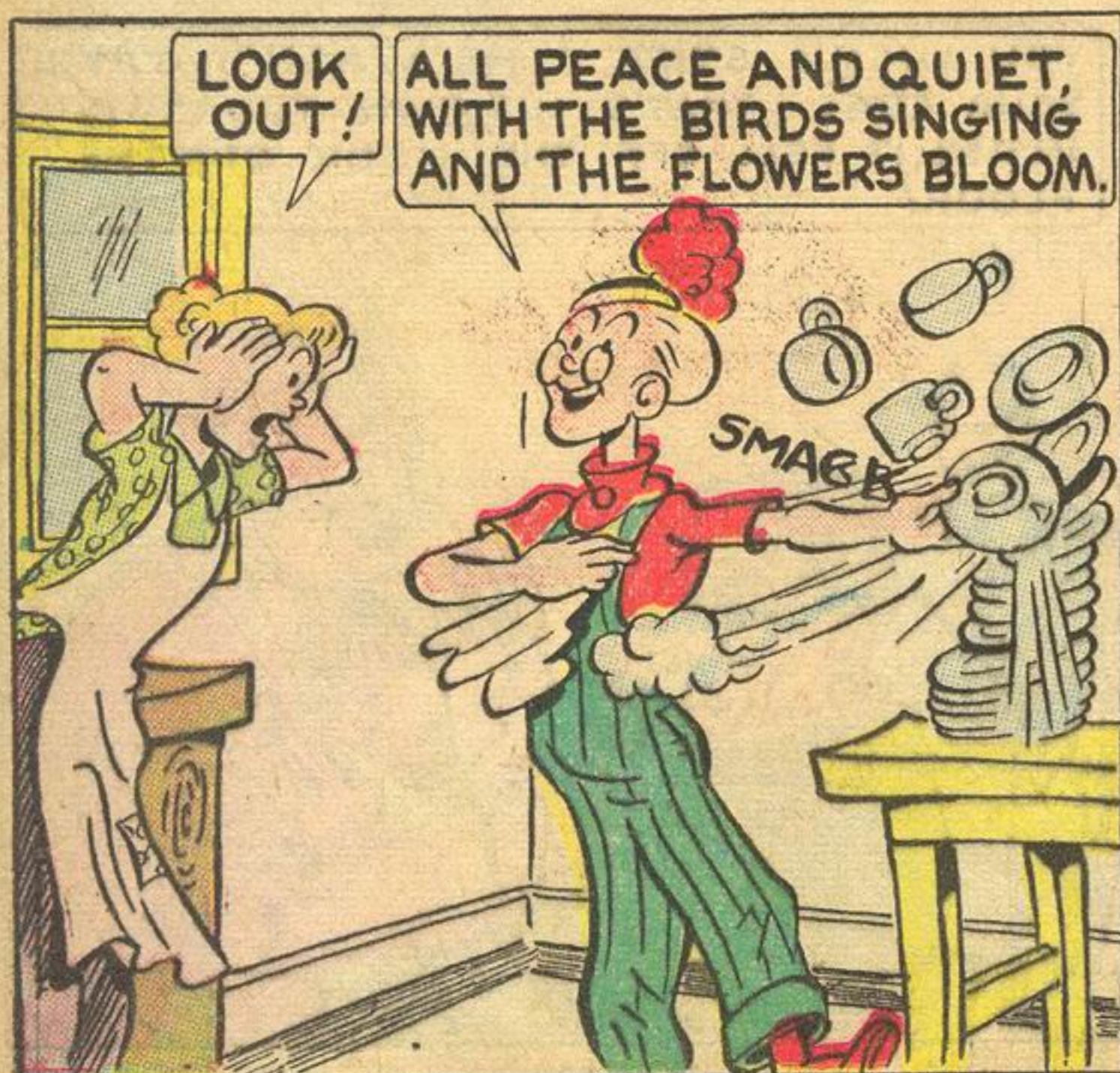
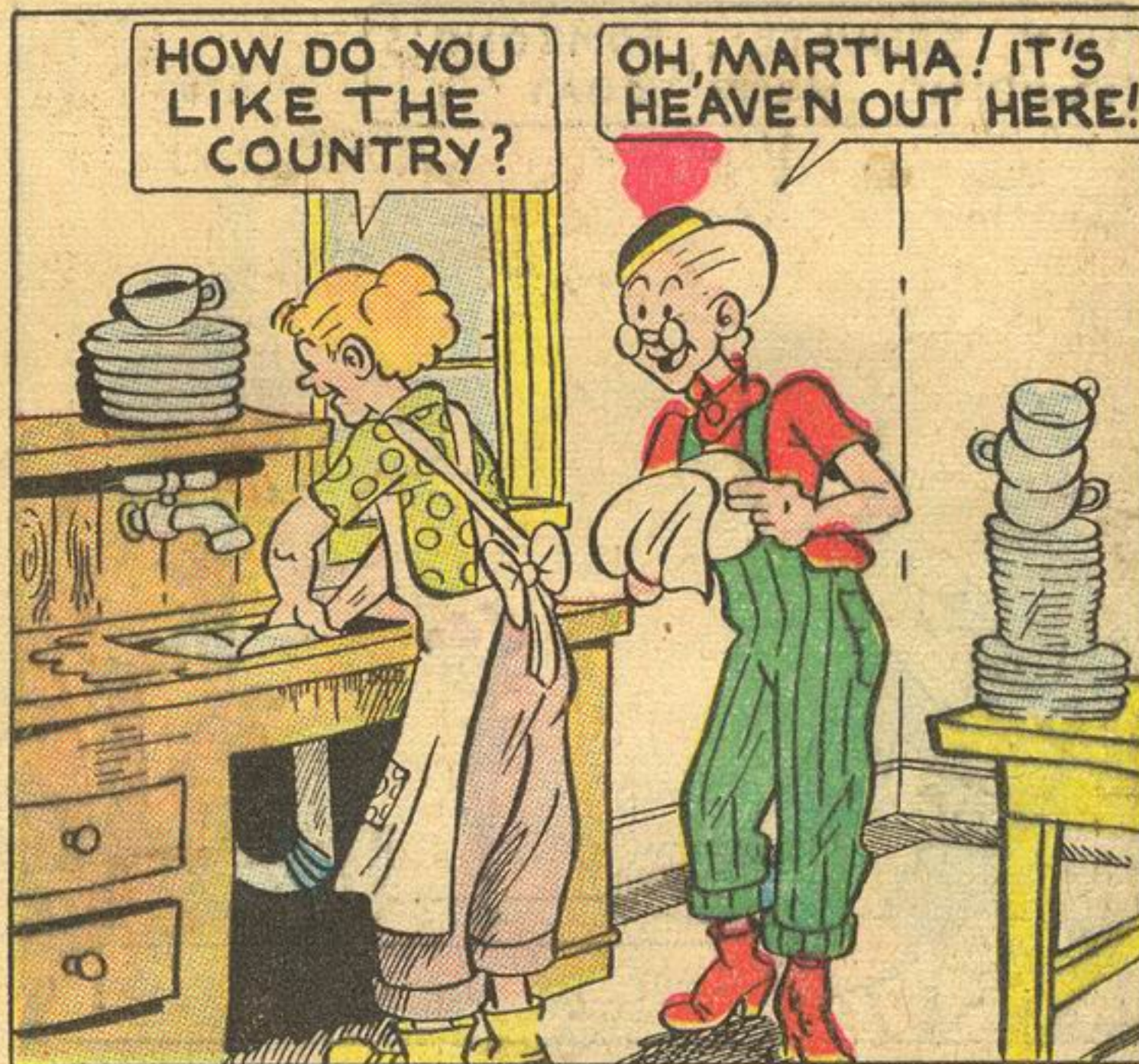
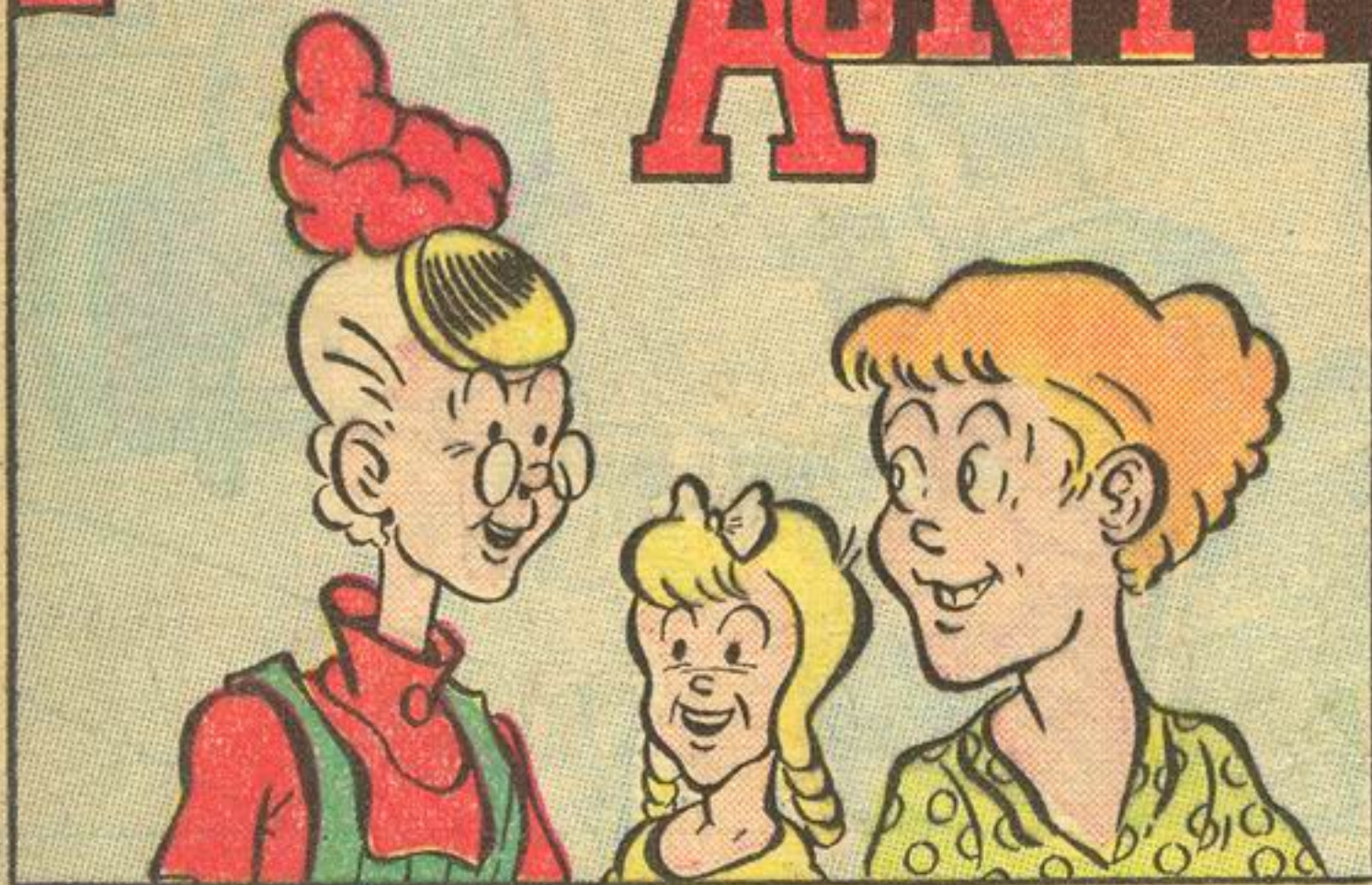
THAT'S "MAD" MIKE
MEGAN! WE'VE
BEEN TRYIN' TO
GET HIM FOR SIX
MONTHS!

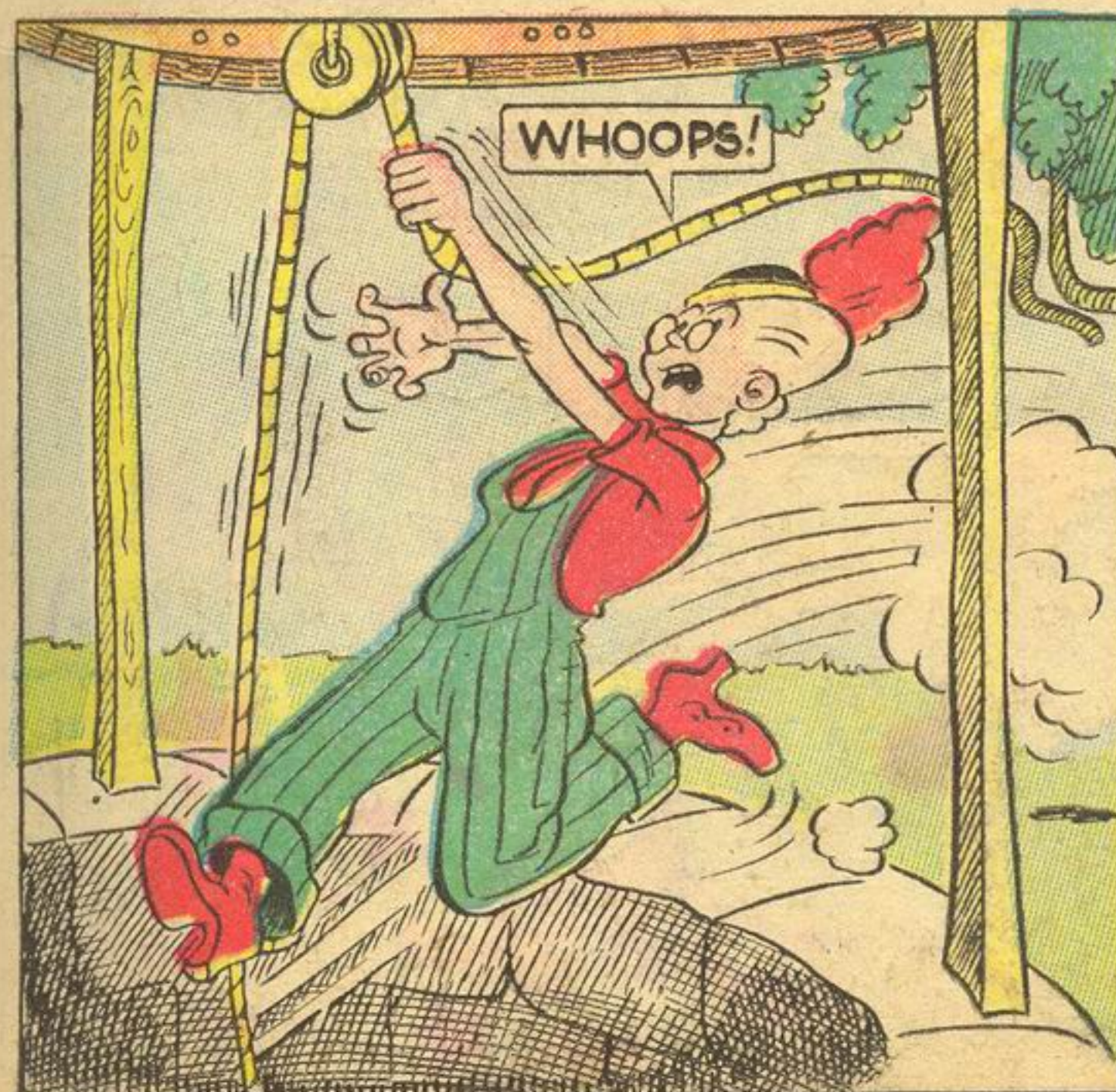
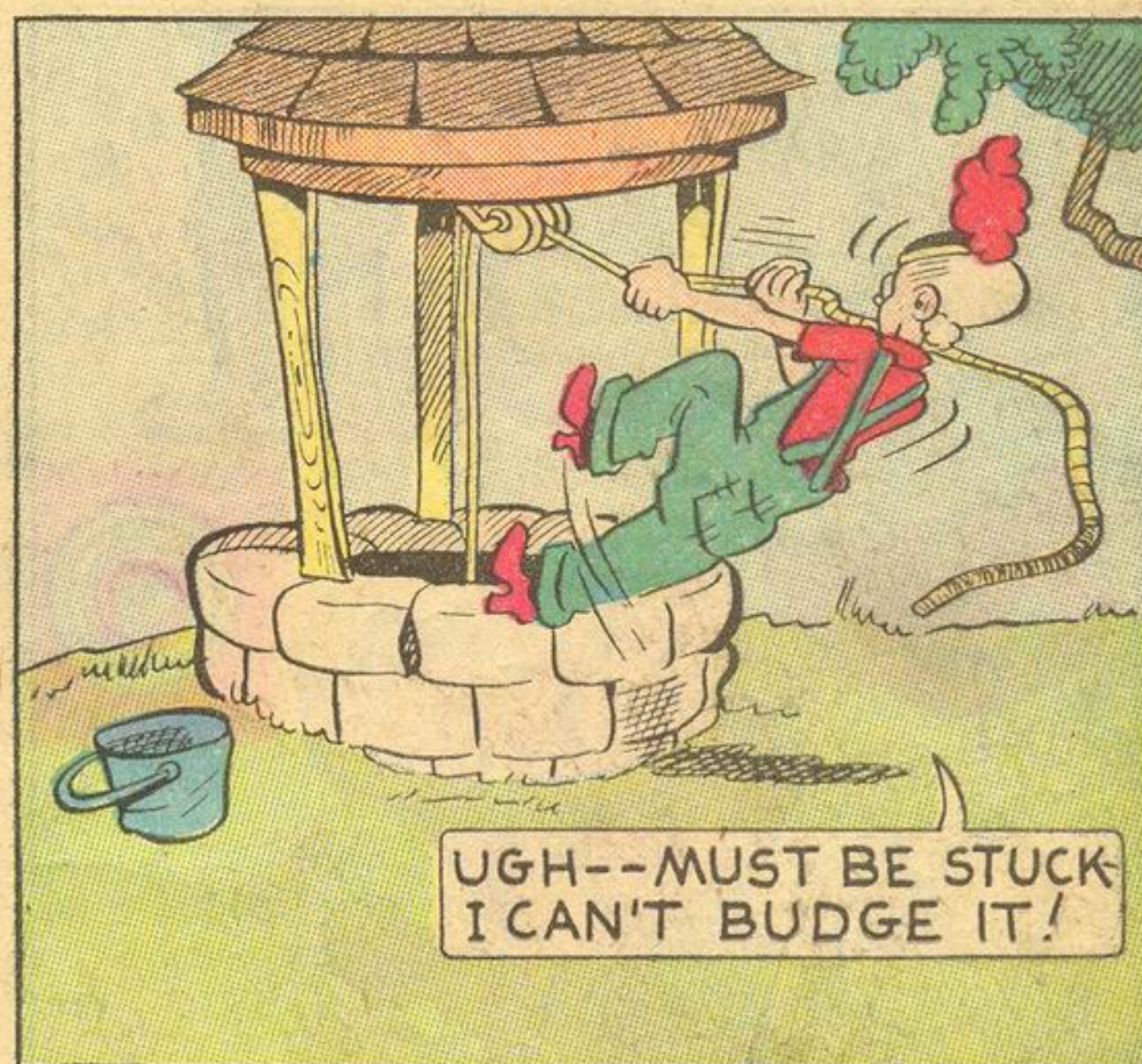
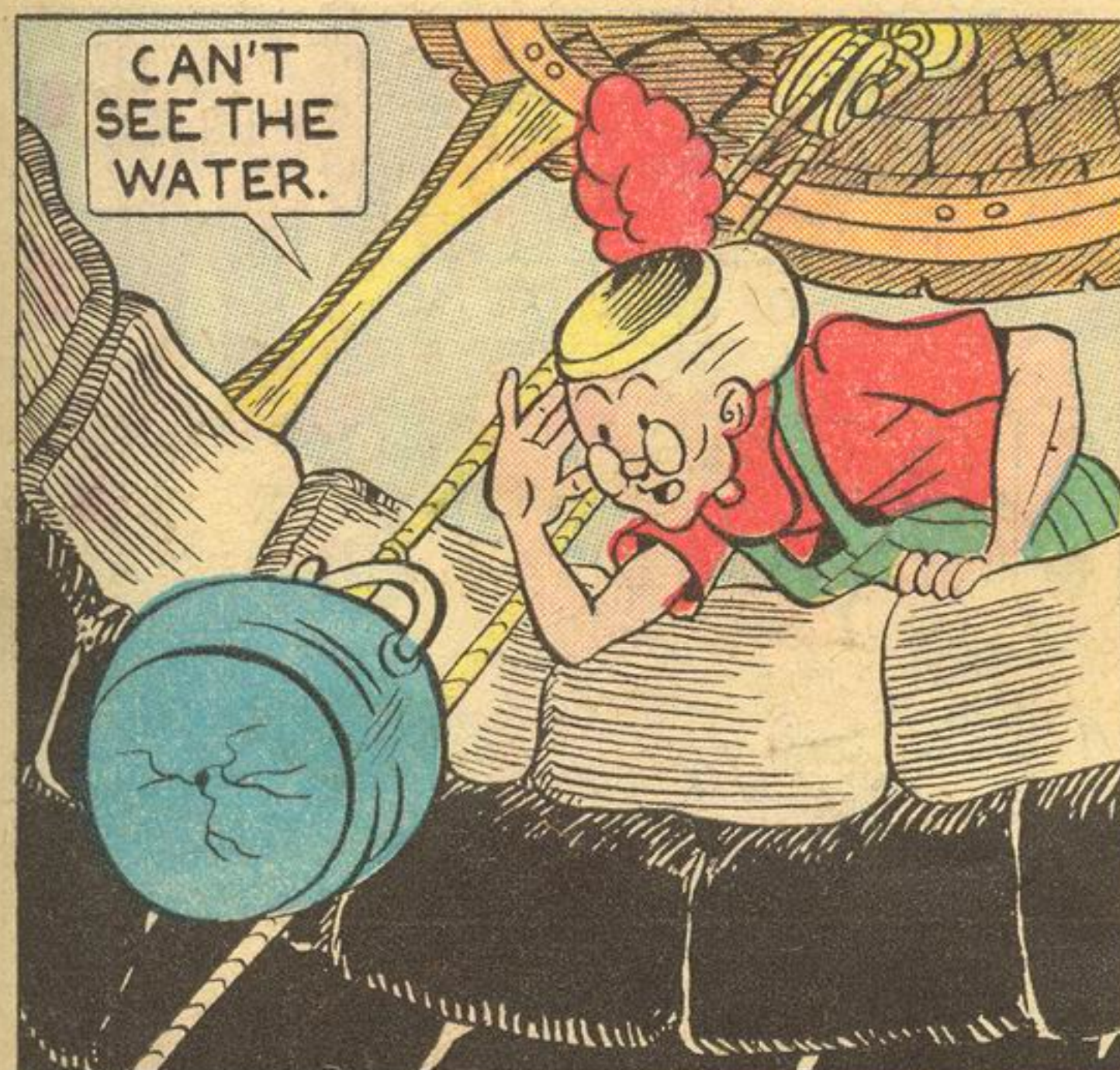


YOU LUCKY STIFF! HE WASN'T TAKIN'
YOUR COAT THAT'S HIS OWN YOURS IS
INSIDE; IT FELL OFF THE HOOK ONTO THE
FLOOR!



PENNY AUNTY





RUNT AND Tubby

WE EAT, THIS TOWN LOOKS VERY KIND.



LET'S SEE WHAT'S GOING ON—

RIFLE RANGE

GONG
GONG

HE'S GOOD, ISN'T HE?

RIFLE RANGE

GONG
GONG

WHAT A SHOT—35 OUT OF 35.

SOME SHARP-SHOOTER!

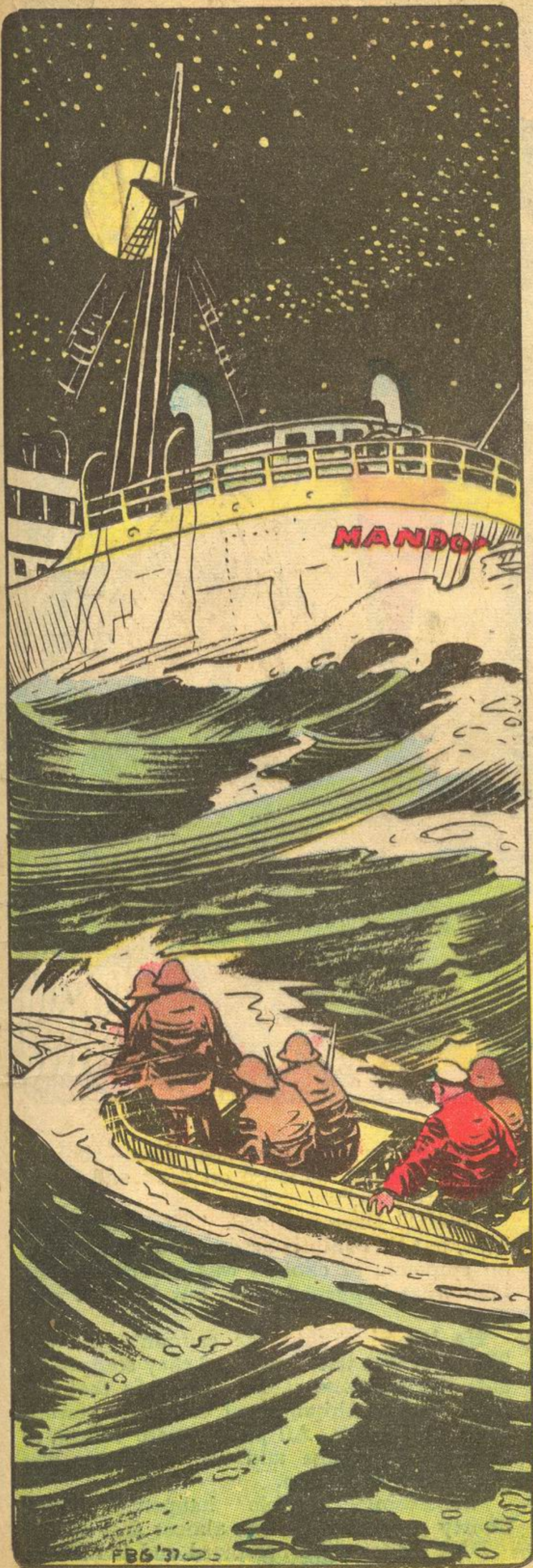
NOW LET ME RUN ACROSS SOME STRAY DOGS!

TEAR GAS, THIS WAY OUT.

FASTER!

THIS ONE-WAY ROAD IS A SHORT CUT OUT OF TOWN!

HOT DWOG



even a ladder down here. Looks to me like an invitation. Better be careful."

Dave was the first up the ladder. As his head came above decks, he hesitated, took a firm grip on his gun and made sure the safety was off. He slung one leg over the rail and stood alone on the deck of a deserted ship.

There wasn't a sign of life and a grim, grisly silence hung over the vessel. Without waiting for the others, Dave strode across the deck to the starboard side. Something caught his eye in the glare of the searchlights from his ship. There was a wet streak across the deck of the Mandora, as though some giant sea serpent had wriggled its way to the rail.

Shorty came over the rail with two sailors. "Stay on deck!" Dave ordered. "Keep your eye peeled for trouble. If there's anyone below, I'm going to smoke him out."

He crept down the companionway and found himself in a neatly arranged corridor. Cabins were interspaced off this hall and every door was wide open. Dave found a light switch, snapped it and the quarters were flooded with light.

The radio room was straight ahead and he made his way toward it warily. He could expect to meet almost anything, but not once did he hesitate. It was Dave's way to face any danger squarely and never give ground before it.

The door of the radio room was closed. He turned the knob, kicked the door wide open and stepped quickly aside in the event that his greeting would be a hail of bullets. But nothing happened. He edged around the corner, turned on the lights and stood staring at the bench on which the radio instruments were placed.

He saw that they were wrecked beyond repair. Tubes were smashed in their sockets and wires were strewn about the room. But Dave had eyes only for a grisly stain sopped up by the big blotting pad in front of what was left of the sending set. He touched the crimson stain with his finger. It was damp. The amount of blood told a grim tale. The radio operator was dead—murdered!

Dave began to search the room. His keen eyes first noticed that the pad or radiograms had turned a vivid yellow. He tried to tear one page off, but it fell to pieces, like century old paper. Two minutes later Dave looked quickly at his fingertips. They were stained also and jabs of pain coursed through each finger.

His forehead puckered in a deep frown. Turning, he examined the rest of the room. With the muzzle of his gun, he touched a brilliant array of plumes stuck in an old bottle. They fell away like dust. An acrid odor assailed his nostrils.

He wheeled, stalked out of the radio room and into the first cabin he came to. There he



Dave shook his head. "He's undoubtedly been murdered. I did find that his set was ruined and that he probably mended it well enough to send us his S. O. S. Then it was wrecked again, this time completely."

found similar traces of some burning acid over everything. The grill work of the ventilator was green with corrosion. In every room he found a similar scene.

But there wasn't a soul aboard. This was a ghost ship, bereft of crew and passengers.

Shorty hurried below. Dave warned him curtly.

"Don't touch a thing! The entire ship has been sprayed with something that burns the flesh. I've had a mild taste of it already."

"Did you find the radio operator?" Shorty cried.

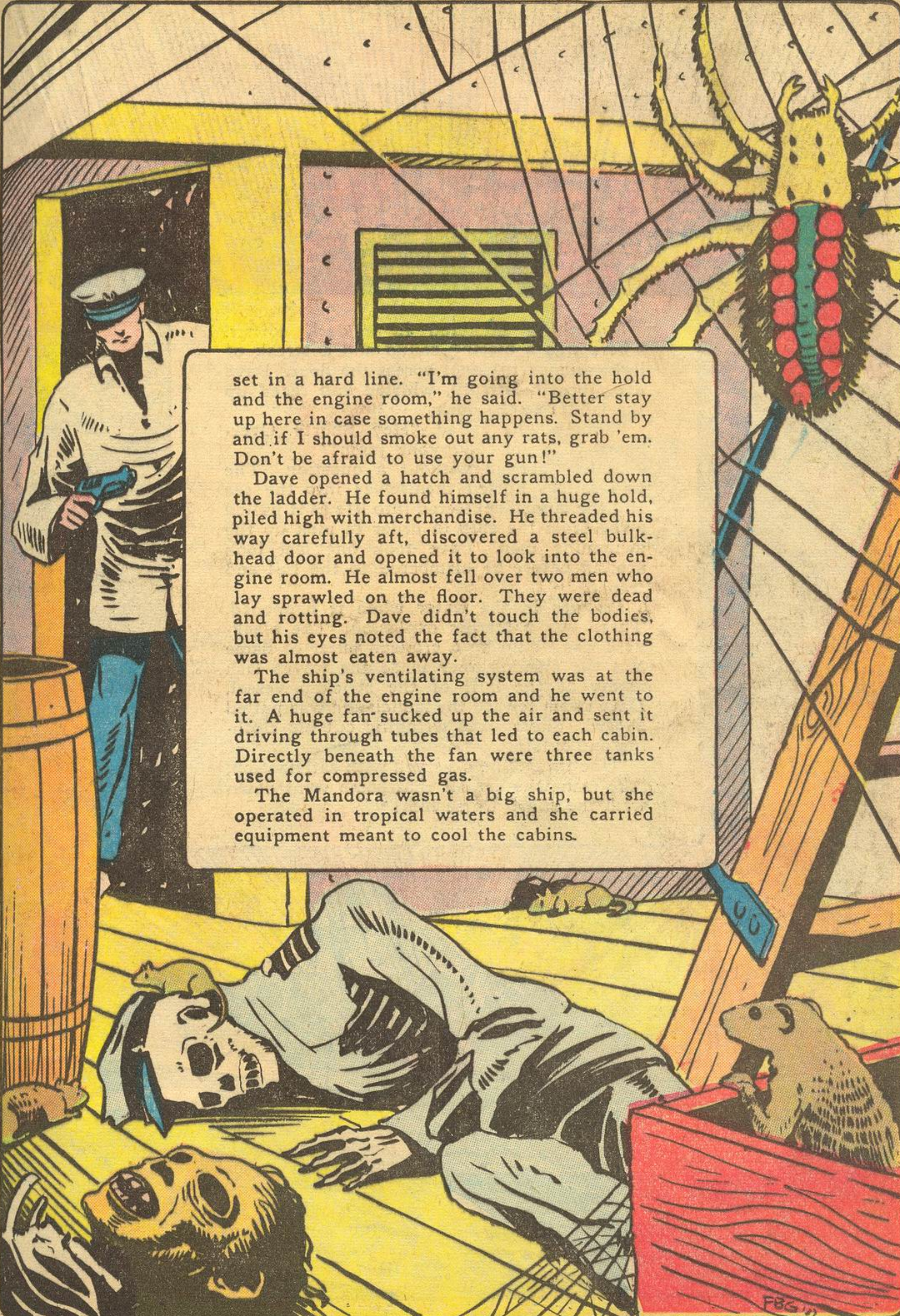
"Then there are pirates—killers—aboard," Shorty gasped. "I'll go on deck and signal for more men."

"Wait!" Dave snapped. "There is no one here, but this ship is as dangerous as though an epidemic of cholera was aboard. I've an idea what happened here, but I'm not sure yet."

He led Shorty to the captain's quarters. The door was wide open and they stepped inside the spacious cabin. The safe that had held the first shipment of diamonds yawned wide and empty. All papers were yellow, as if with great age and the ventilator was green with corrosion.

"Something terrible happened here," Shorty gasped. "You can almost feel death."

Dave's eyes were narrowed and his mouth




set in a hard line. "I'm going into the hold and the engine room," he said. "Better stay up here in case something happens. Stand by and if I should smoke out any rats, grab 'em. Don't be afraid to use your gun!"

Dave opened a hatch and scrambled down the ladder. He found himself in a huge hold, piled high with merchandise. He threaded his way carefully aft, discovered a steel bulkhead door and opened it to look into the engine room. He almost fell over two men who lay sprawled on the floor. They were dead and rotting. Dave didn't touch the bodies, but his eyes noted the fact that the clothing was almost eaten away.

The ship's ventilating system was at the far end of the engine room and he went to it. A huge fan sucked up the air and sent it driving through tubes that led to each cabin. Directly beneath the fan were three tanks used for compressed gas.

The Mandora wasn't a big ship, but she operated in tropical waters and she carried equipment meant to cool the cabins.



Something flickered in a dark corner. There was a hissing sound and a streak of light seemed to shoot across the floor. Dave drew breath sharply, whirled and raced up the ladder to the deck.

"Shorty!" he yelled. "Hey, Shorty. Overboard with you. Everyone jump!"

Shorty obeyed without a question. The two sailors hurled themselves into the sea and the launch sputtered into life as it pulled away from the ship in order to pick up the swimming men. Dave took one last look around before he clambered to the rail and leaped.

He was in the water when it happened. There was a terrific explosion. The blackness was lit up by a crimson burst of flame and the ensuing roar made the waves lash madly at the hull of the stricken vessel. Dave swam toward the launch and was pulled aboard. Shorty was wringing out his clothing and cursing.

"One thing," he observed with satisfaction, "the man who set off that bomb went down with the ship! Curse him!"

"Nobody went down with her," Dave said. "The bomb was set off by a simple timing device. I spotted a candle burning in a corner of the engine room. Before I could do anything about it, the flame struck the fuse. We didn't get off that deck any too soon."

"But what is it all about?" Shorty asked. "What happened to the crew — the passengers? What kind of horror was aboard the Mandora?"

"I don't know—yet," Dave said. "We'd better get back to our own ship and radio Bangkok what has happened. I'll double the guard around the safe. If a million and a half in uncut diamonds brought death and destruction to the Mandora, it may do the same to us."

"Let's see," Shorty reflected. "We have those two marine scientists—Cranston the Englishman and that German Muller. Then there is Kinkaid, the miner on his way home, your radio operator and Swanson who works for a Dutch coffee firm. With you and me that takes care of all the white men aboard. The crew is half lascars and half African blacks. Then there is that Hindu priest who stays in his cabin with his two servants."

"And any of them may be plotting our death," Dave said slowly. "We've got to be careful."

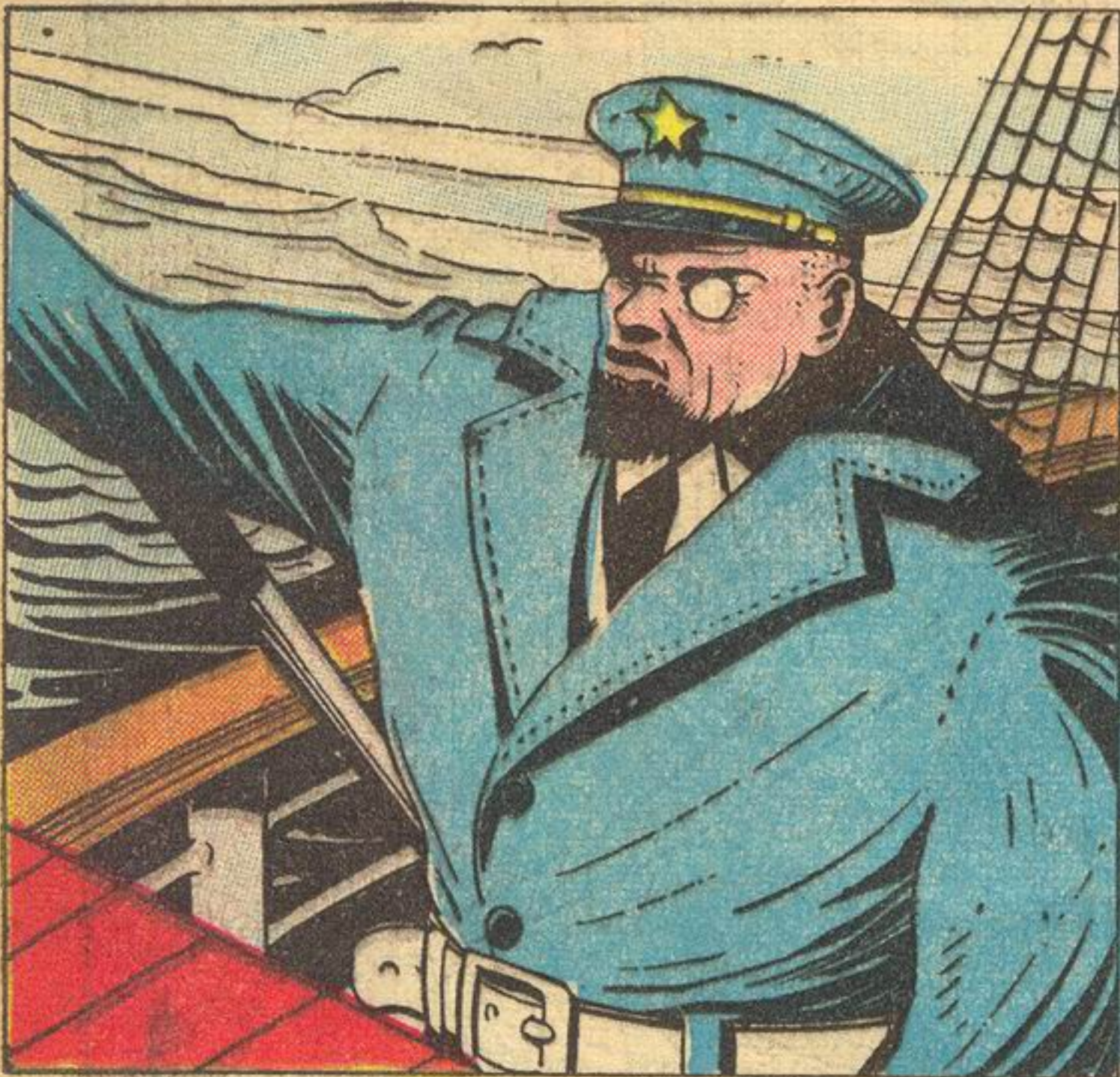
CONTINUED IN NEXT ISSUE



DANGEROUS SEAS

by NORMAN DANIELS

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED GUARDINEER



IF IT WASN'T FOR THE MONEY, I'D TELL THAT RUSSIAN BEAR TO JUMP IN THE SEA!

I DON'T LIKE HIM EITHER!



WE MUST REACH EAST CAPE BY DAWN. FOR THAT I HAVE PAID YOU !!

WHAT'S THE RUSH?



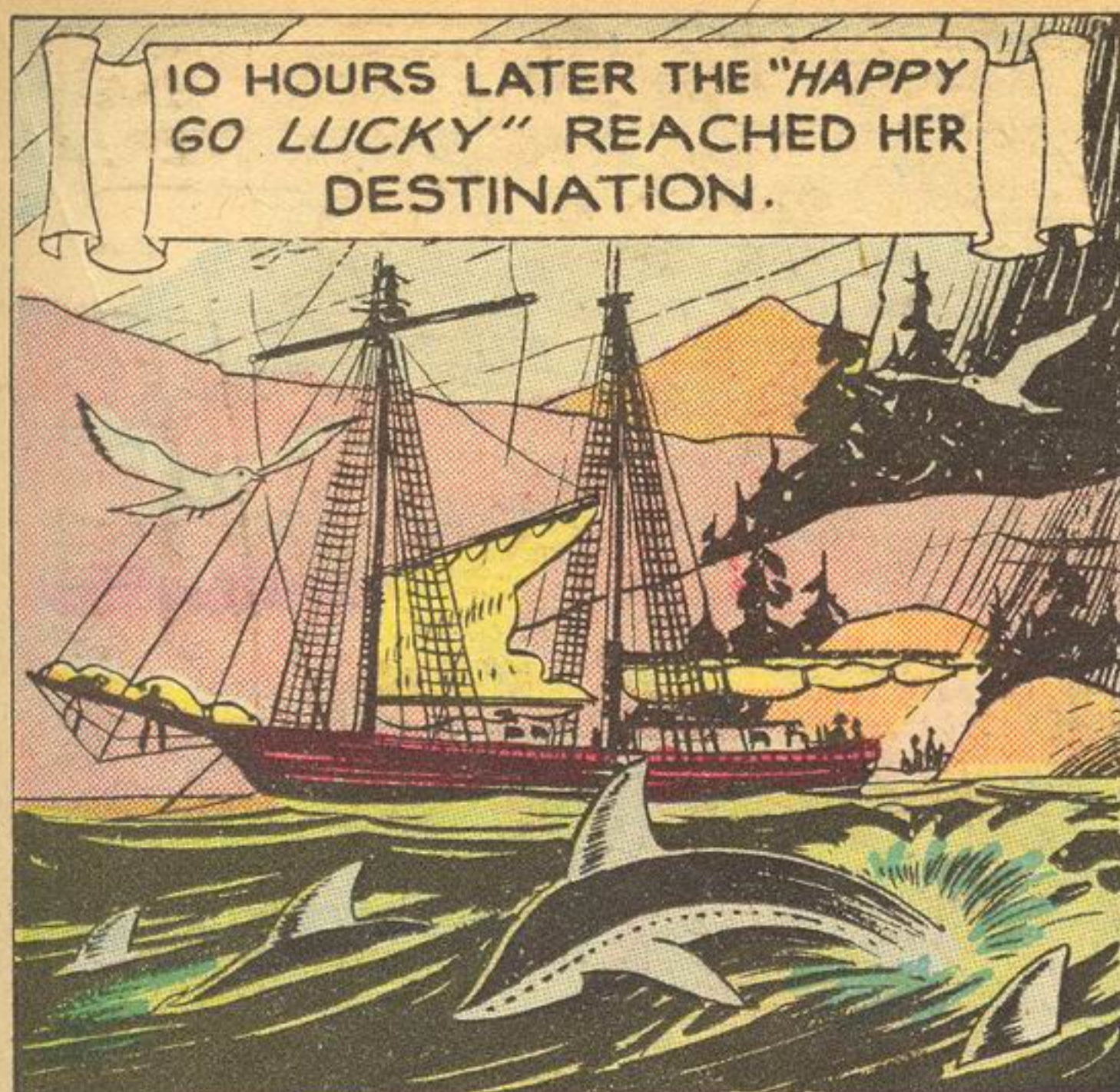
MY FRIENDS-SCIENTISTS IN SIBERIA-ARE WAITING!

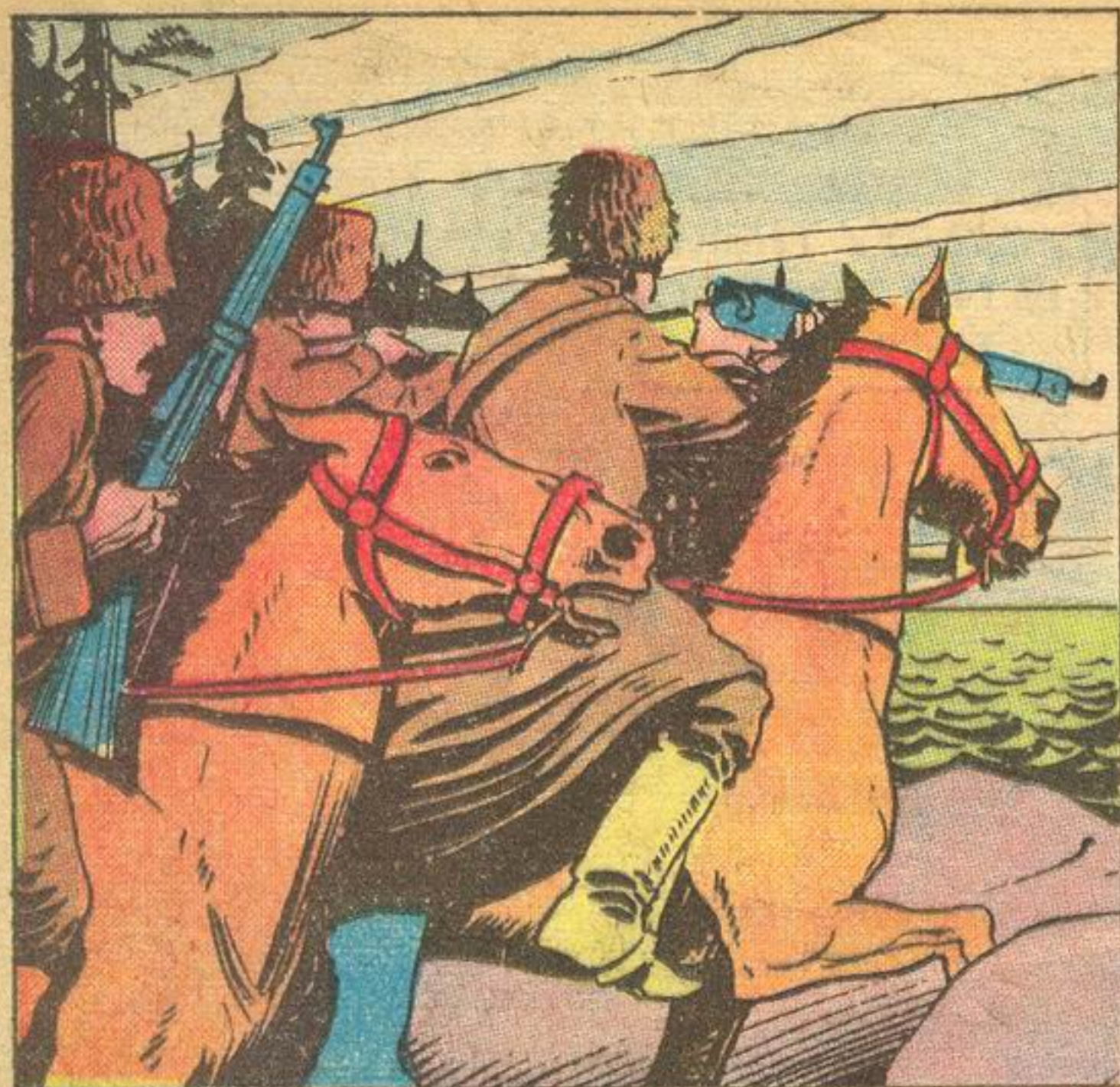
LET 'EM WAIT. THE BERING SEA IS A BIG PLACE AND A SCHOONER GOES SO FAST AND NO MORE.

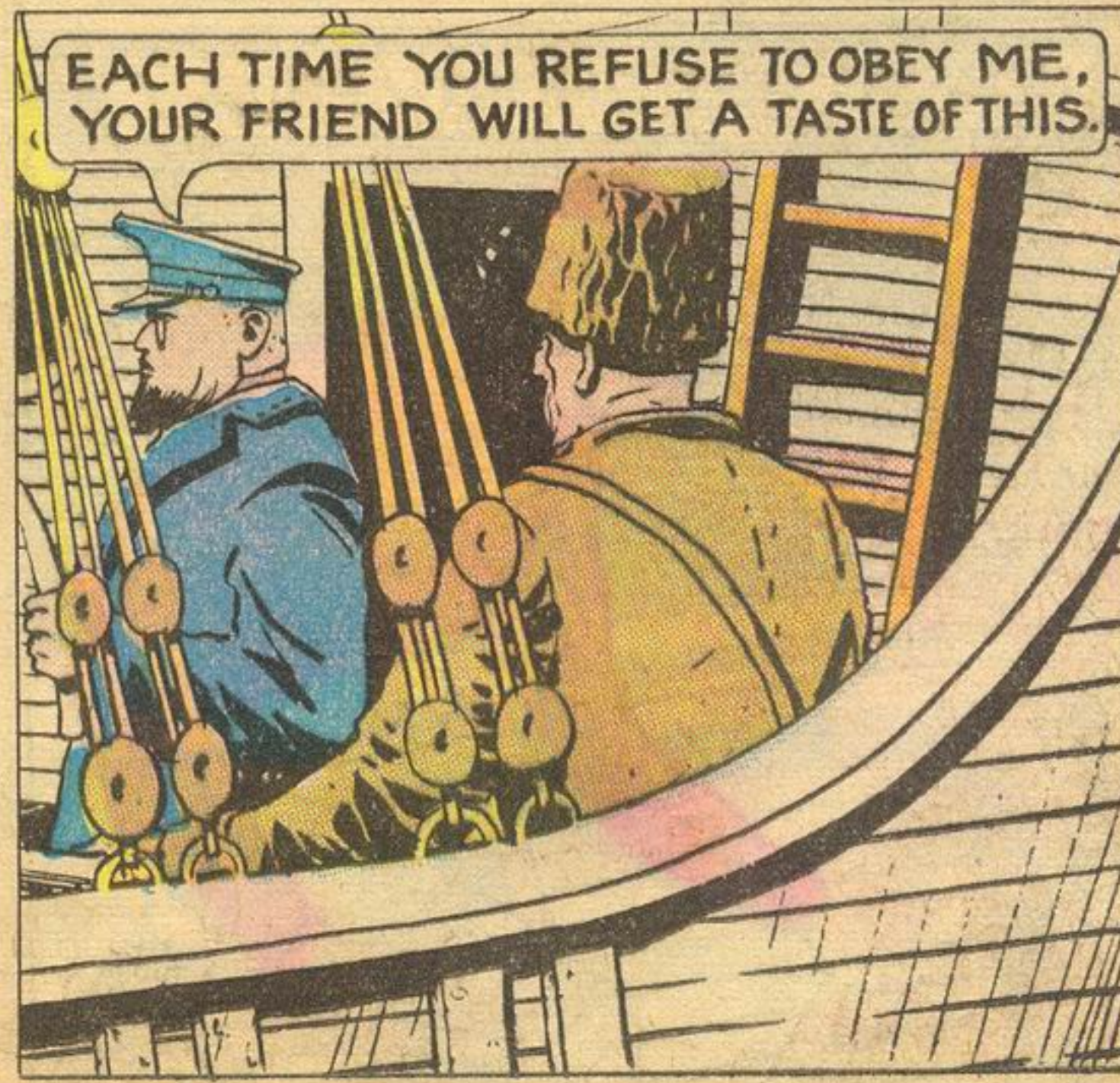
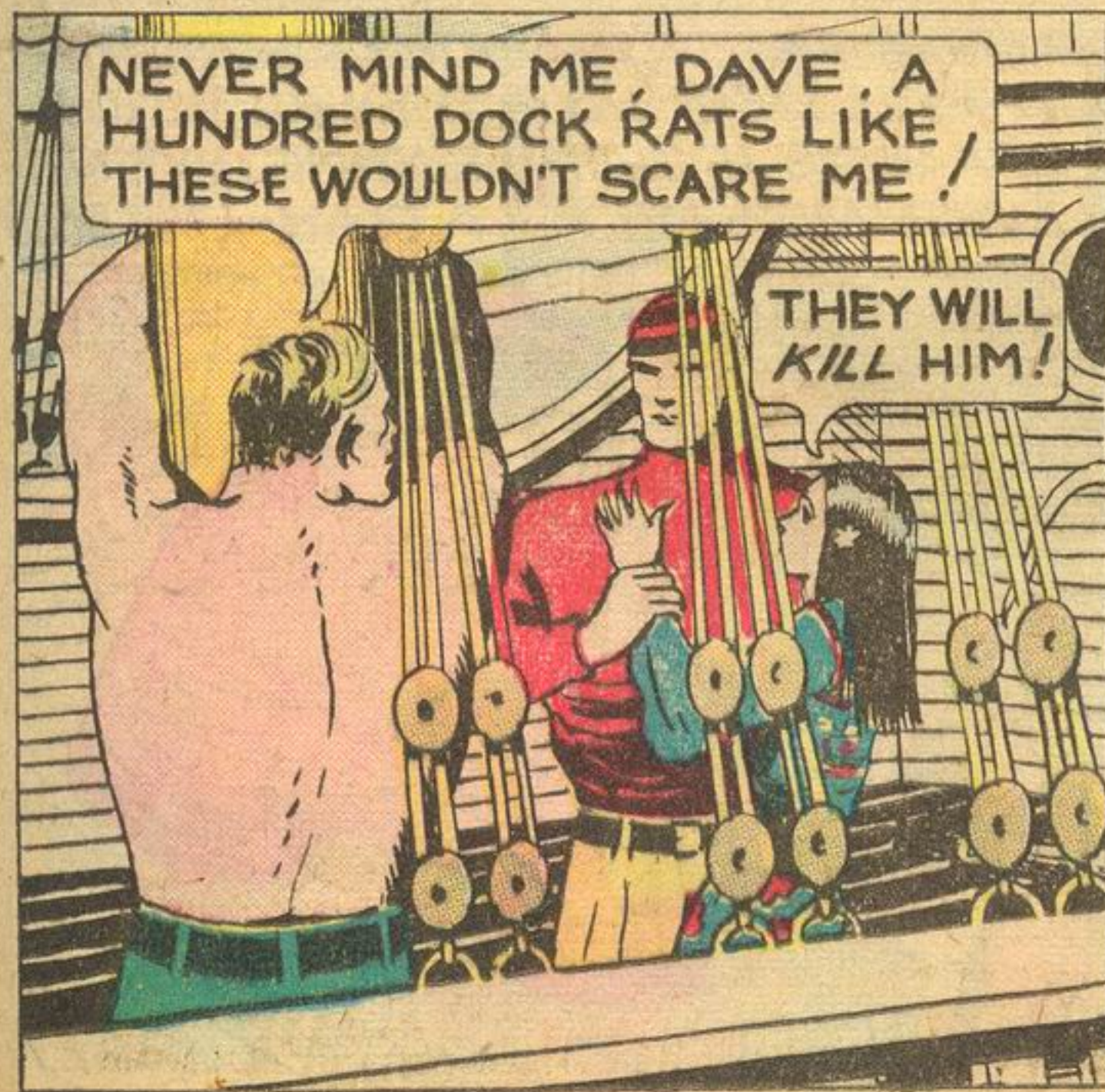


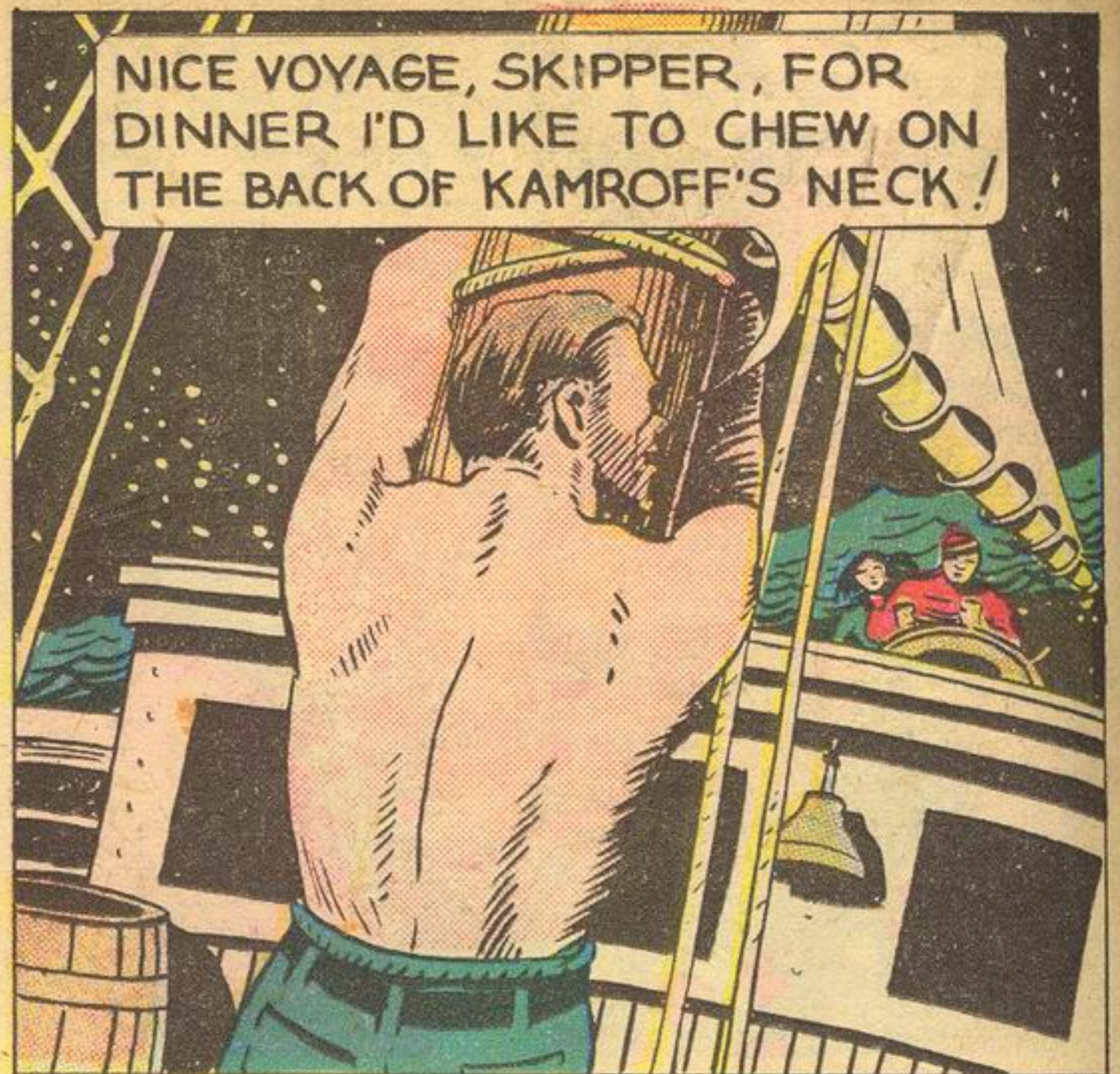
IF HE'S IN SUCH A RUSH, WHY DIDN'T HE CHARTER A MOTORSHIP?

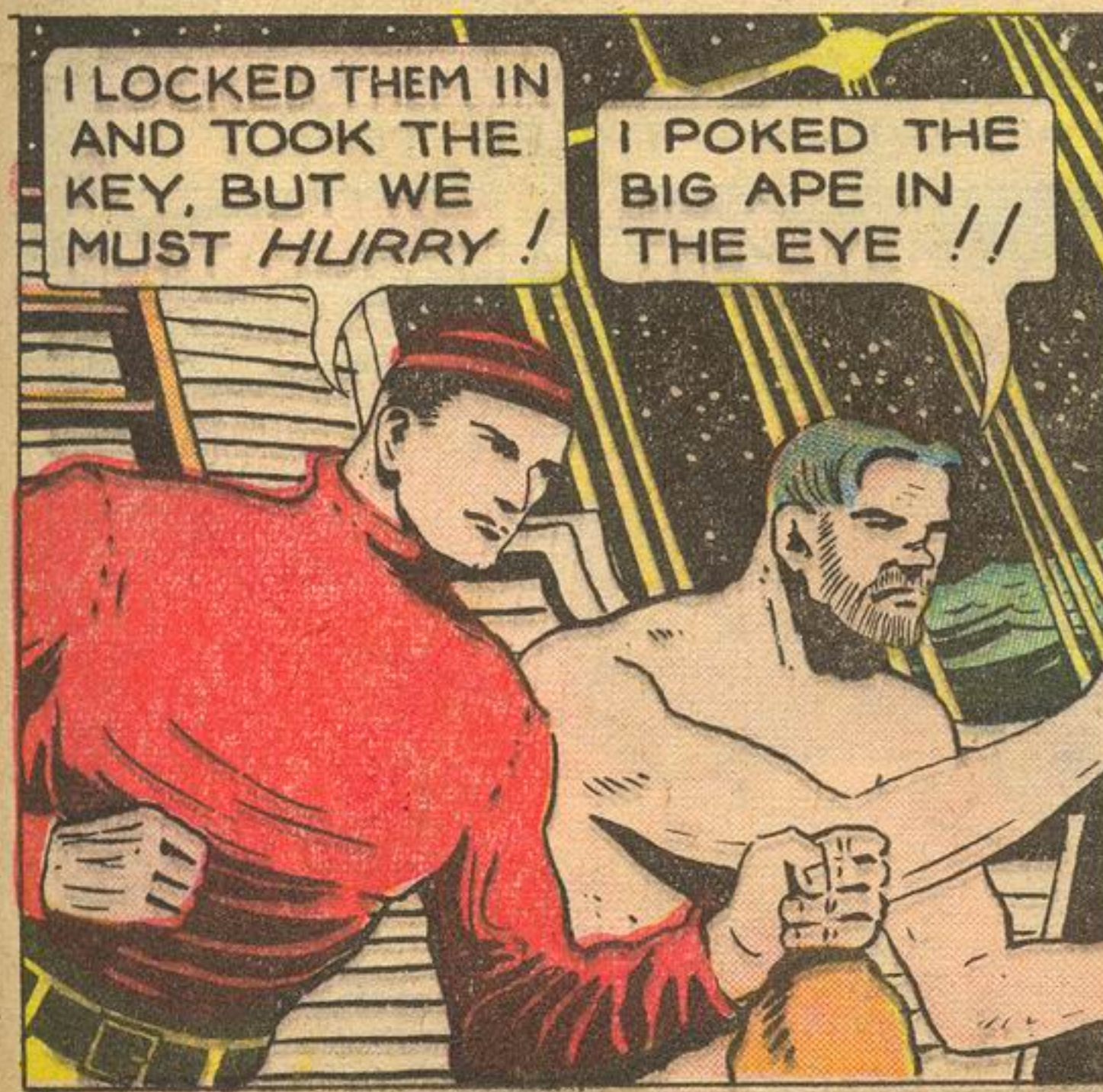
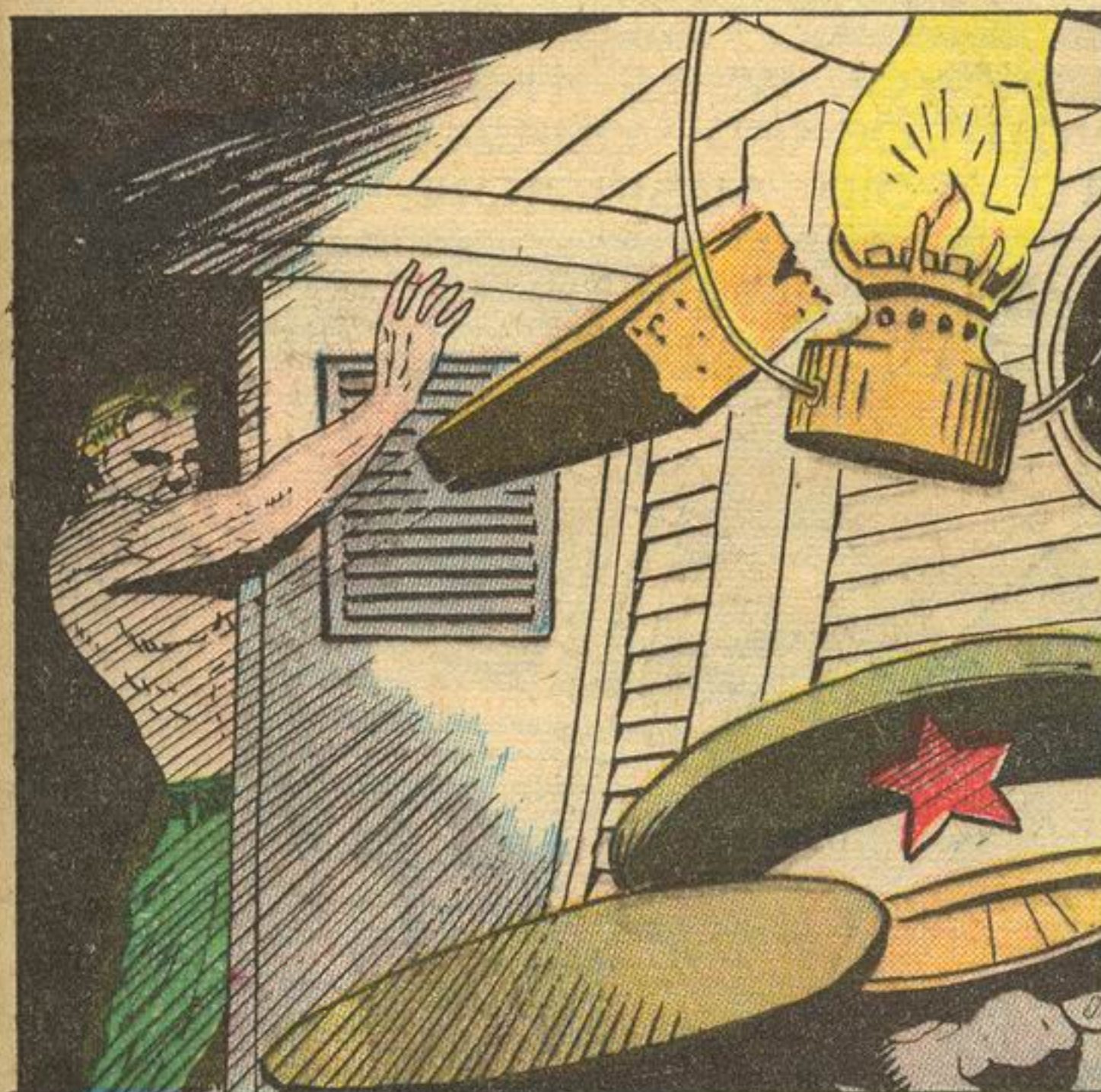
THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY ABOUT ALL THIS!

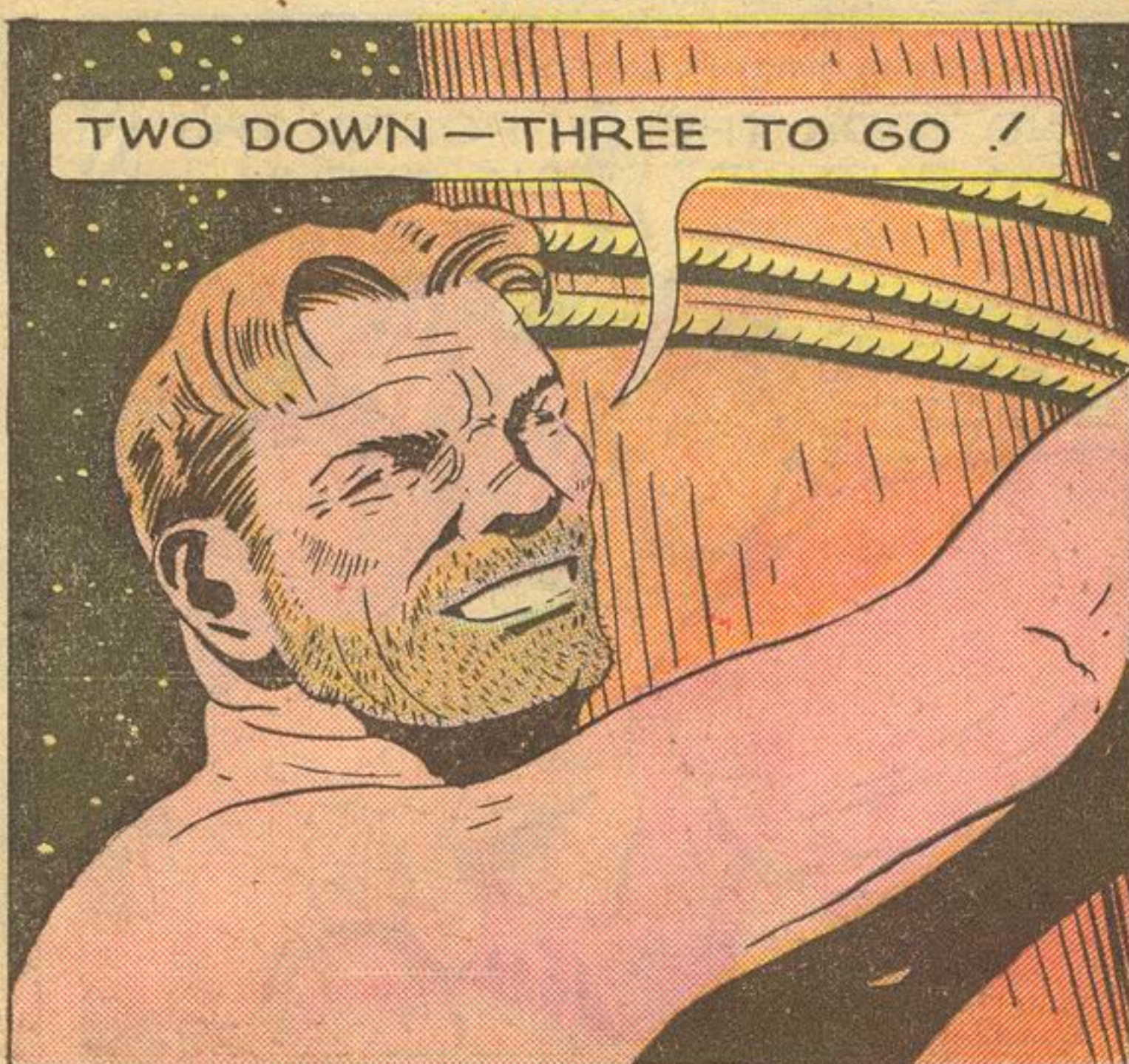






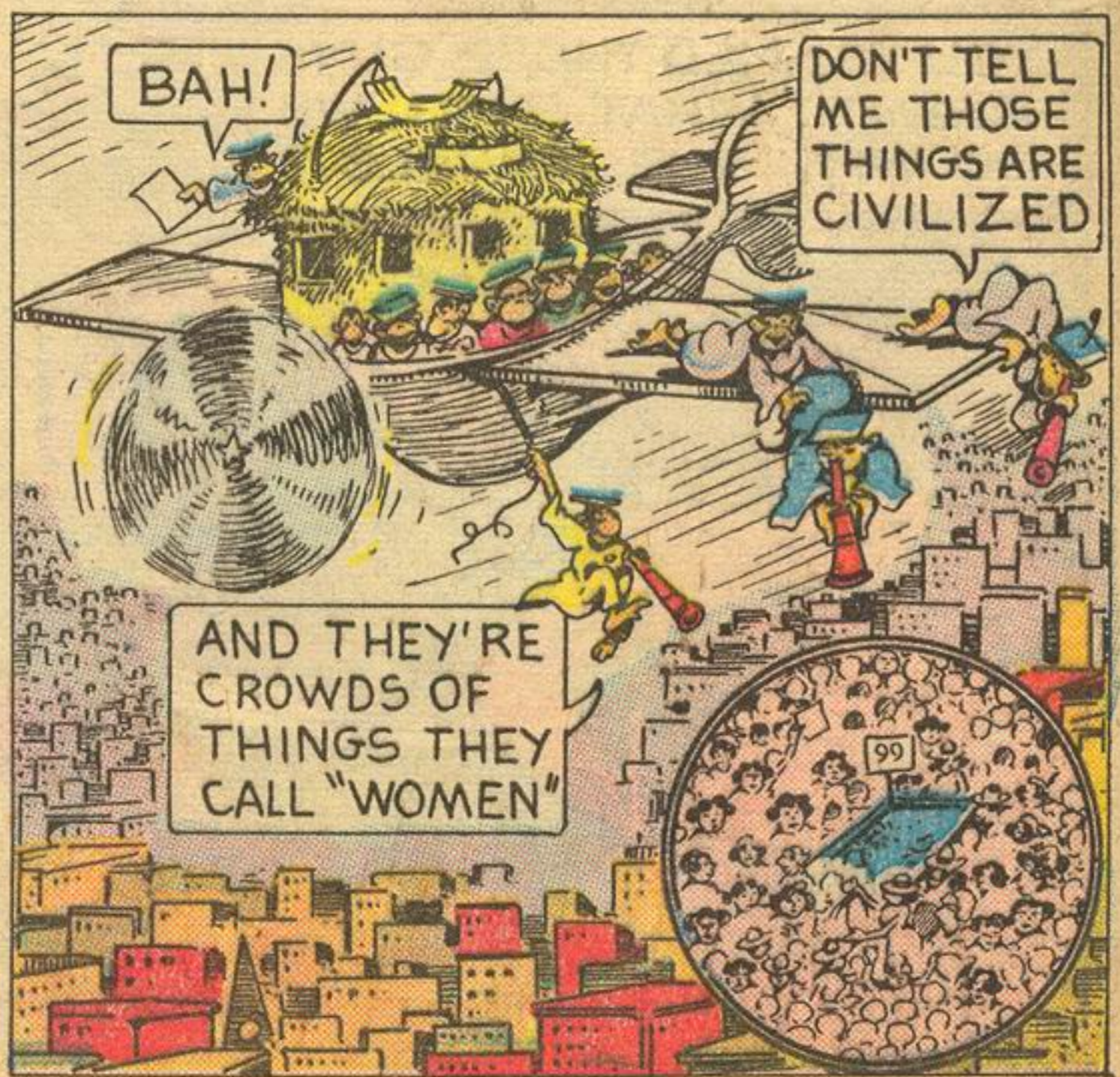
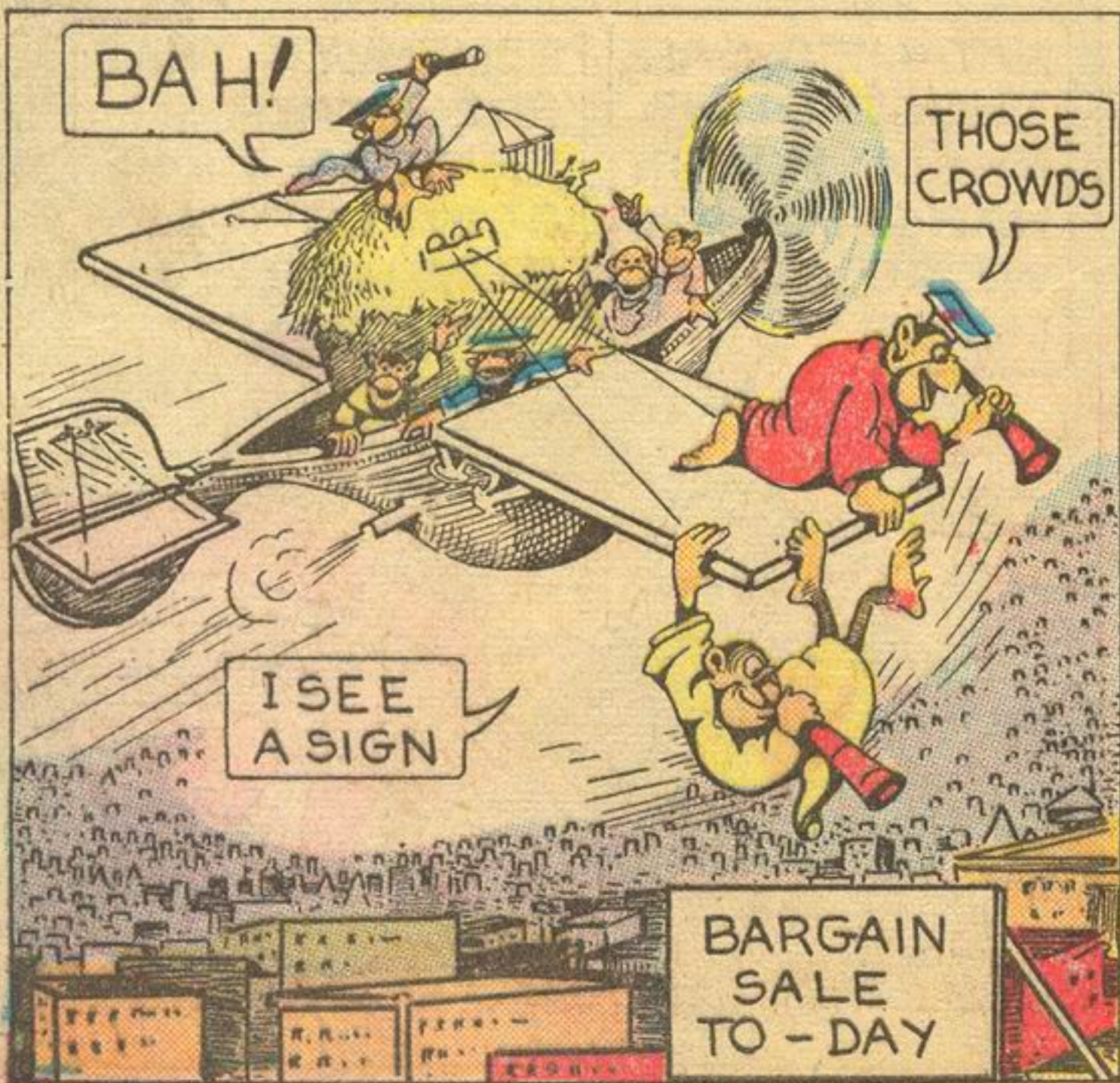
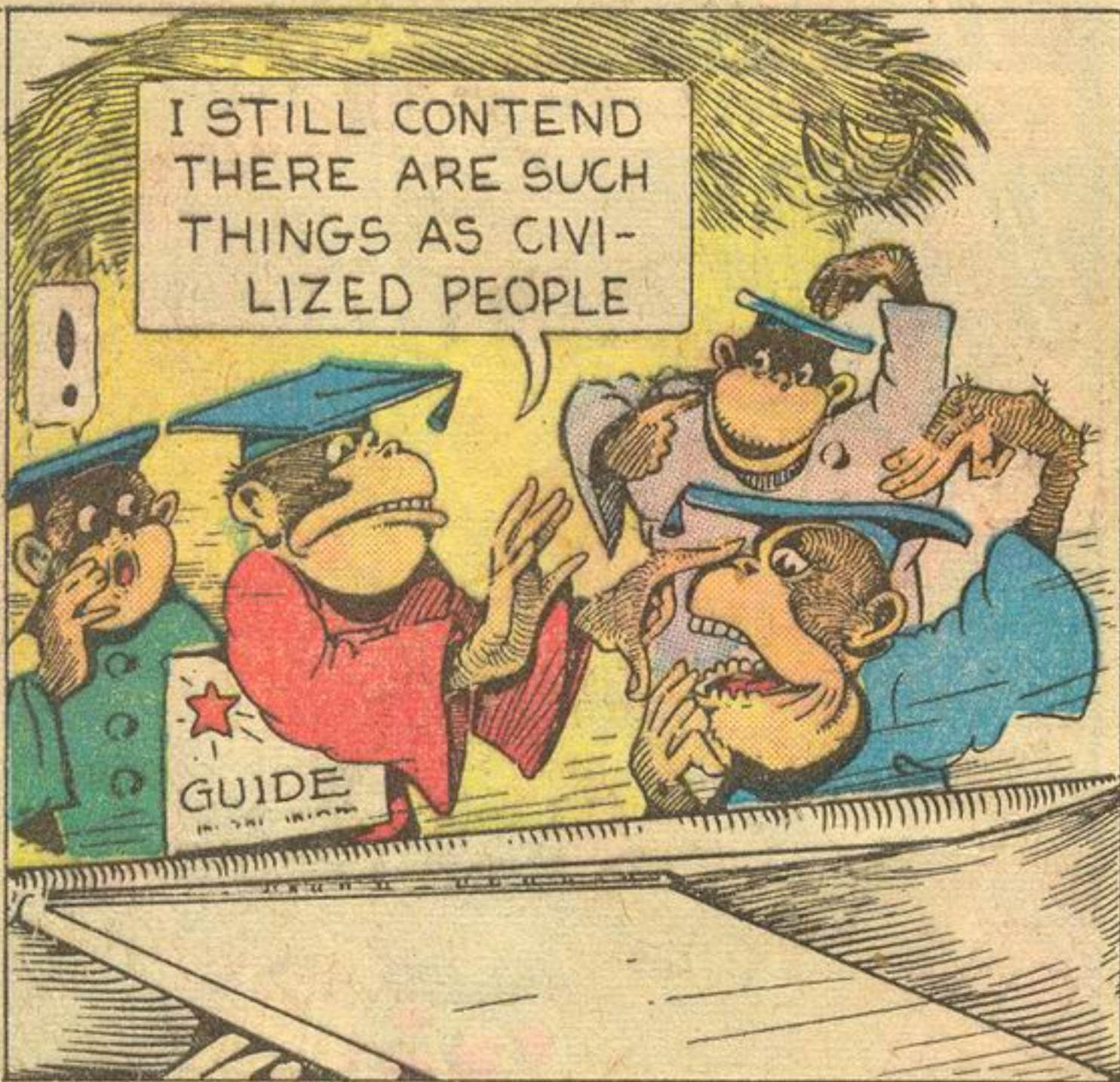
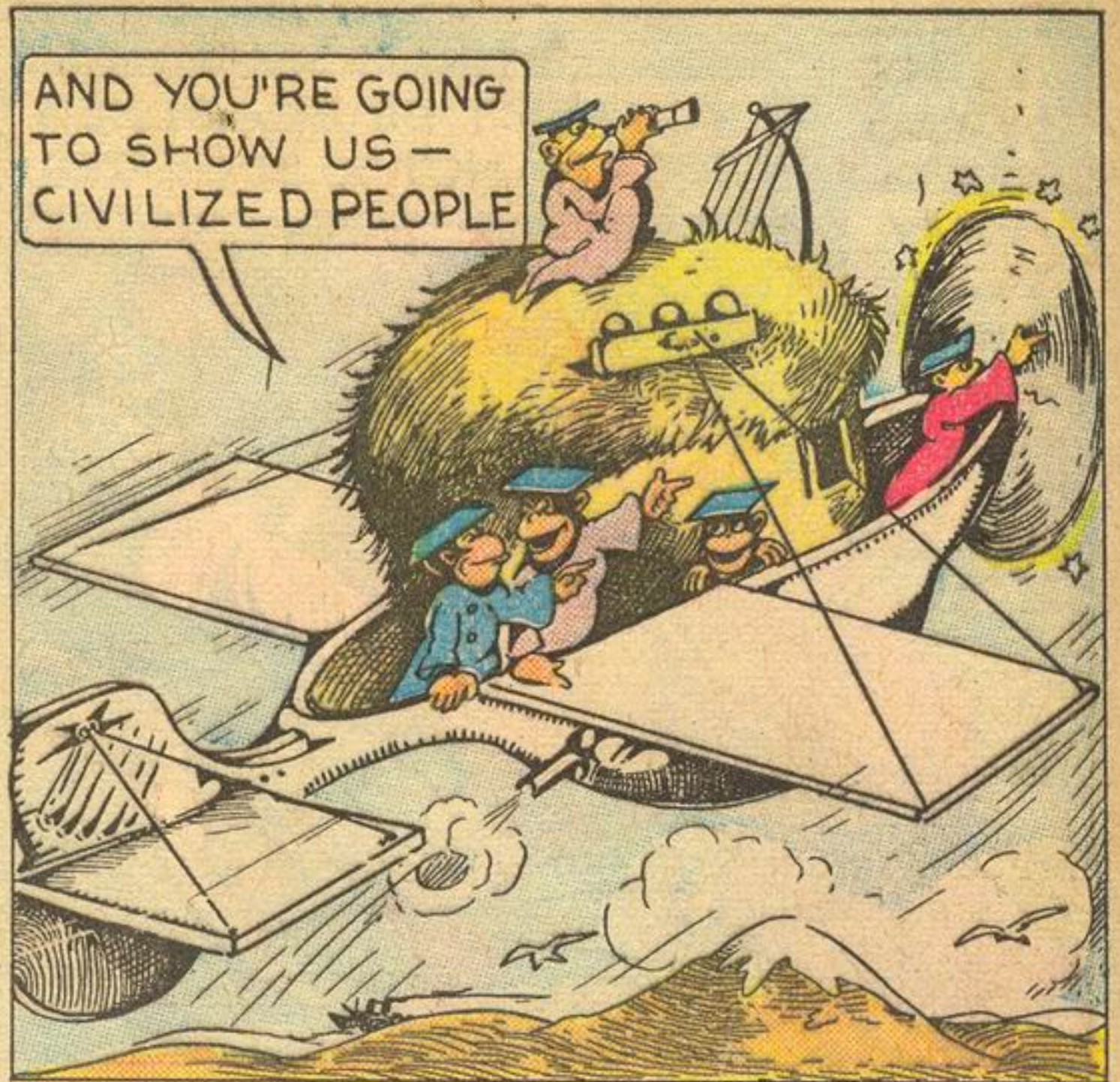


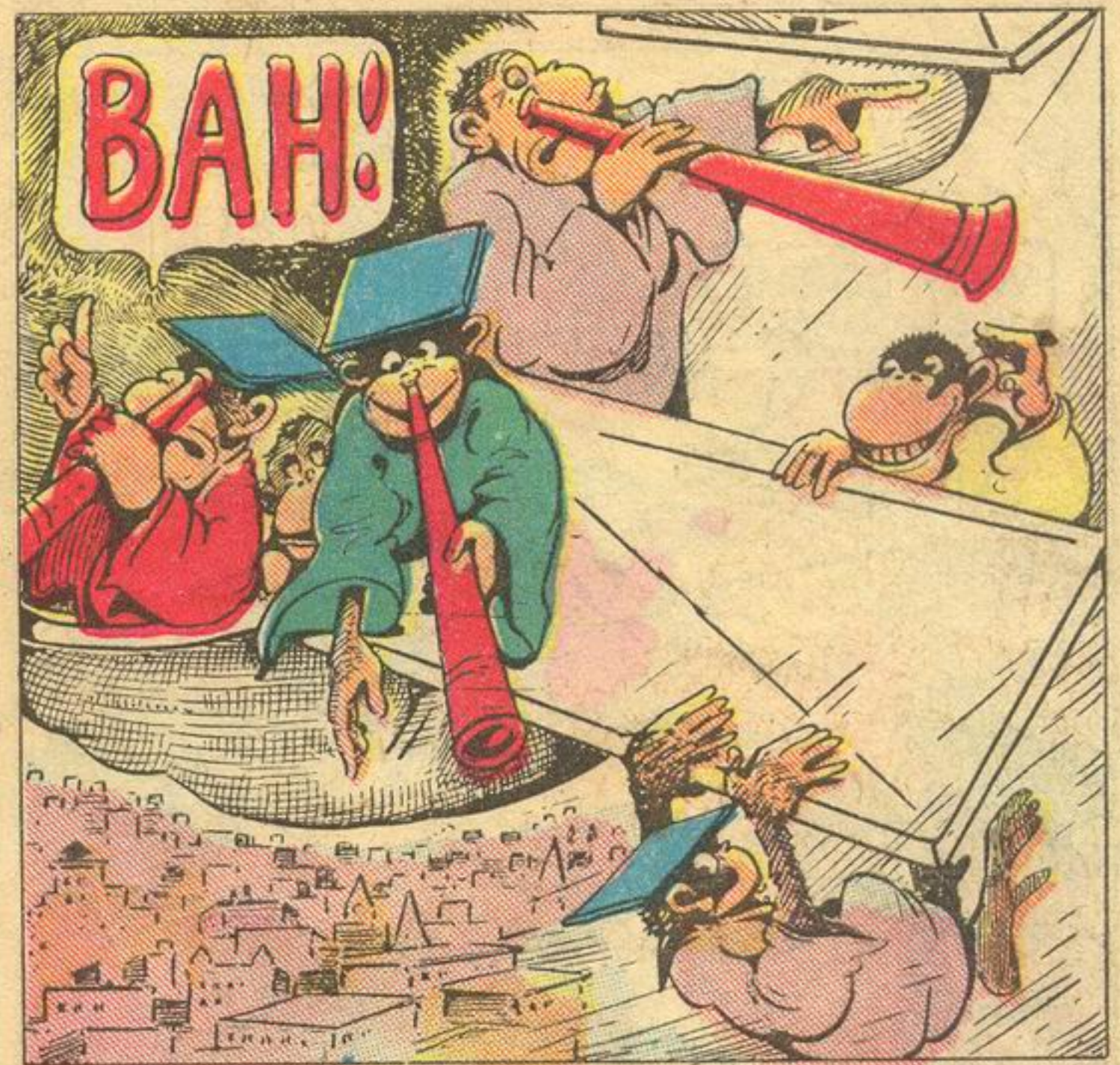
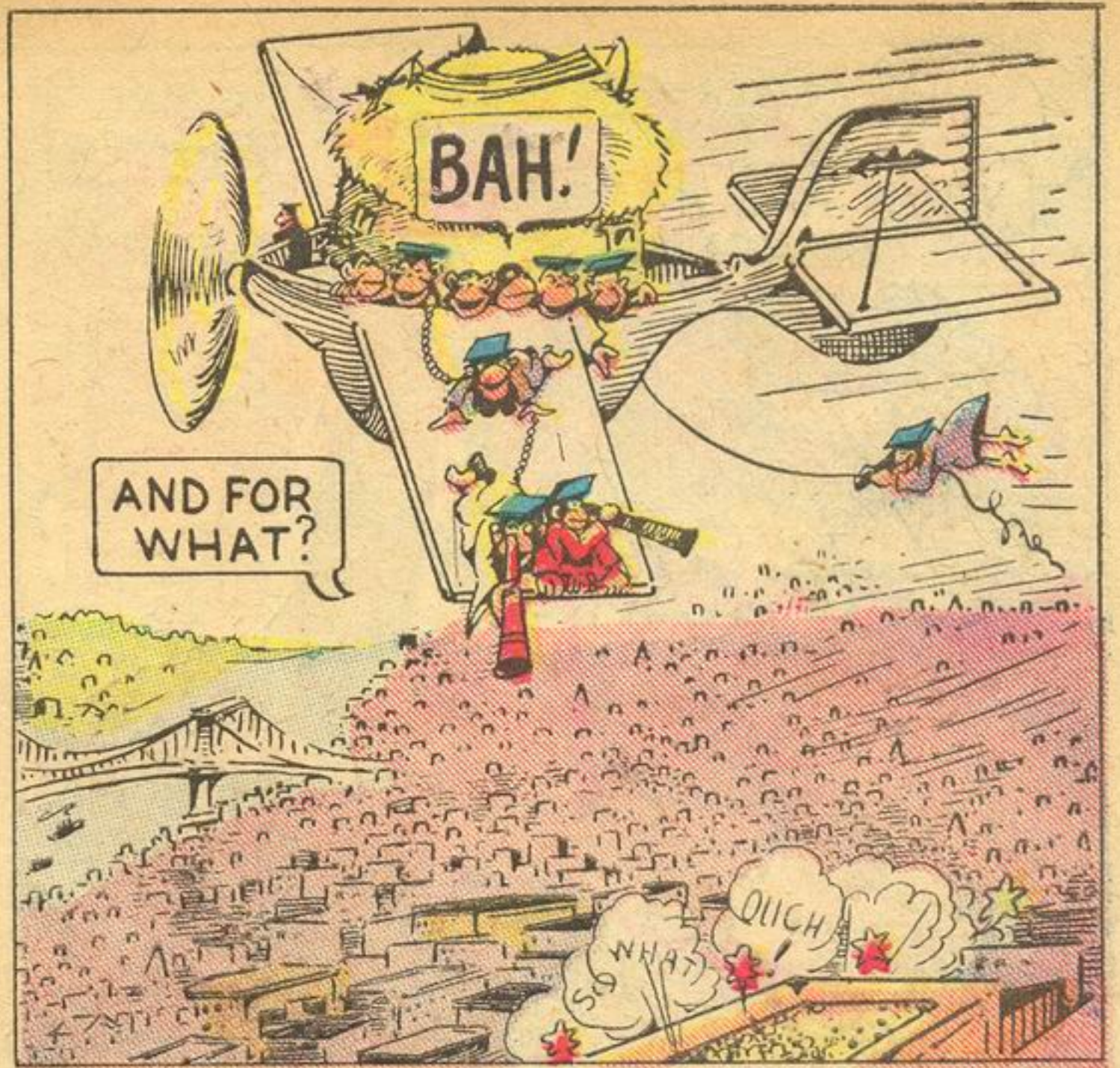


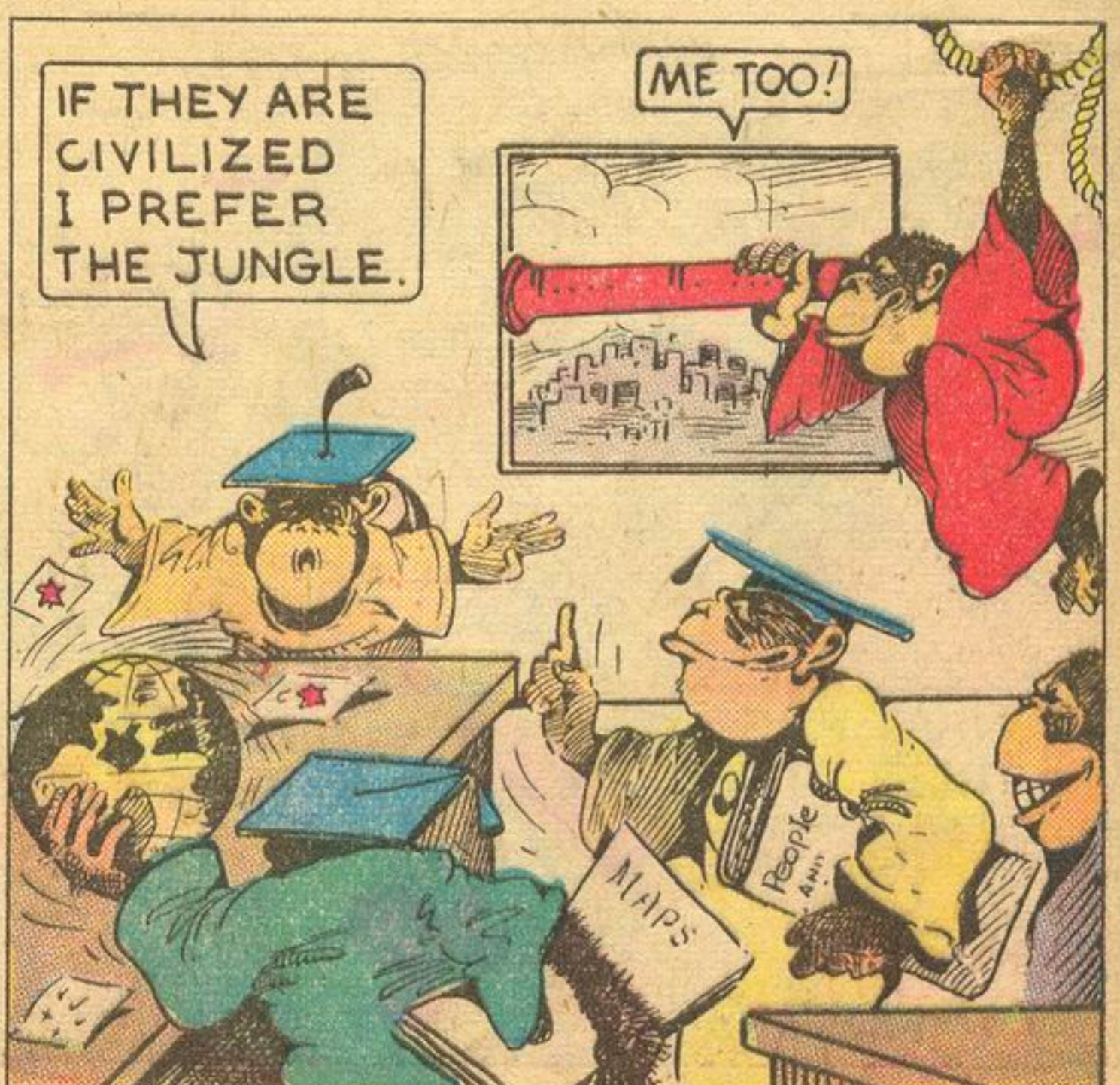
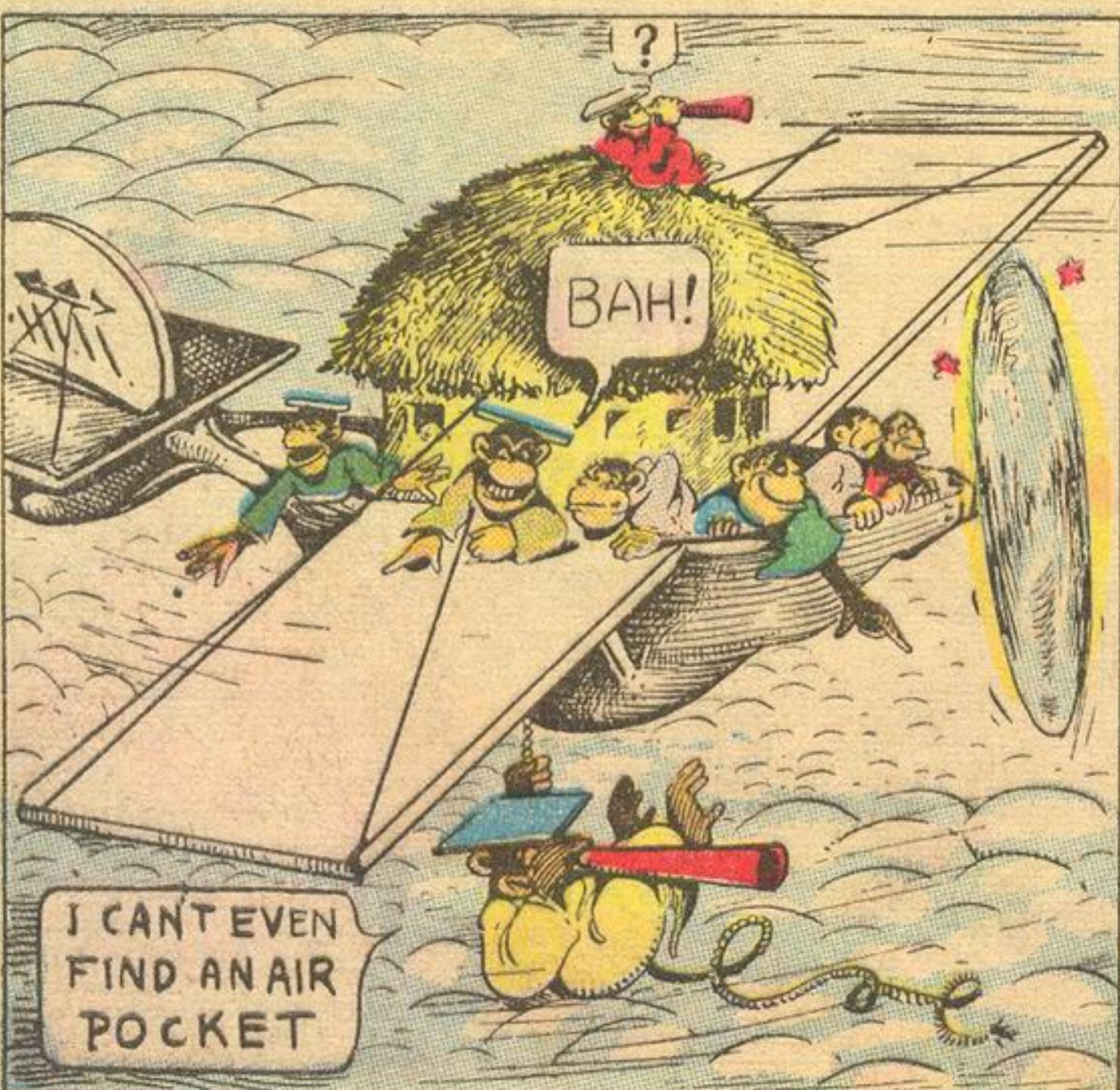
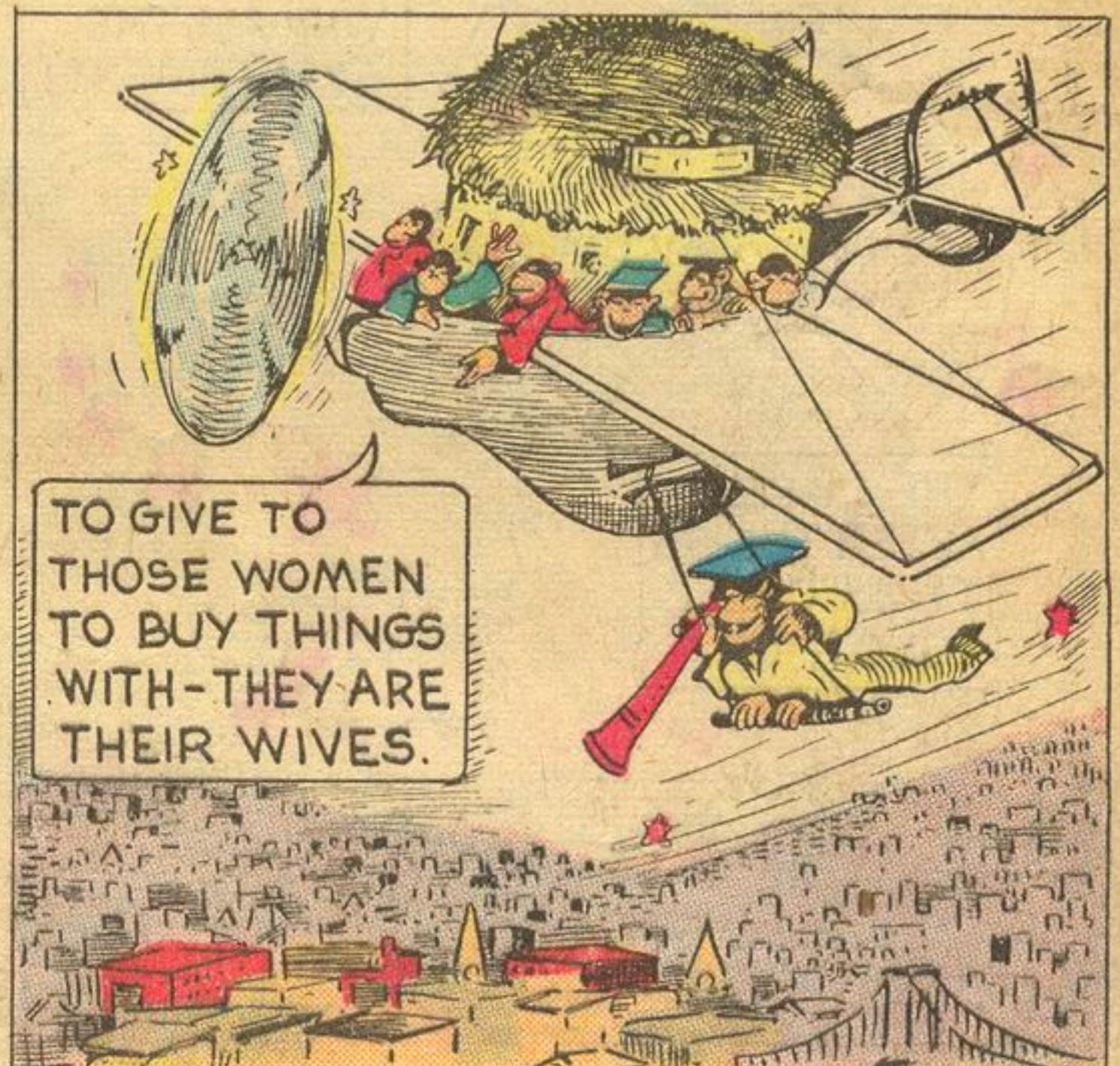
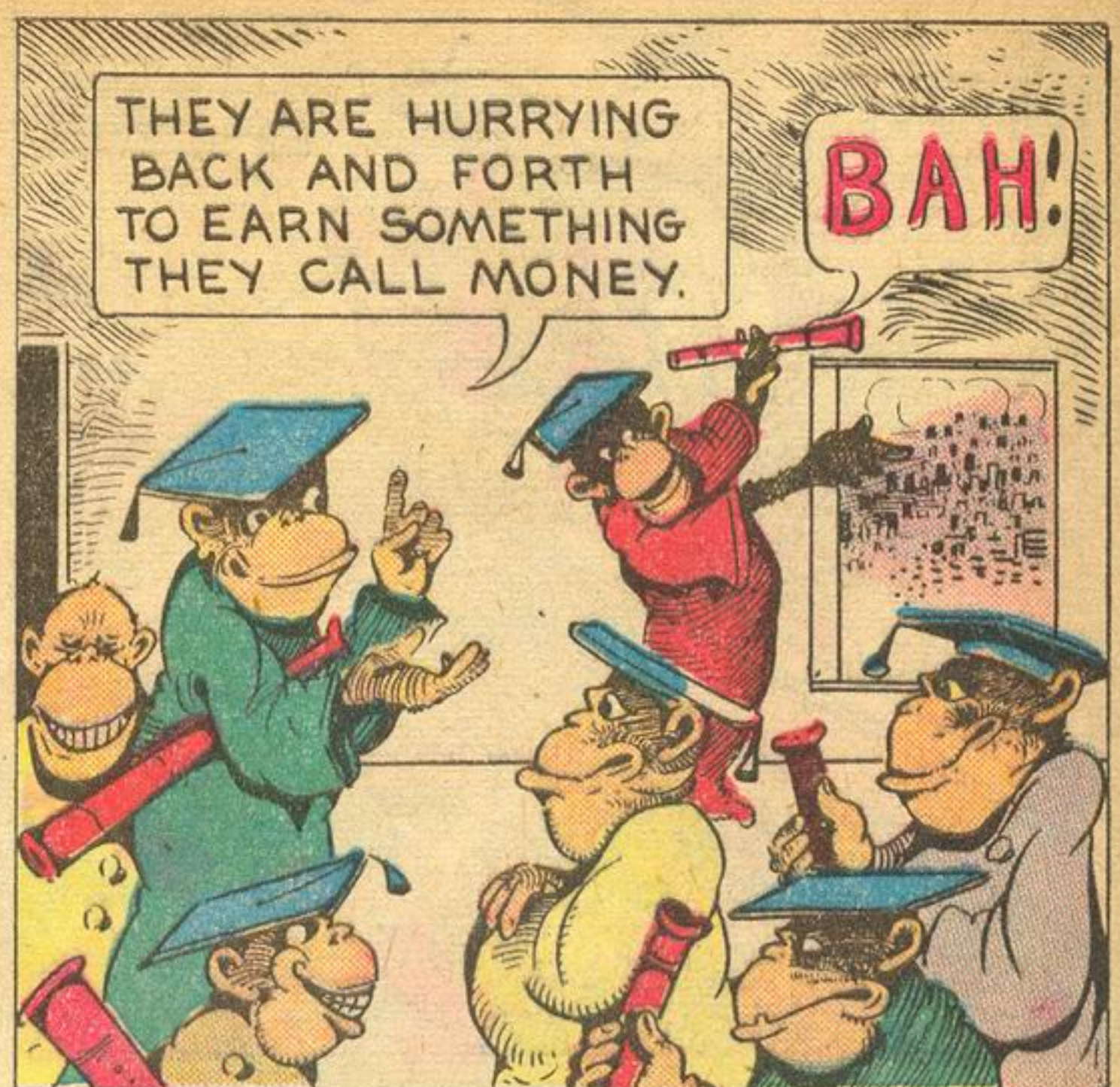


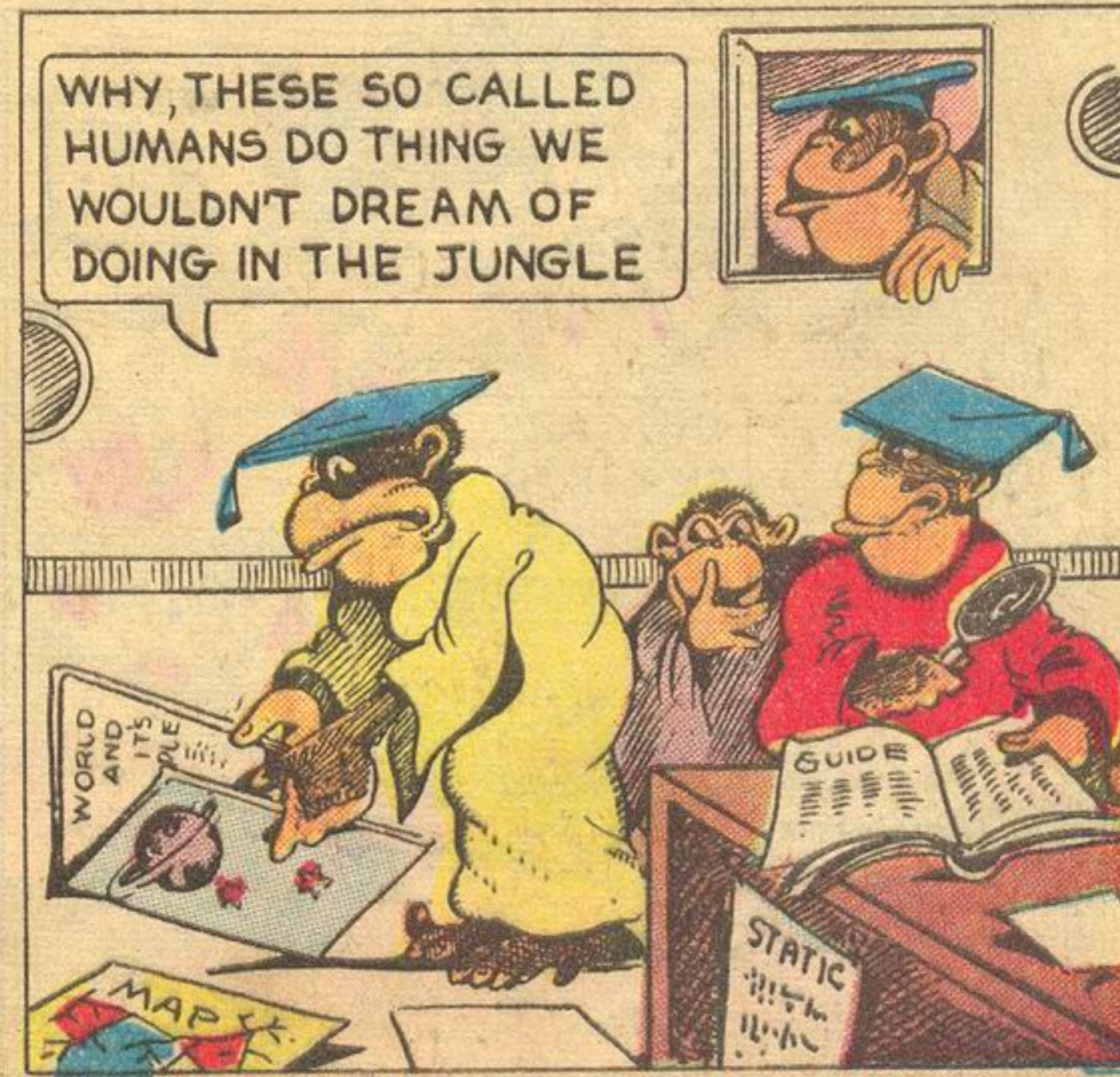
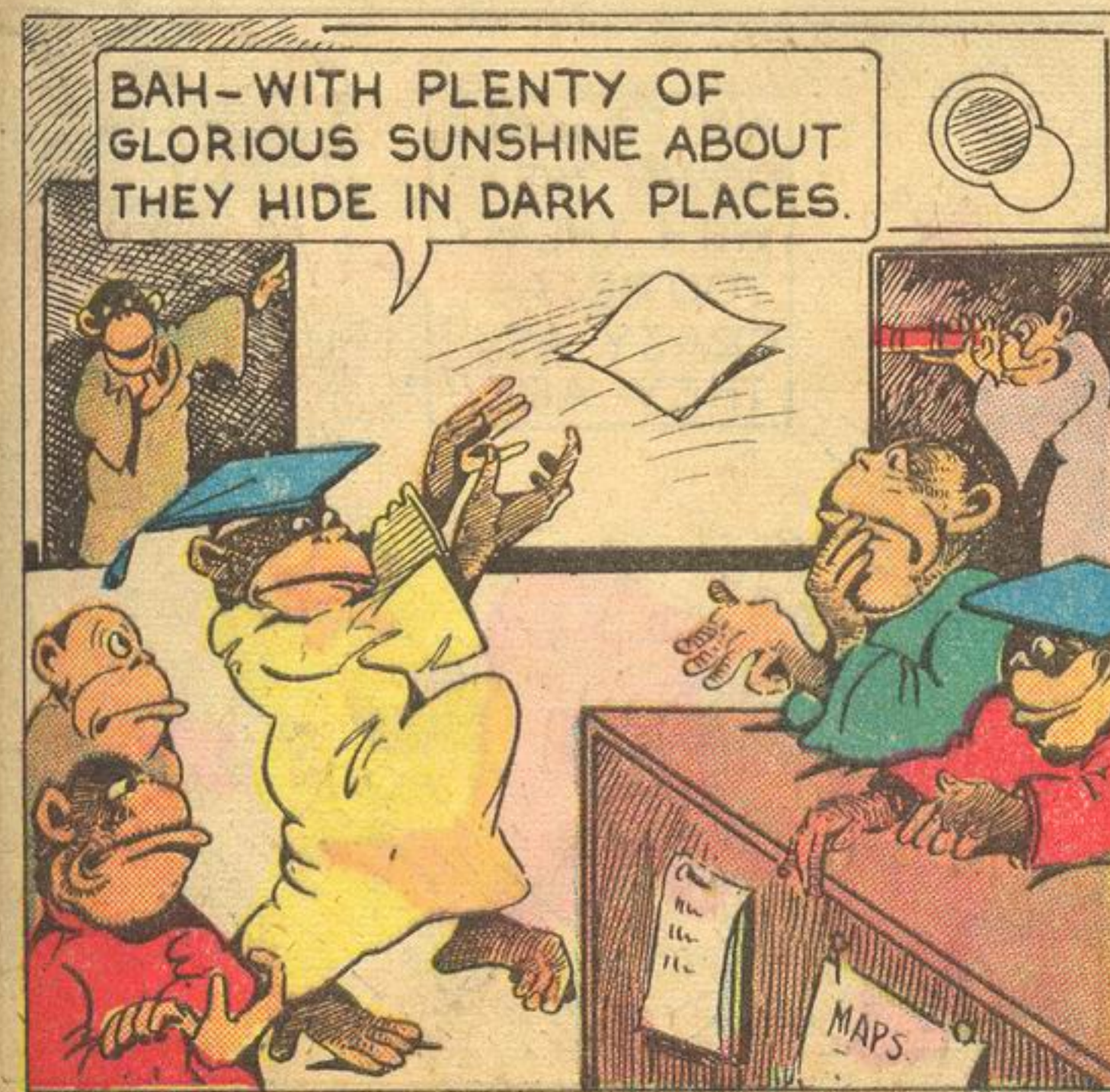
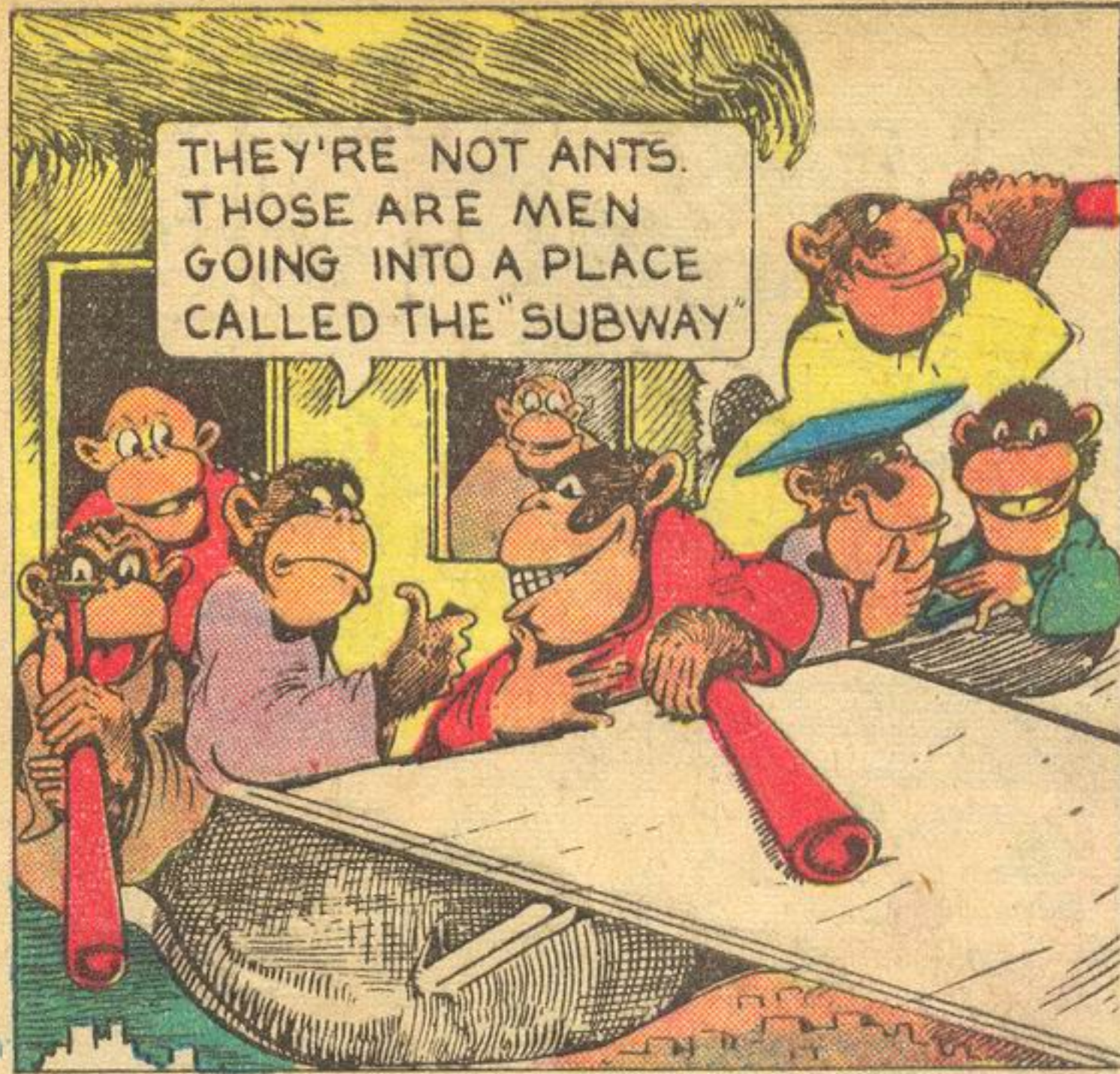
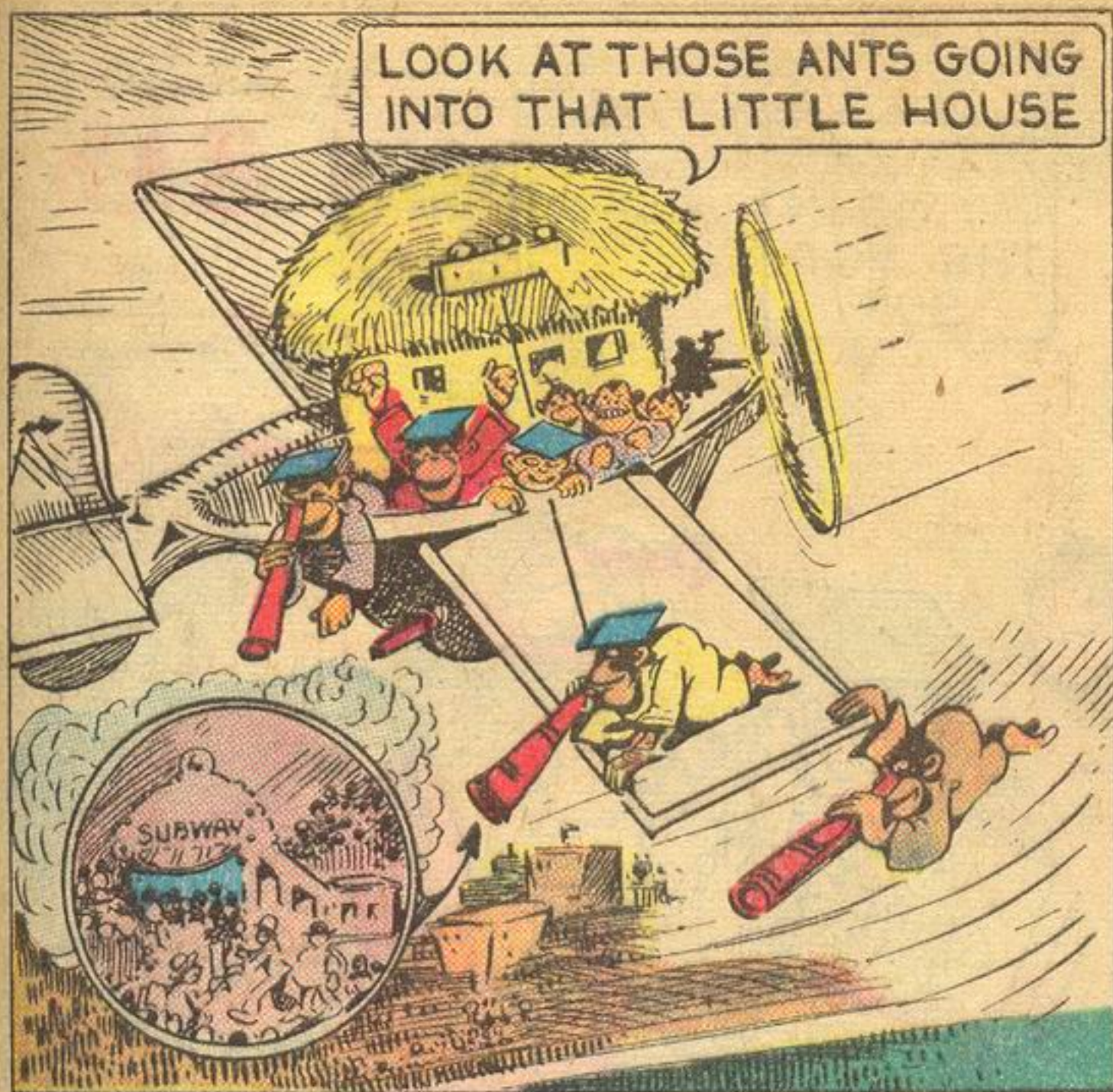


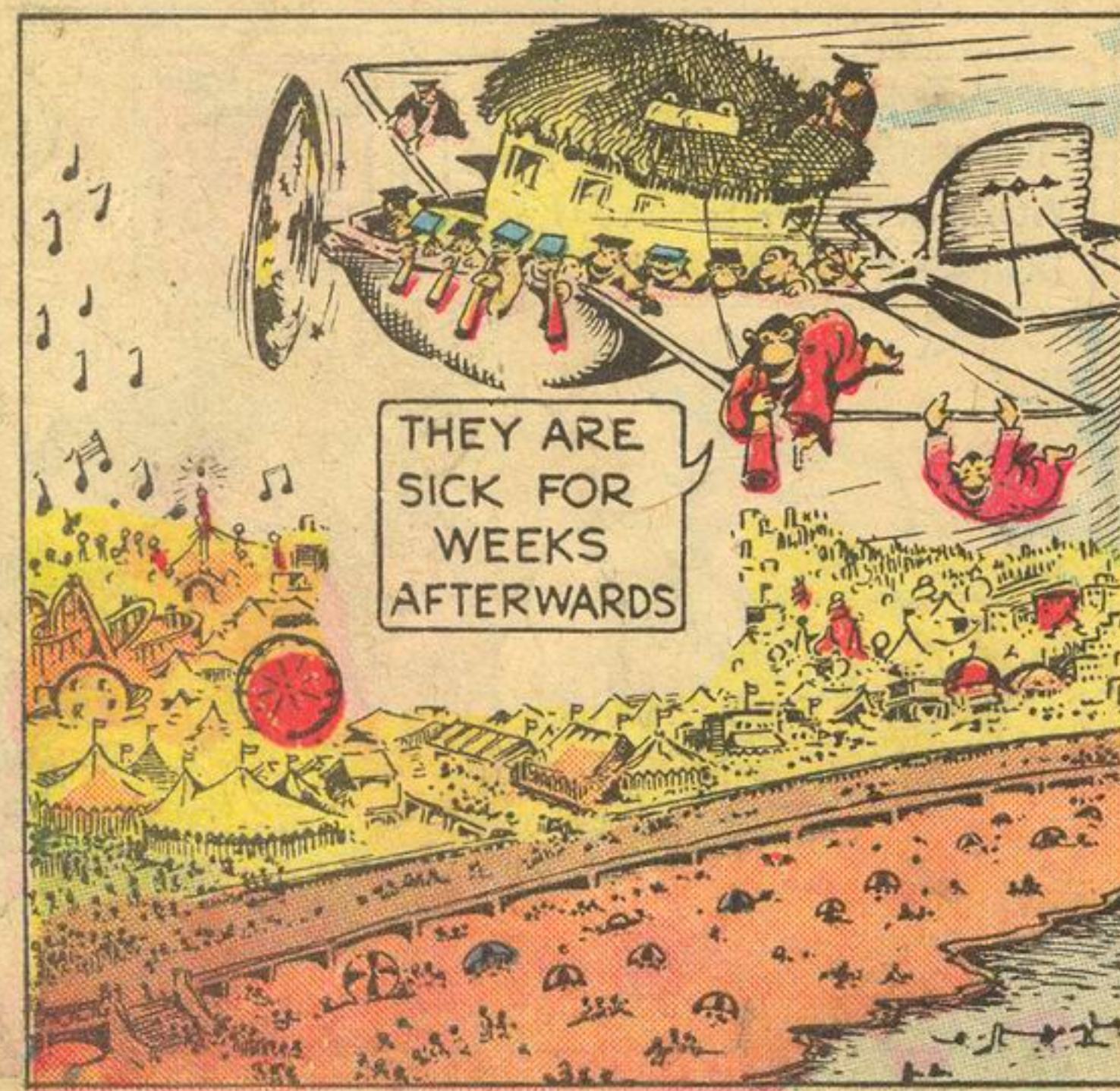
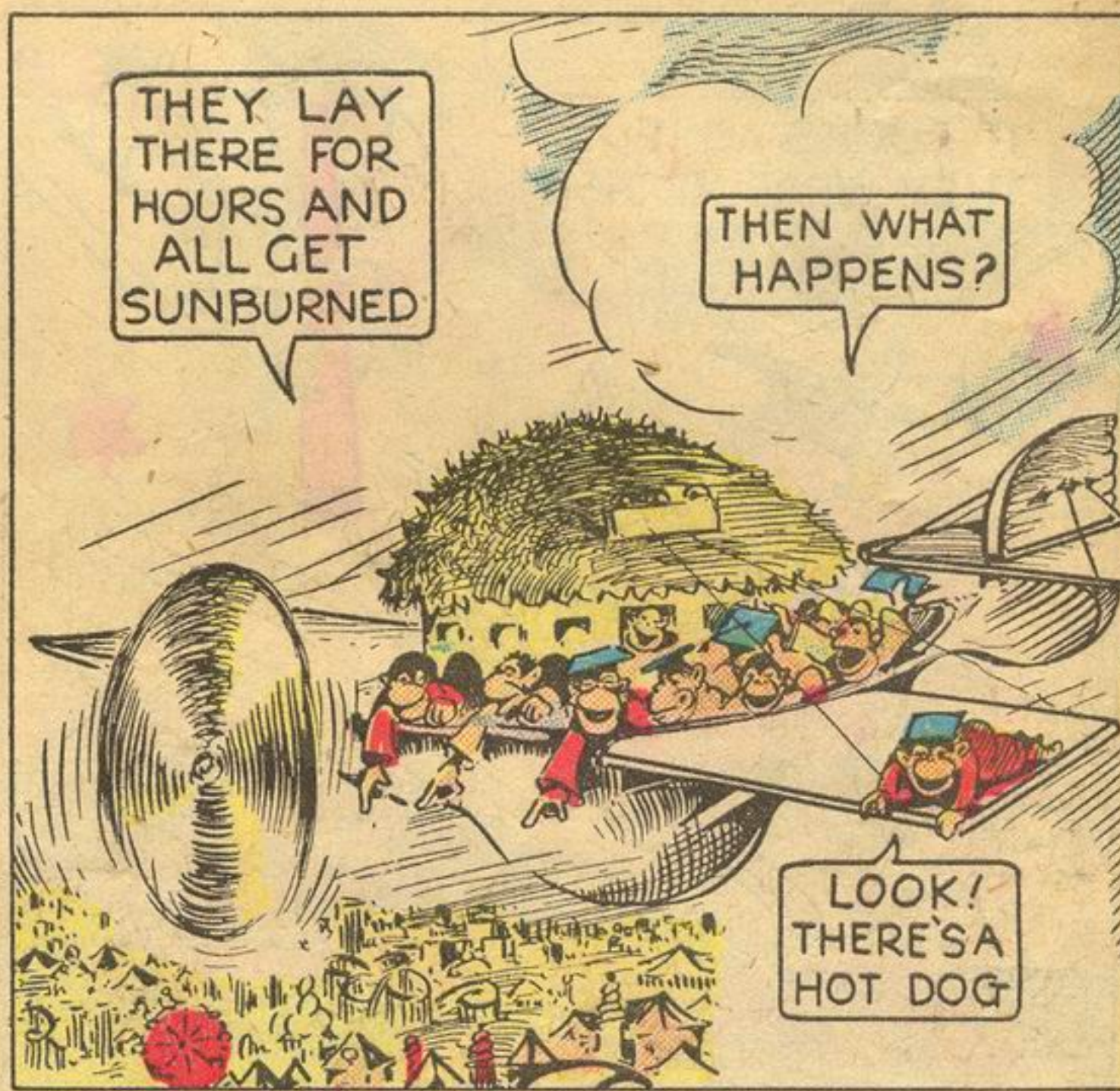
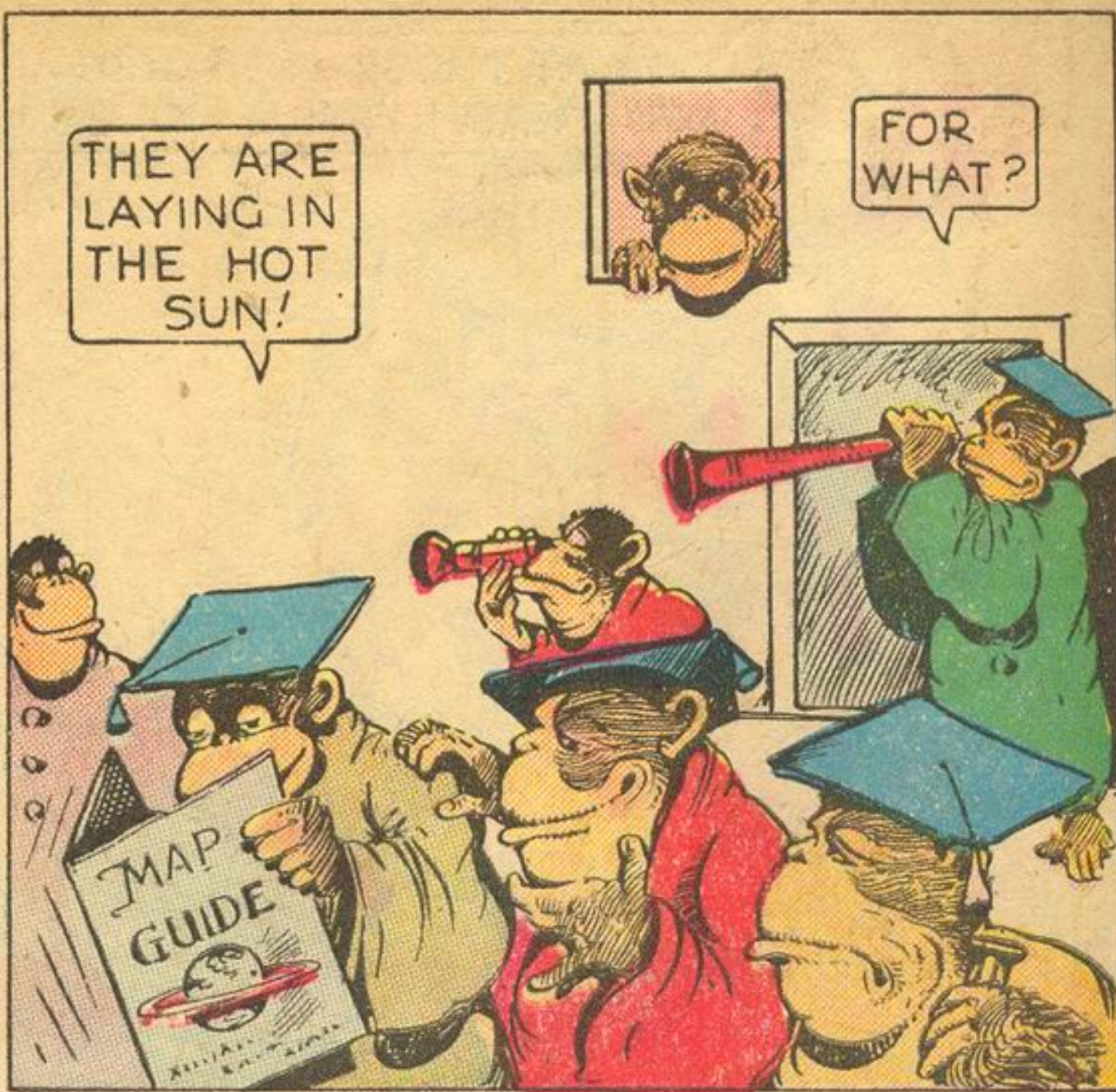
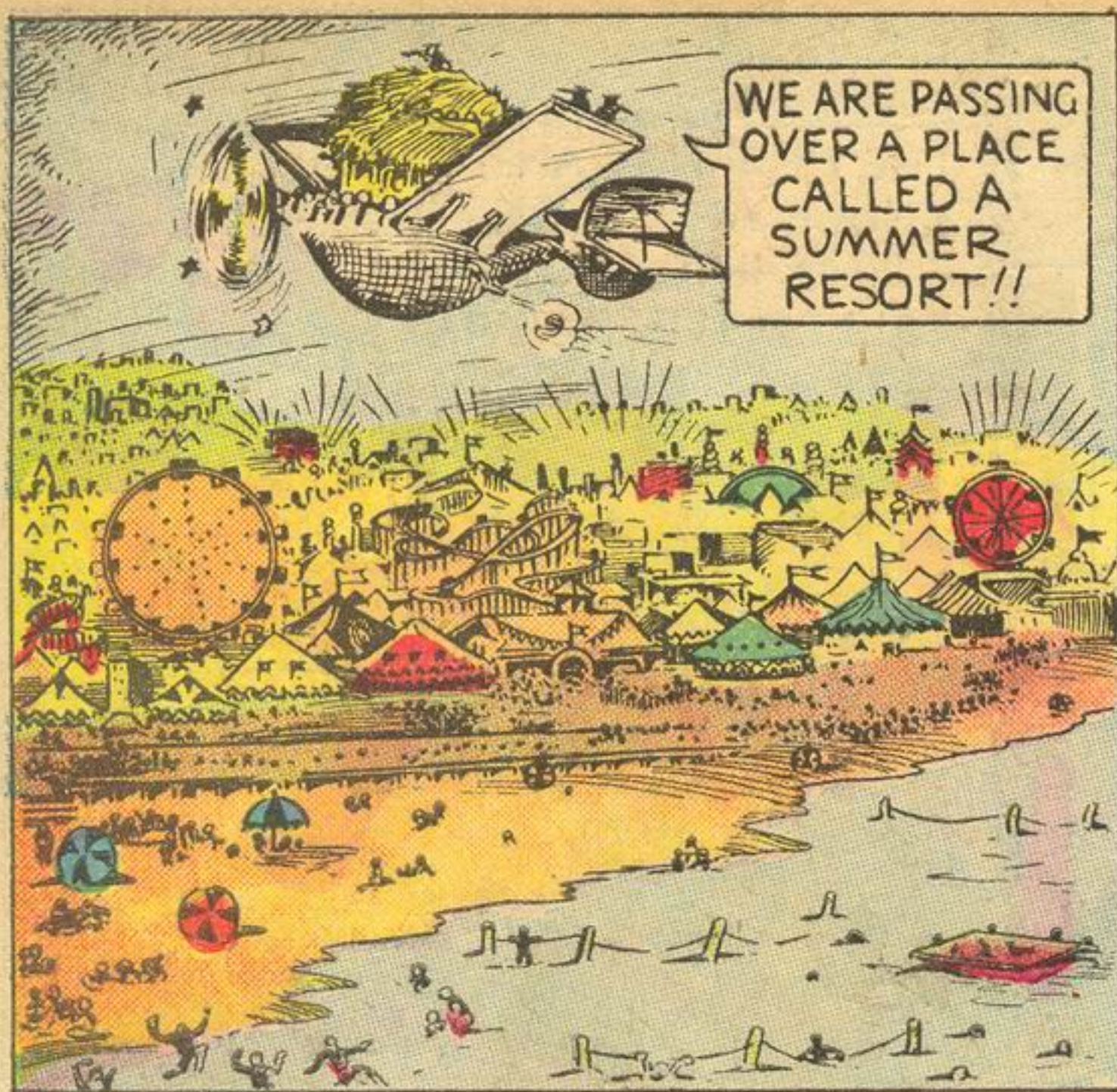
MISSING LINKS

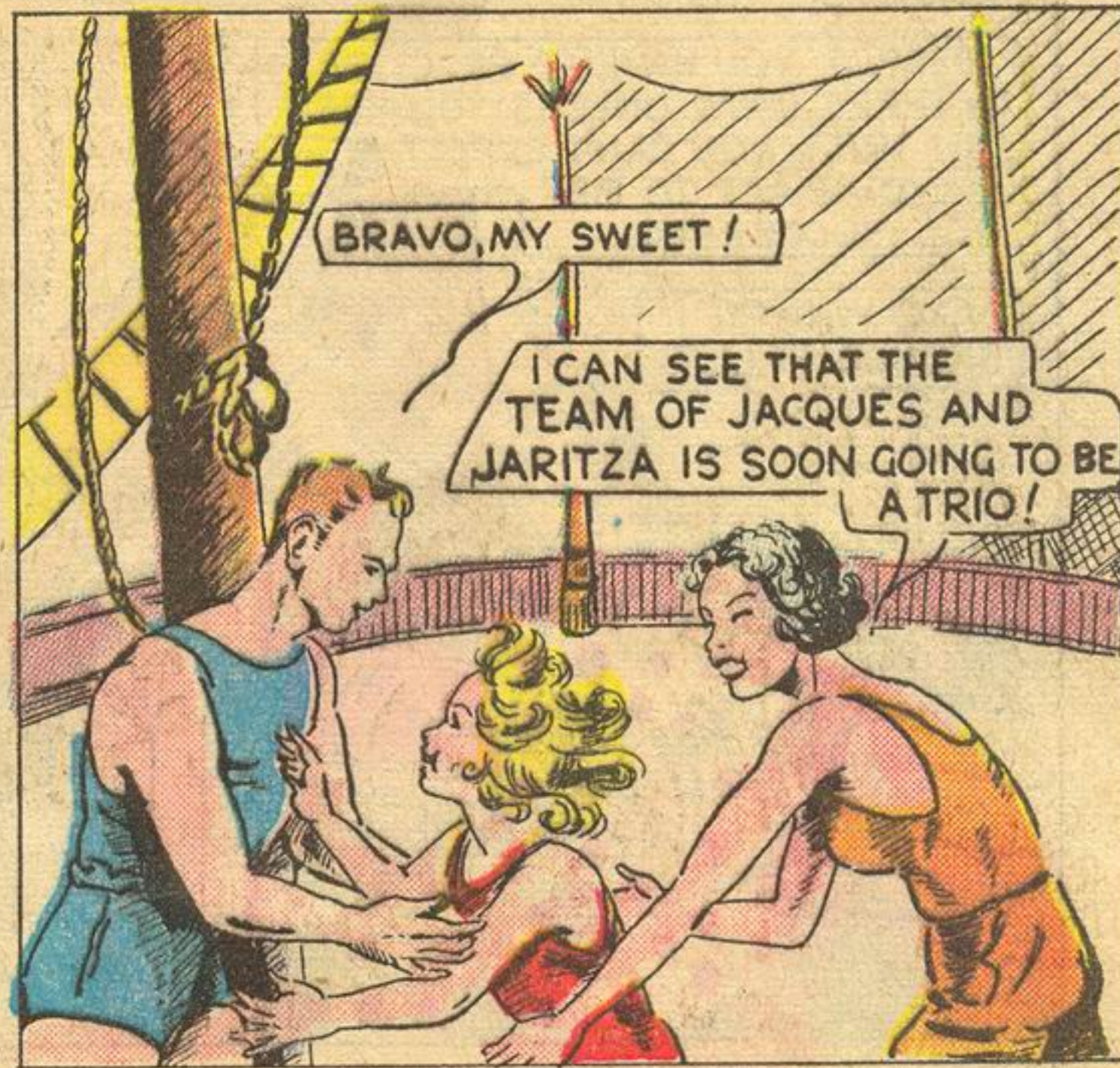
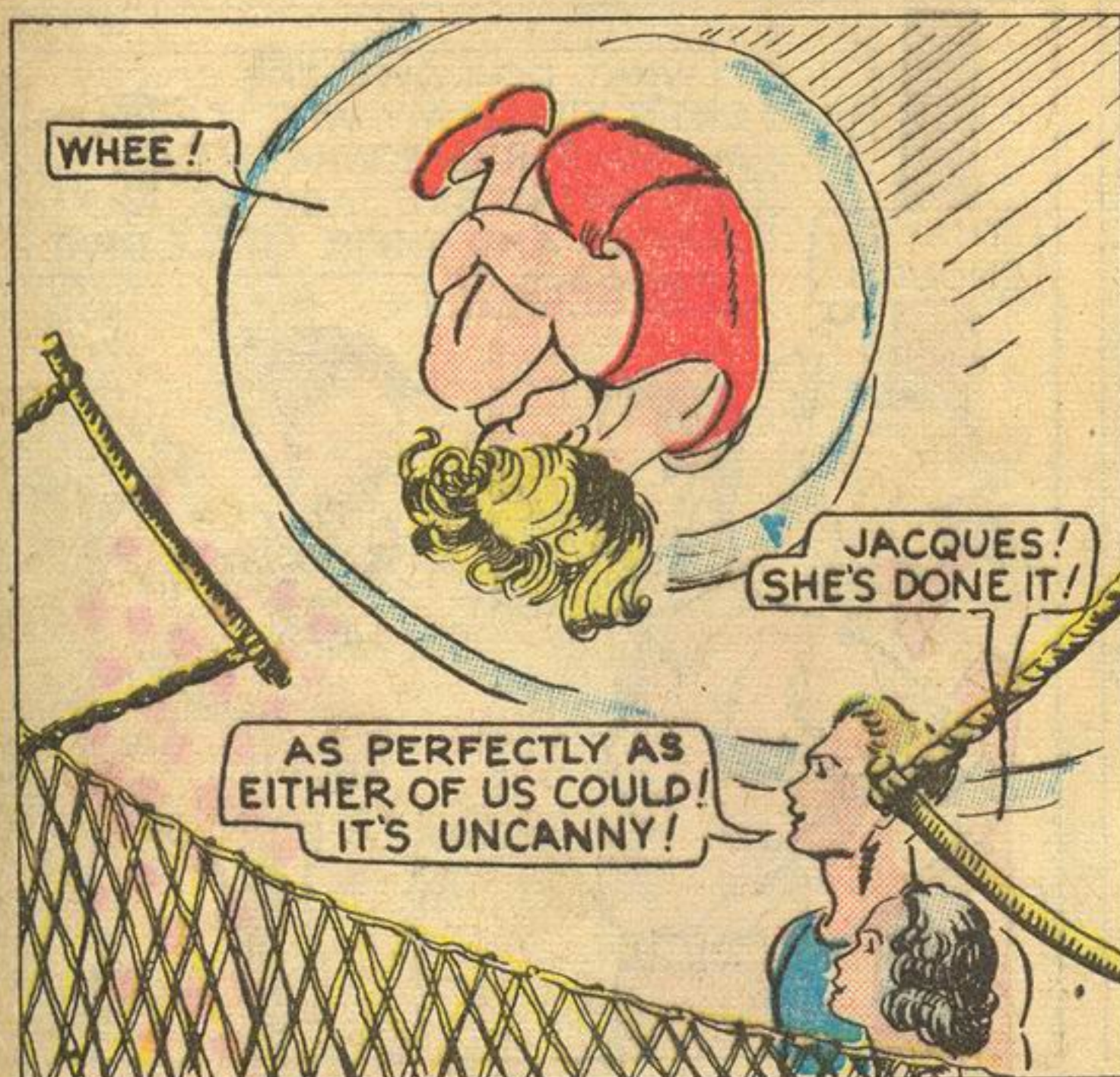
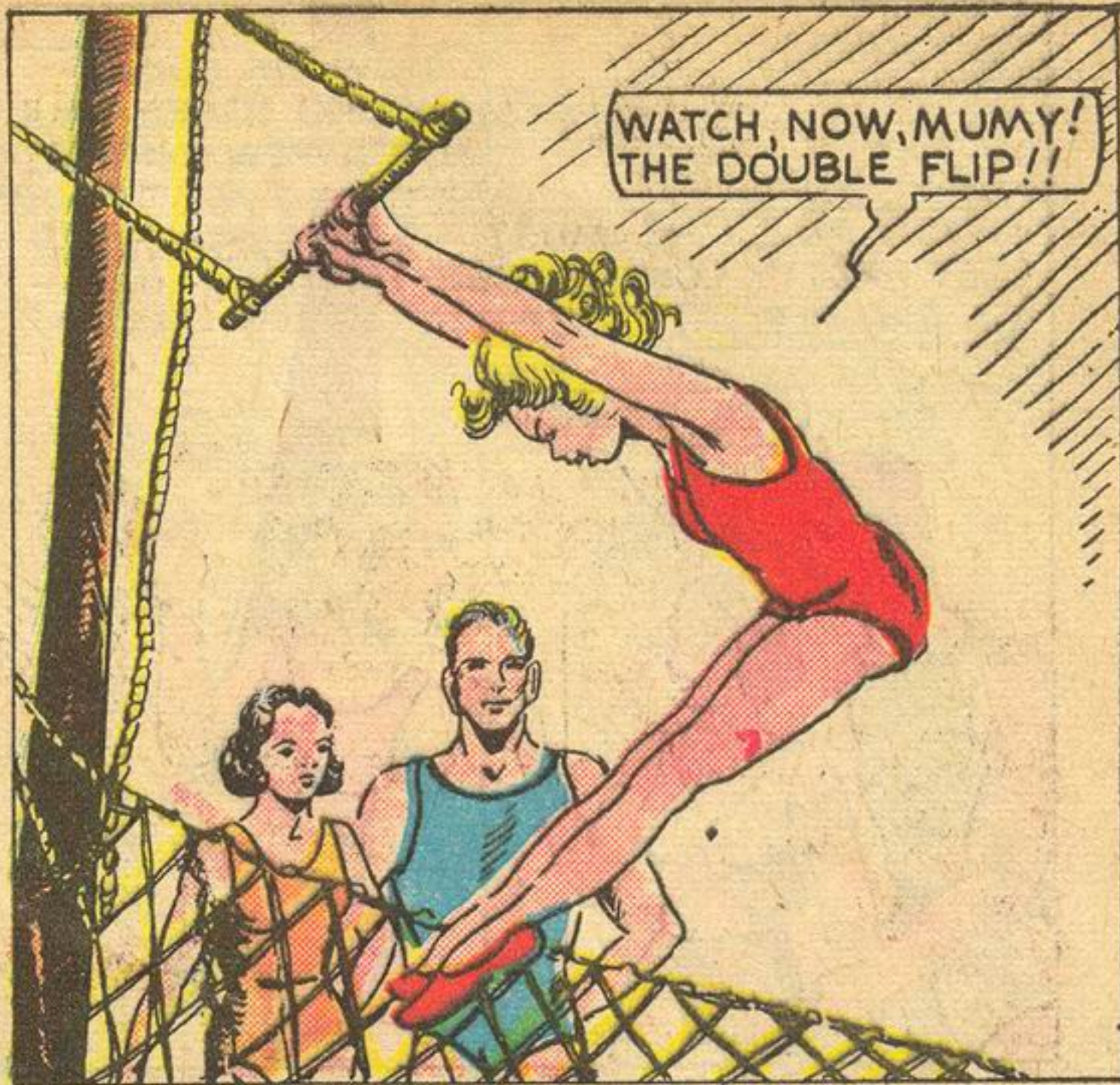
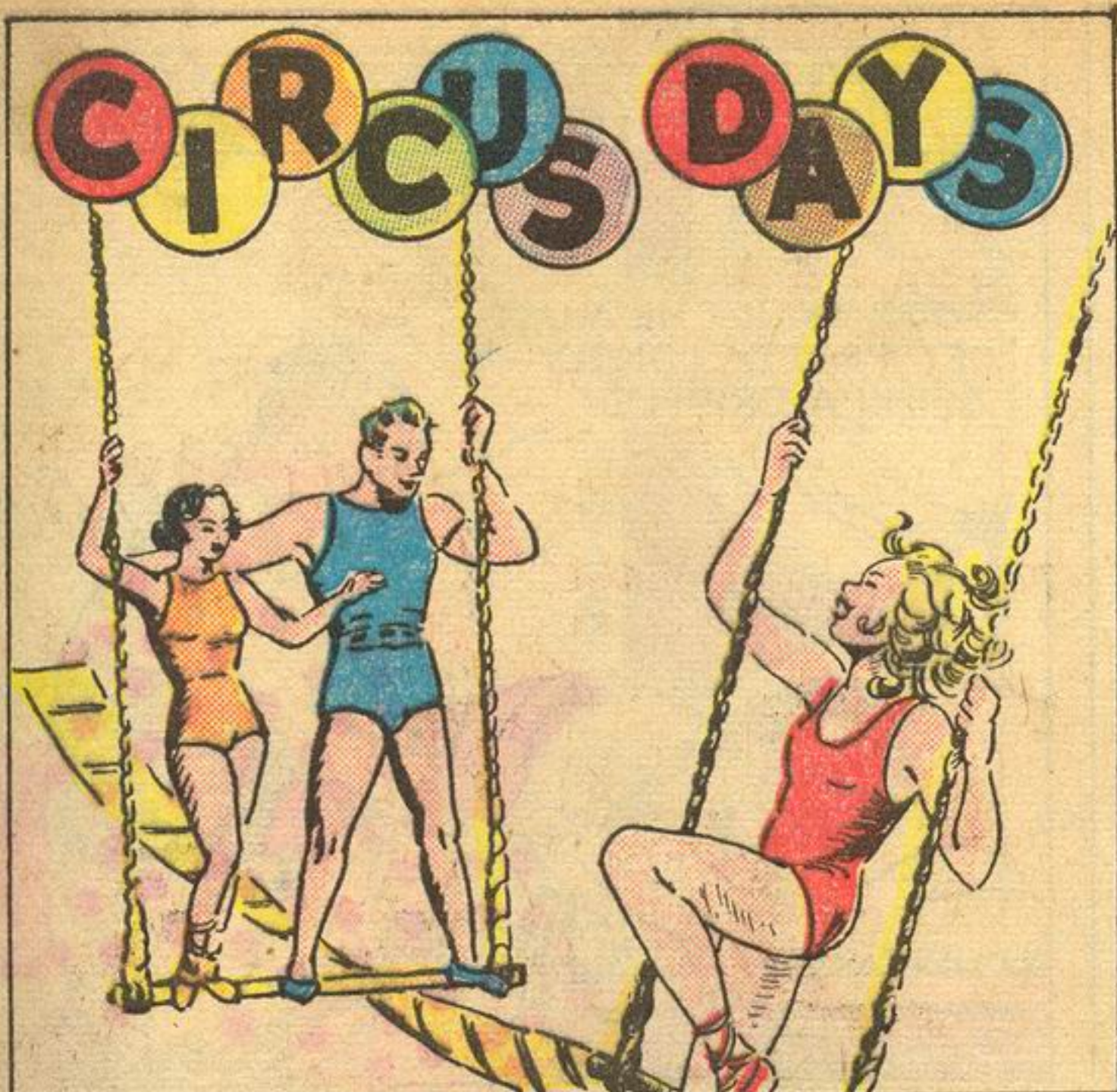




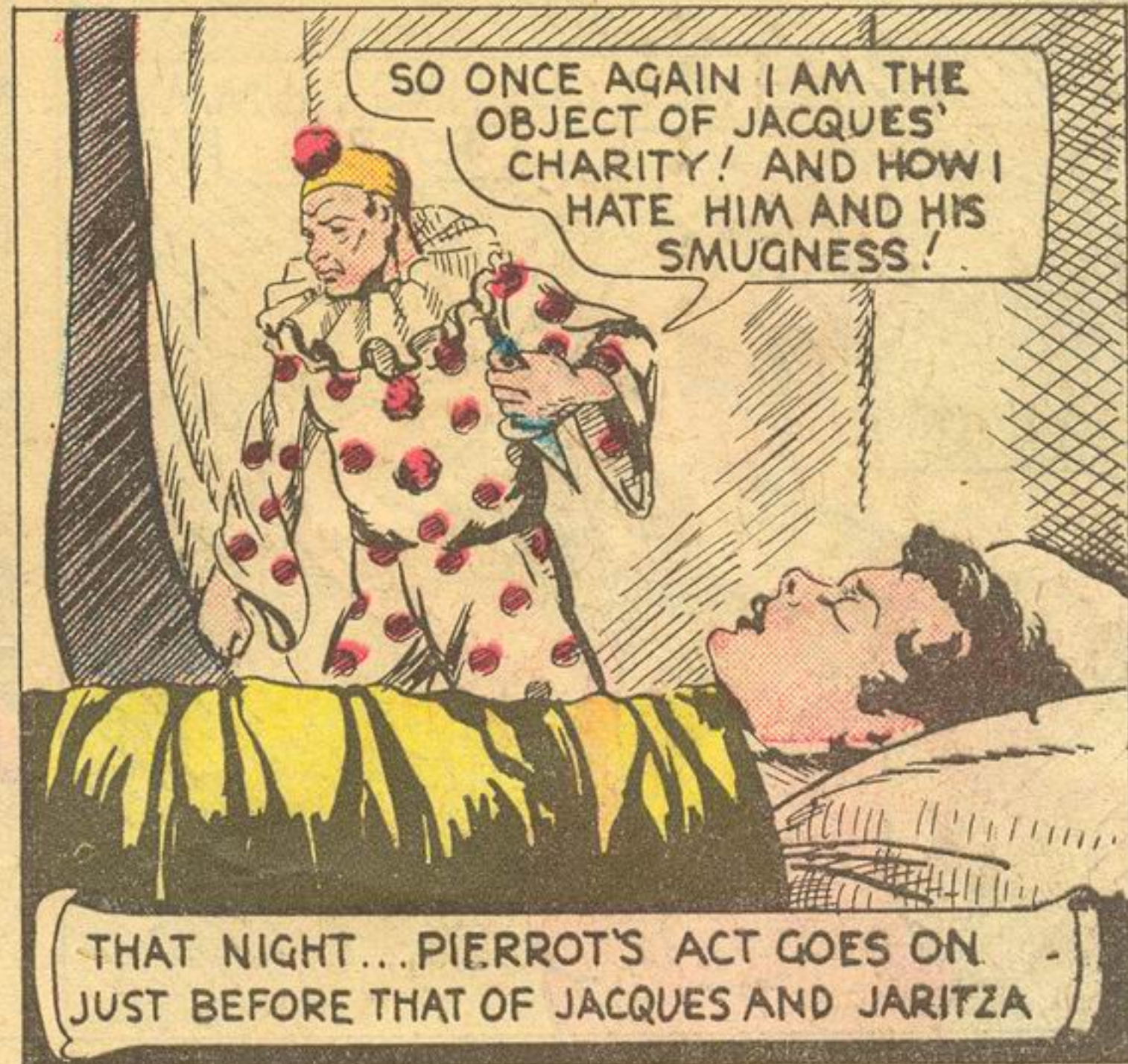


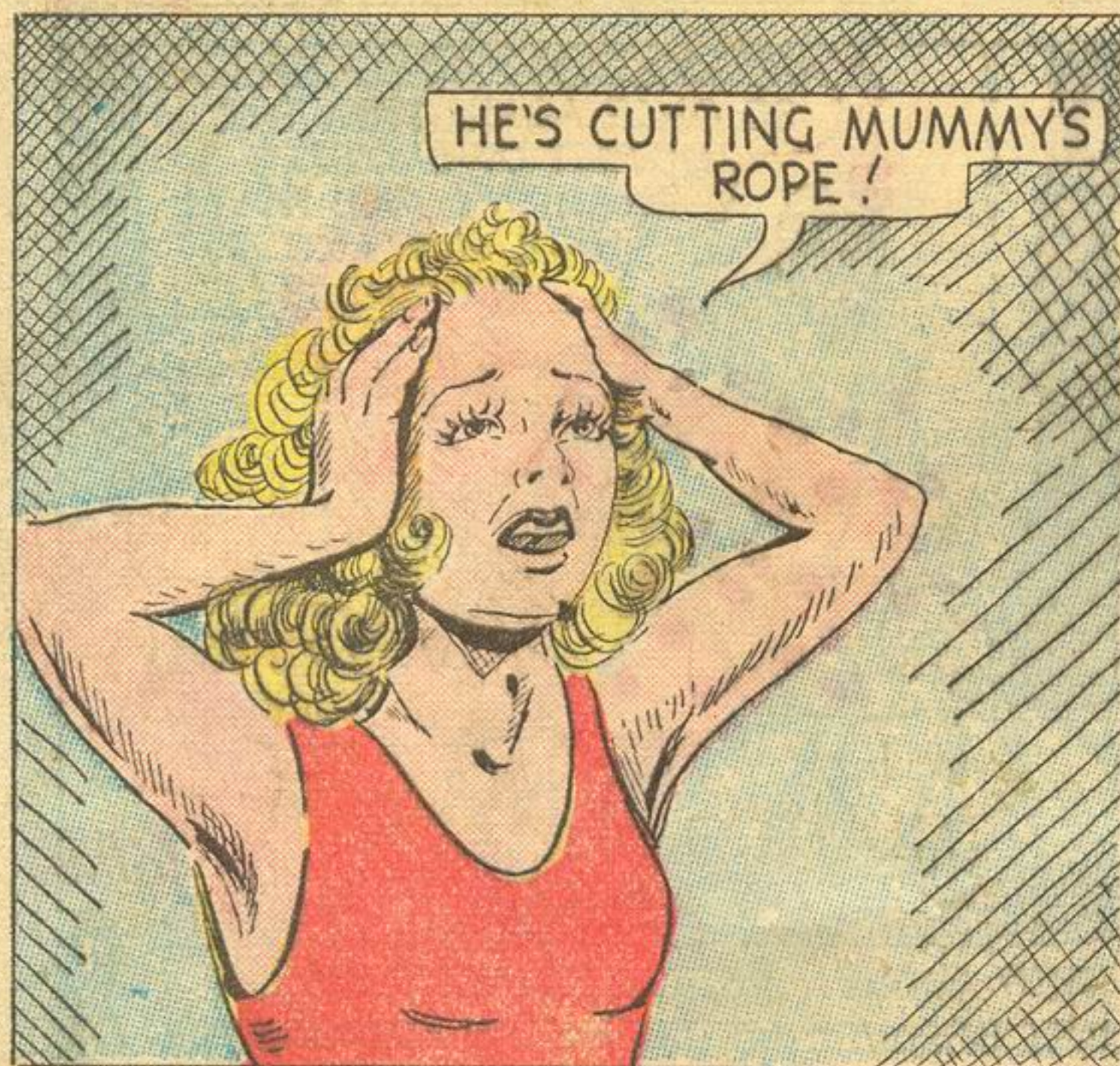
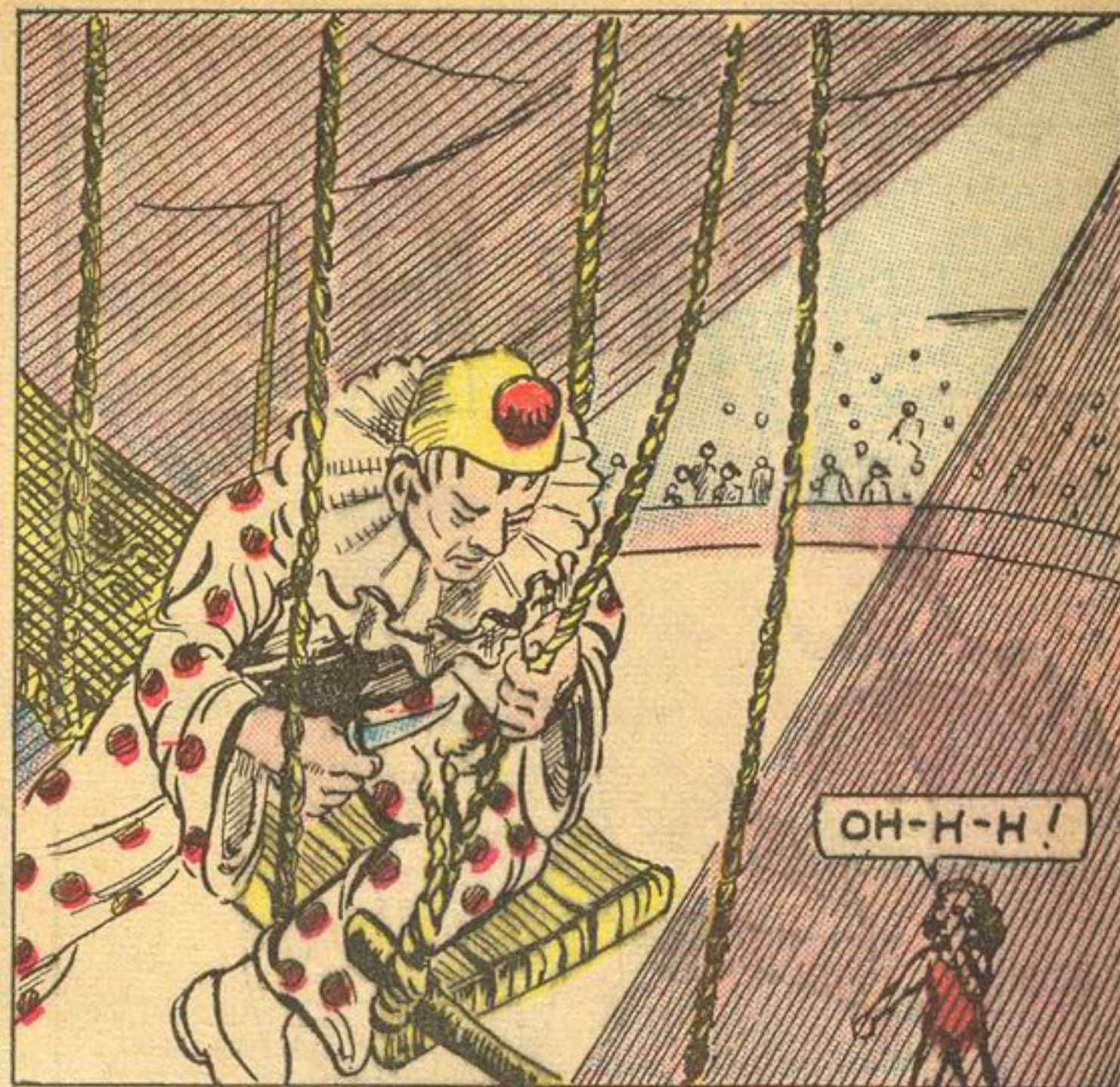








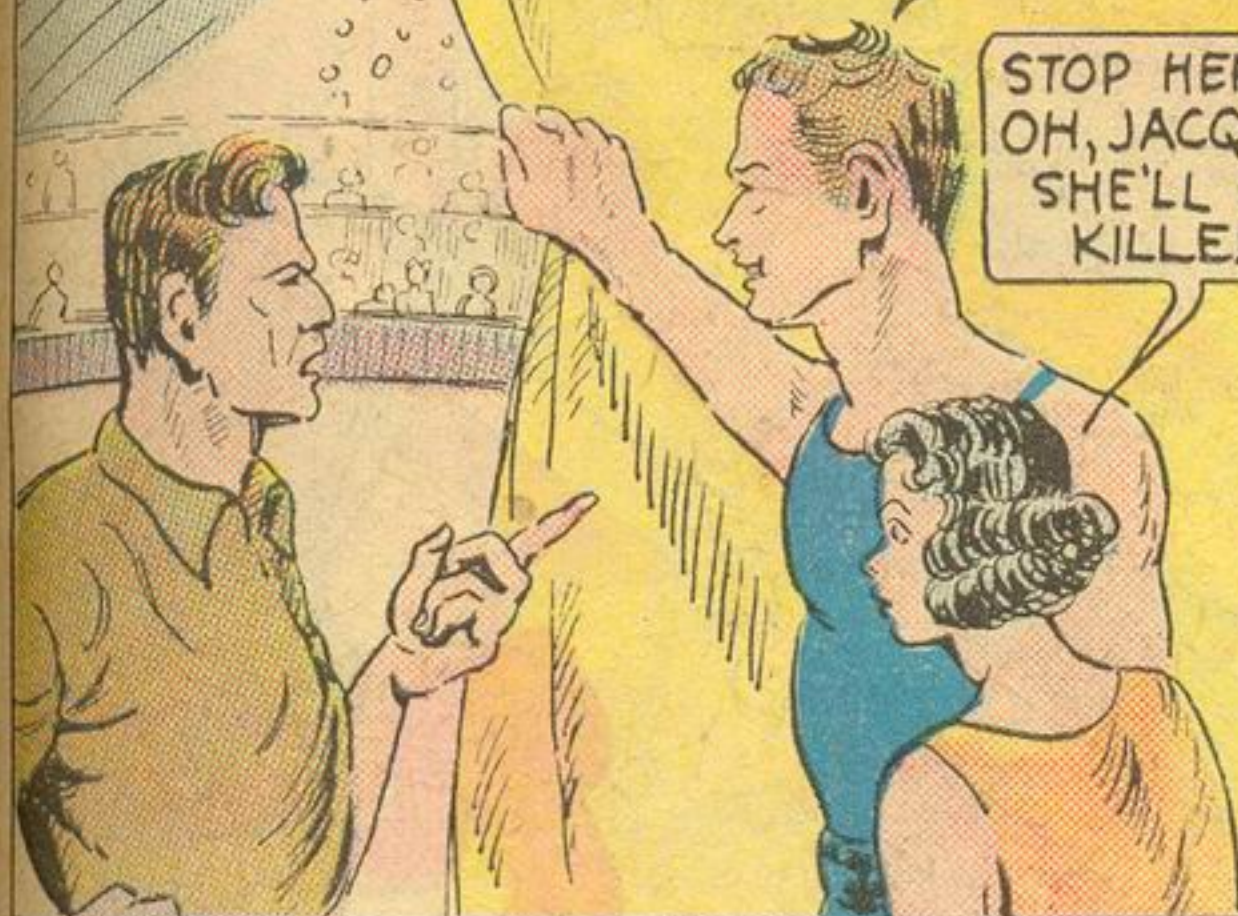




WHY, I THOUGHT... GOOD GRIEF, THIS IS AWFUL! JANE SAID JACQUES HAS BROKEN HIS LEG! SHE IS TAKING YOUR PLACE!

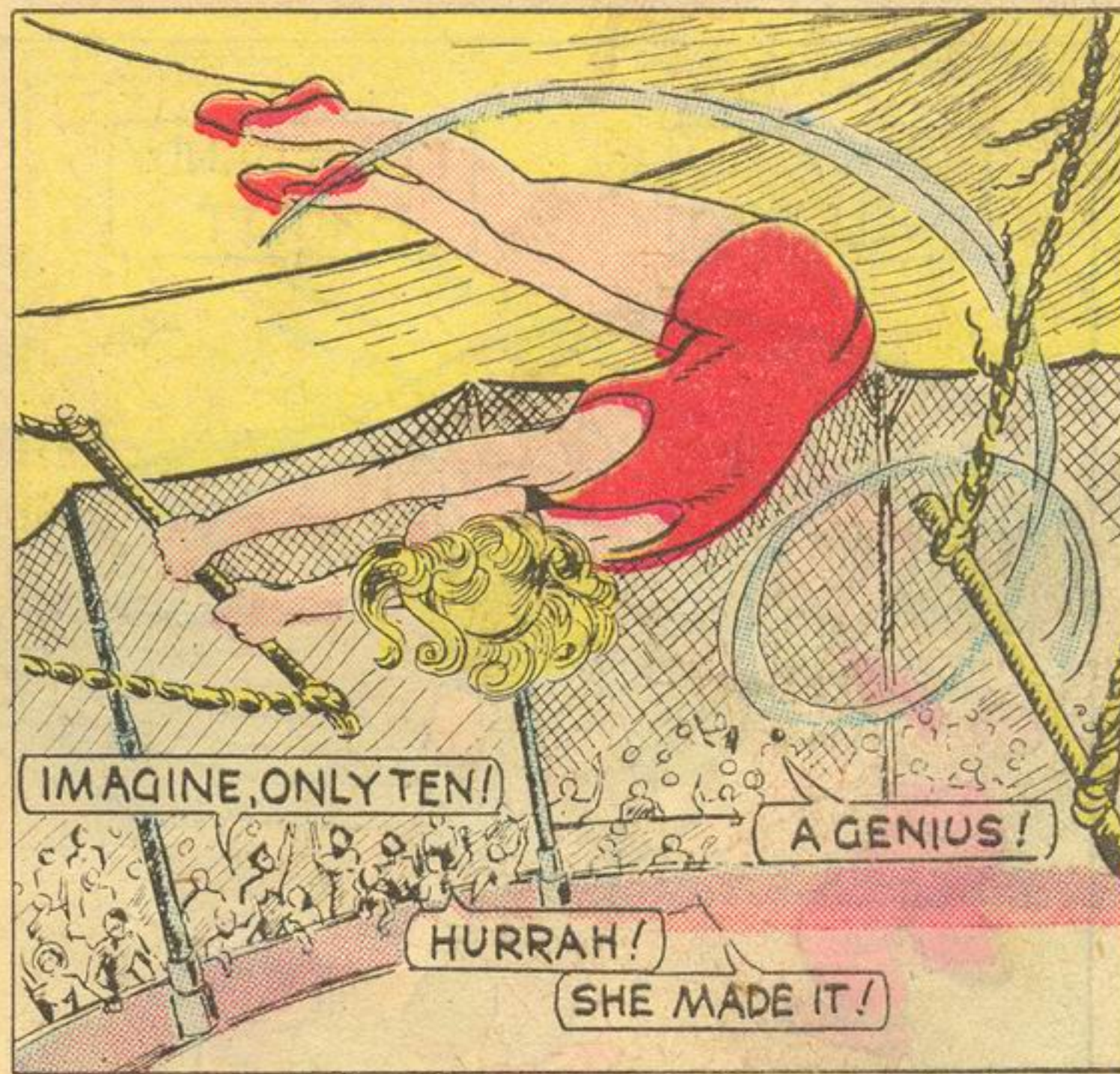
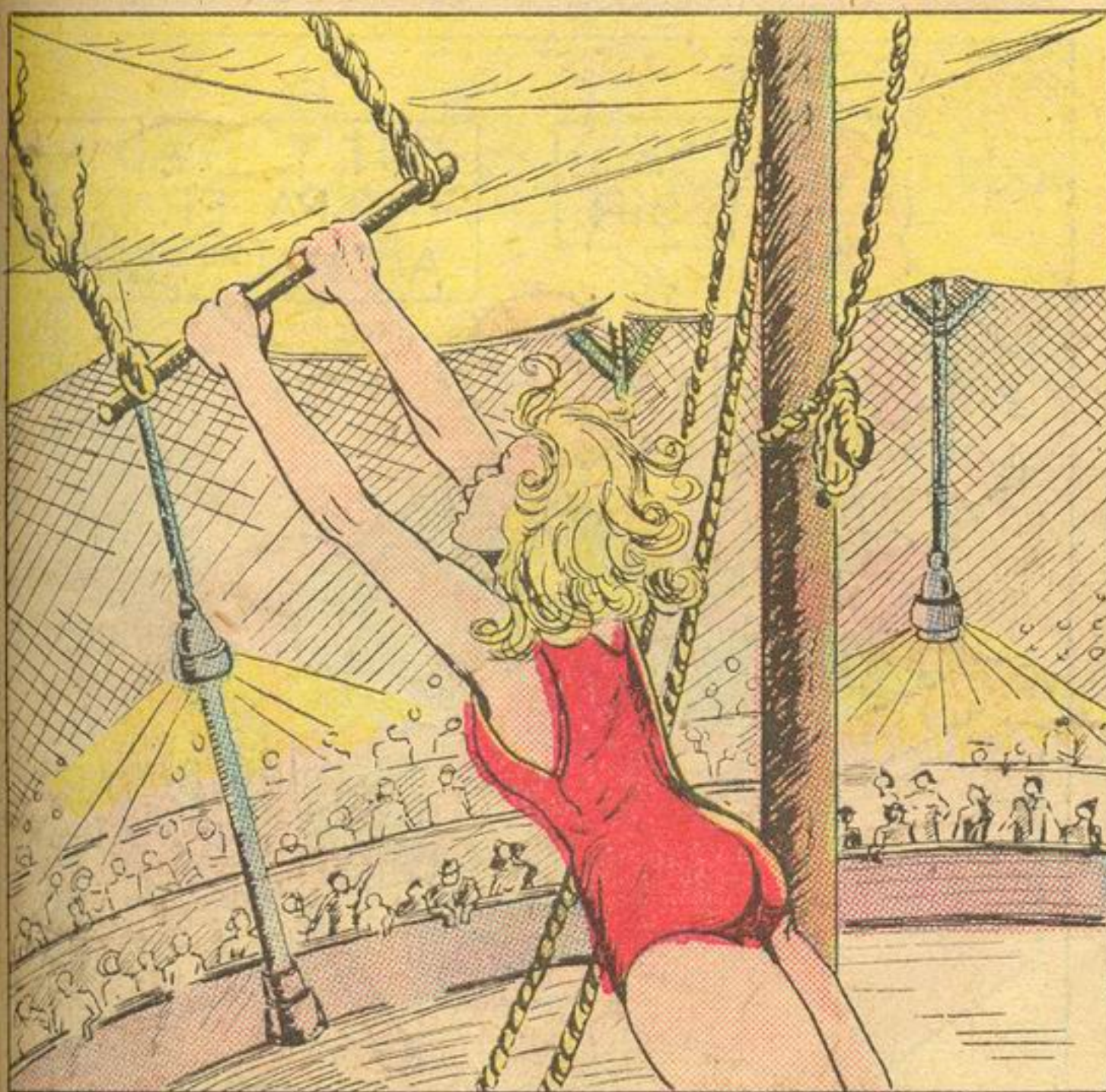
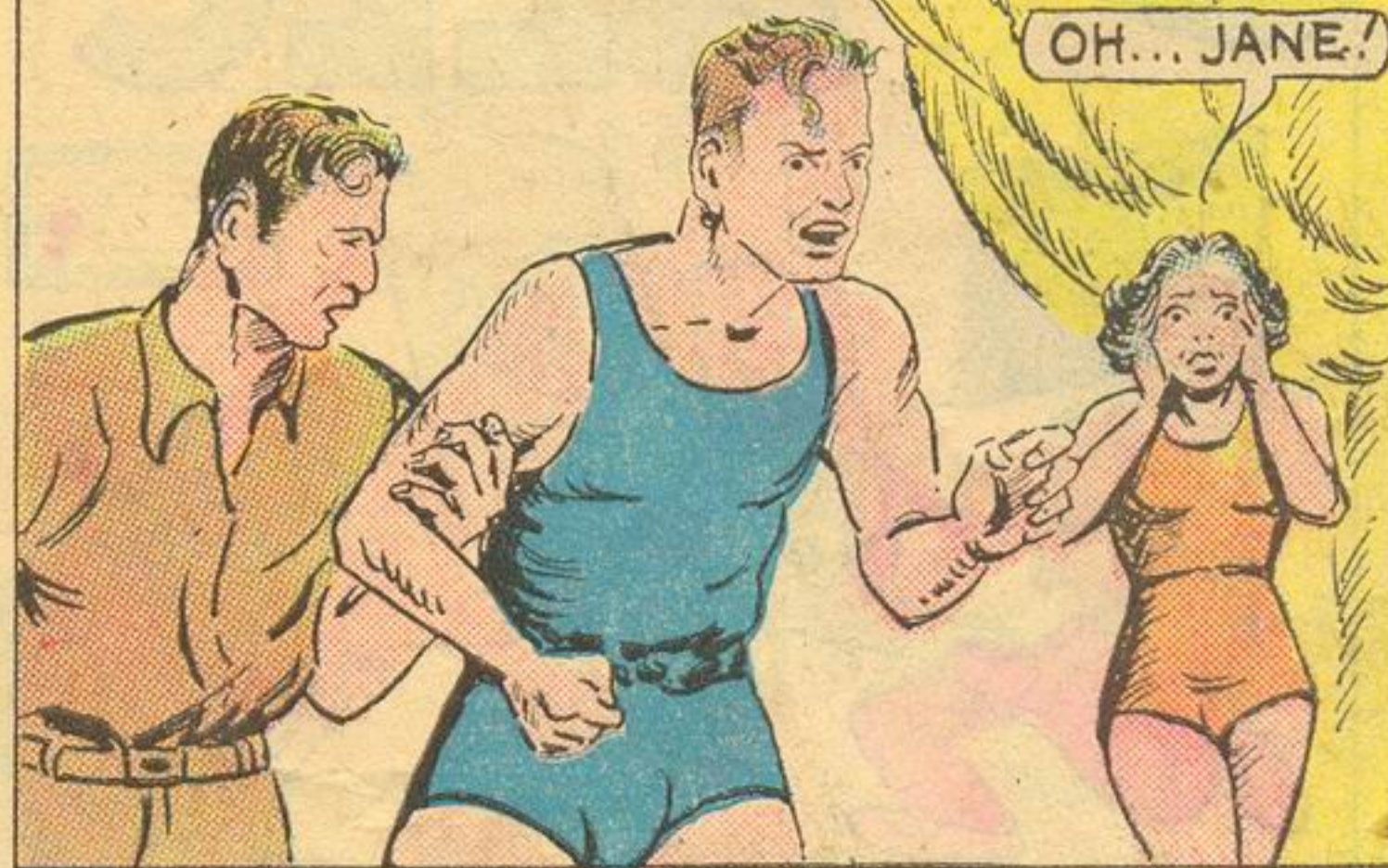
SHE WANTS TO TRY THE DOUBLE FLIP...

STOP HER! OH, JACQUES SHE'LL BE KILLED



NO, JACQUES... THE ANNOUNCEMENT HAS BEEN MADE... AND YOU COULDN'T STOP HER... SHE'S ALREADY SWINGING

OH... JANE!



IMAGINE, ONLY TEN!

A GENIUS!

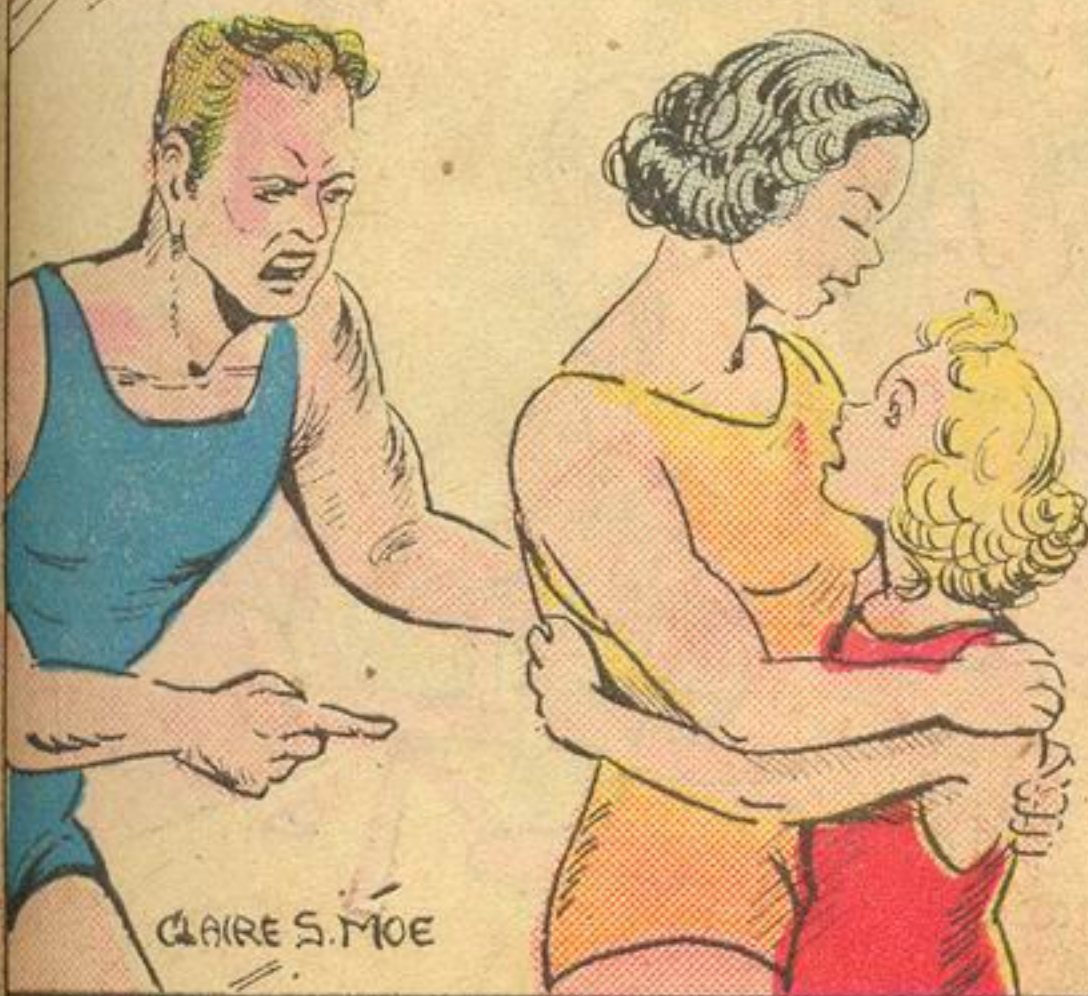
HURRAH!

SHE MADE IT!

MY DARLING --- !

JANE, YOU SHOULD BE ASHAMED....

BUT, DADDY, I SAW PIERROT CUTTING MUMMY'S ROPES

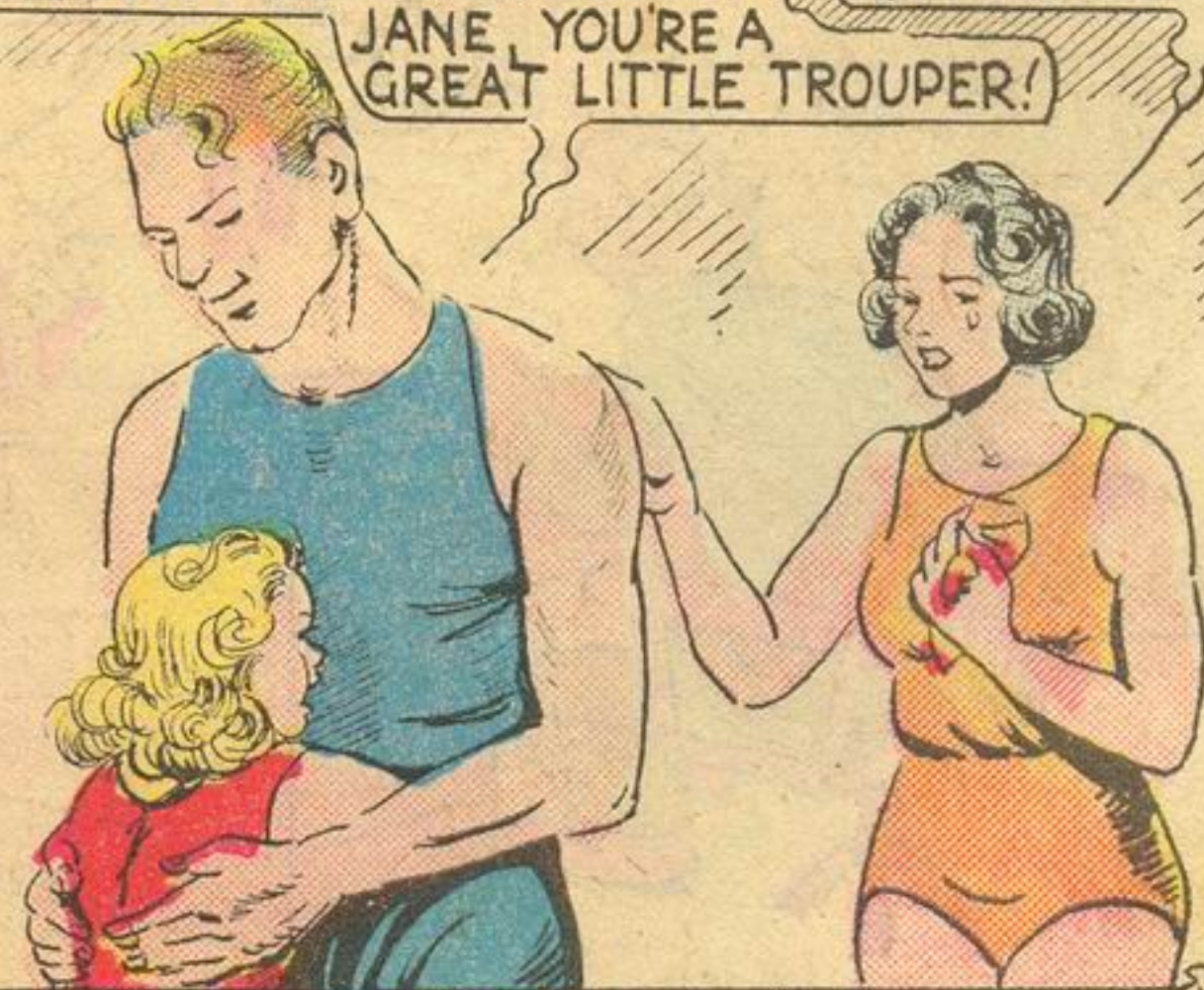


CLAIRE S. MOE

..AND I DIDN'T THINK MY WEIGHT WOULD BREAK THEM AND I KNEW THE ACT HAD TO GO ON

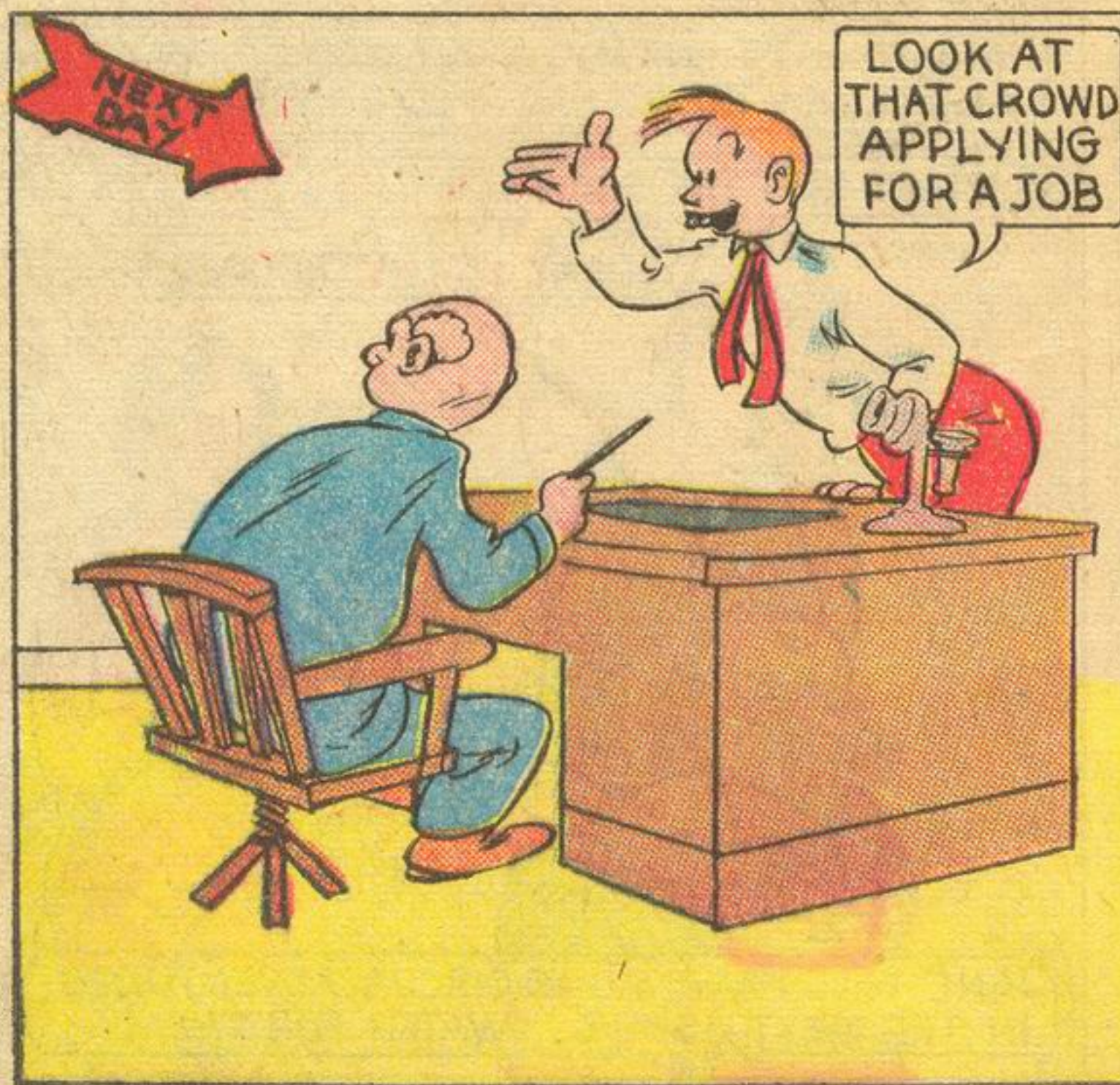
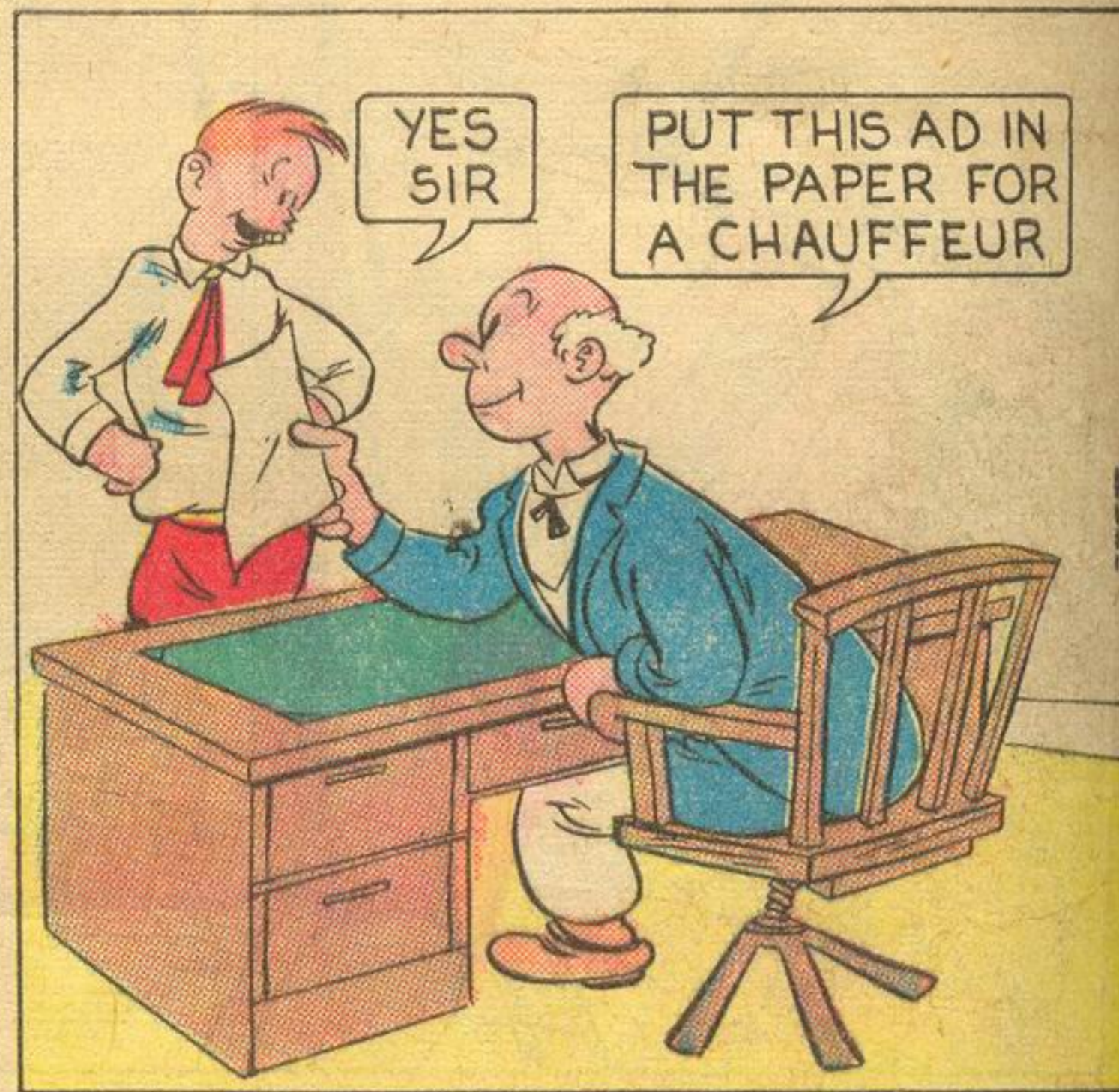
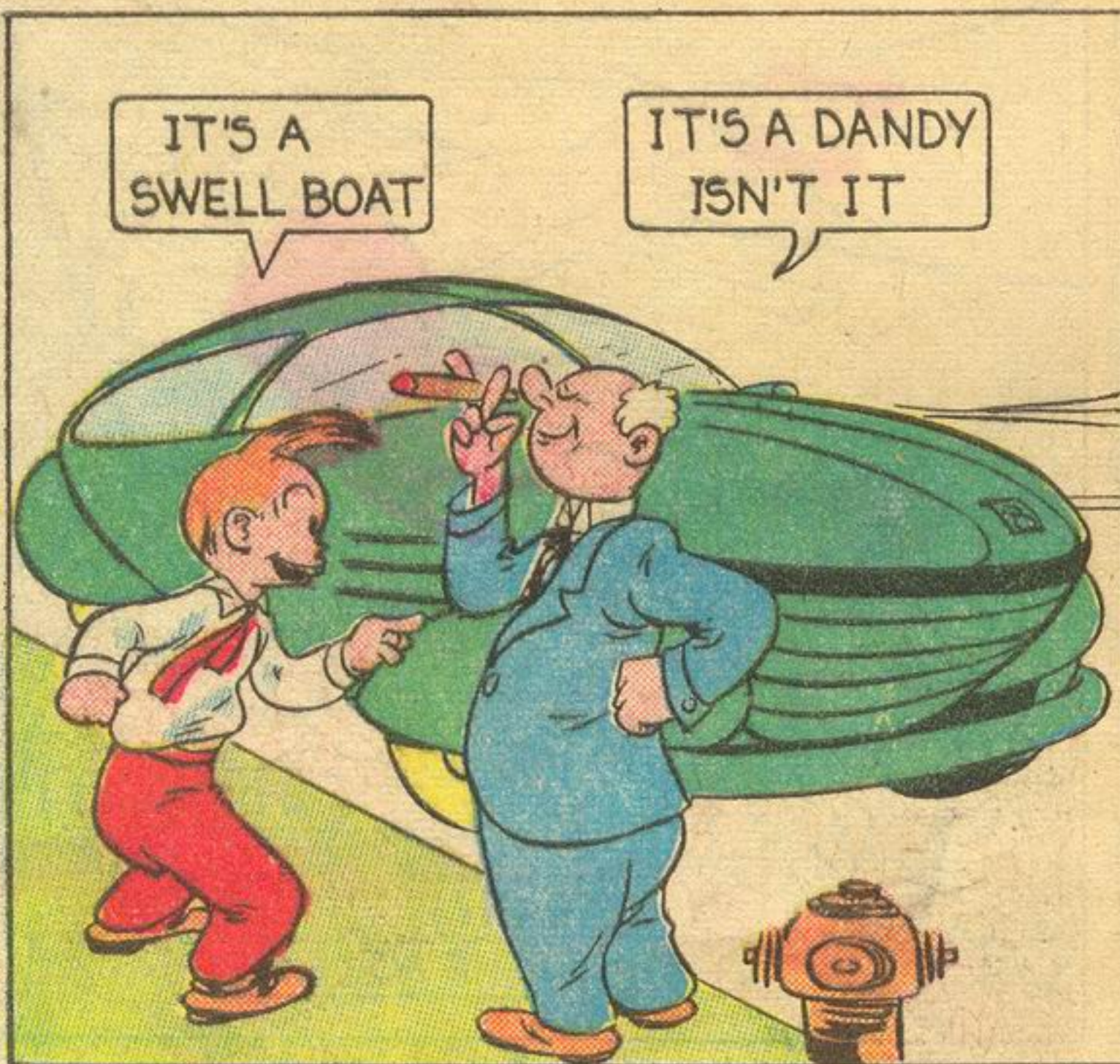
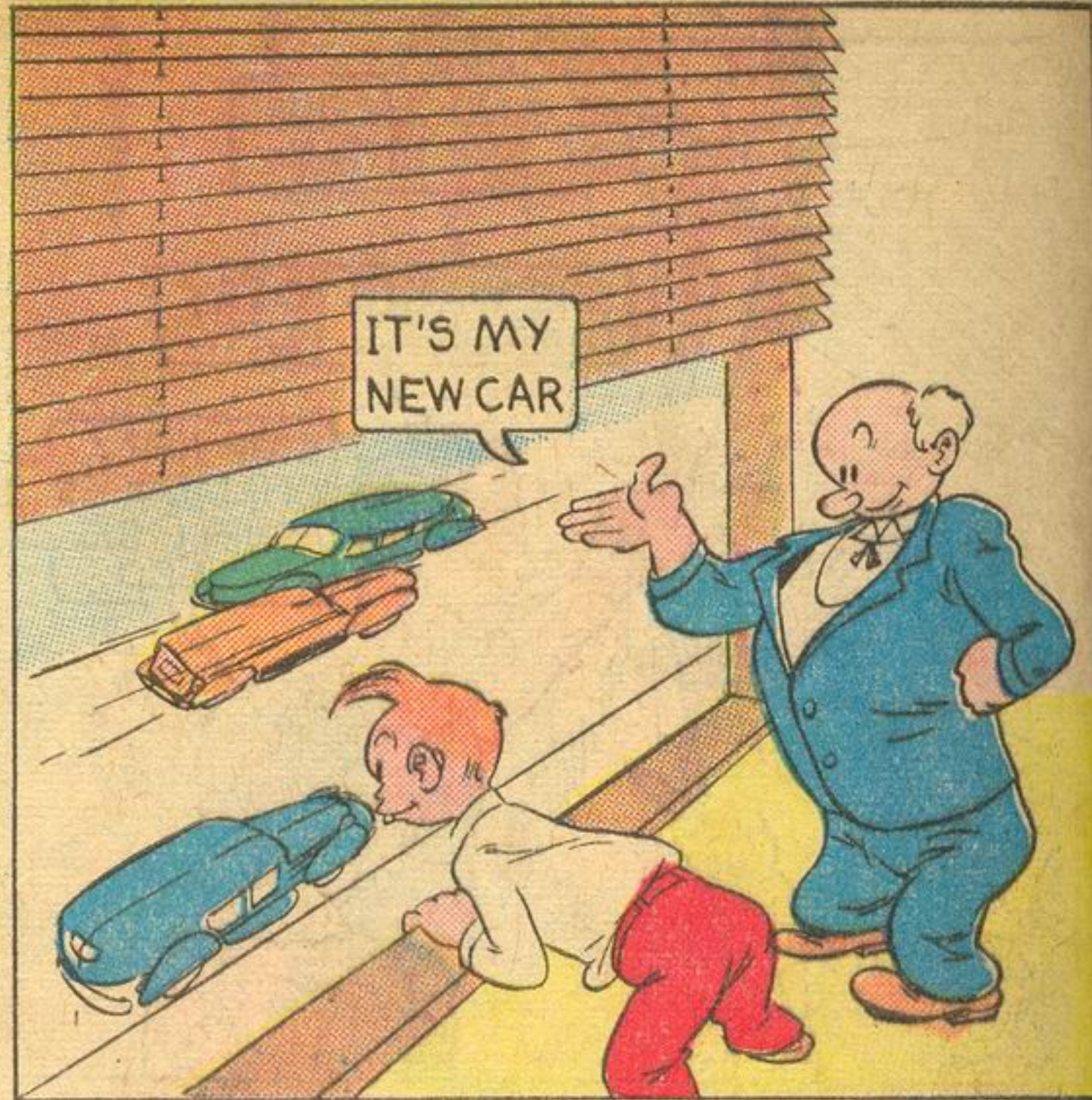
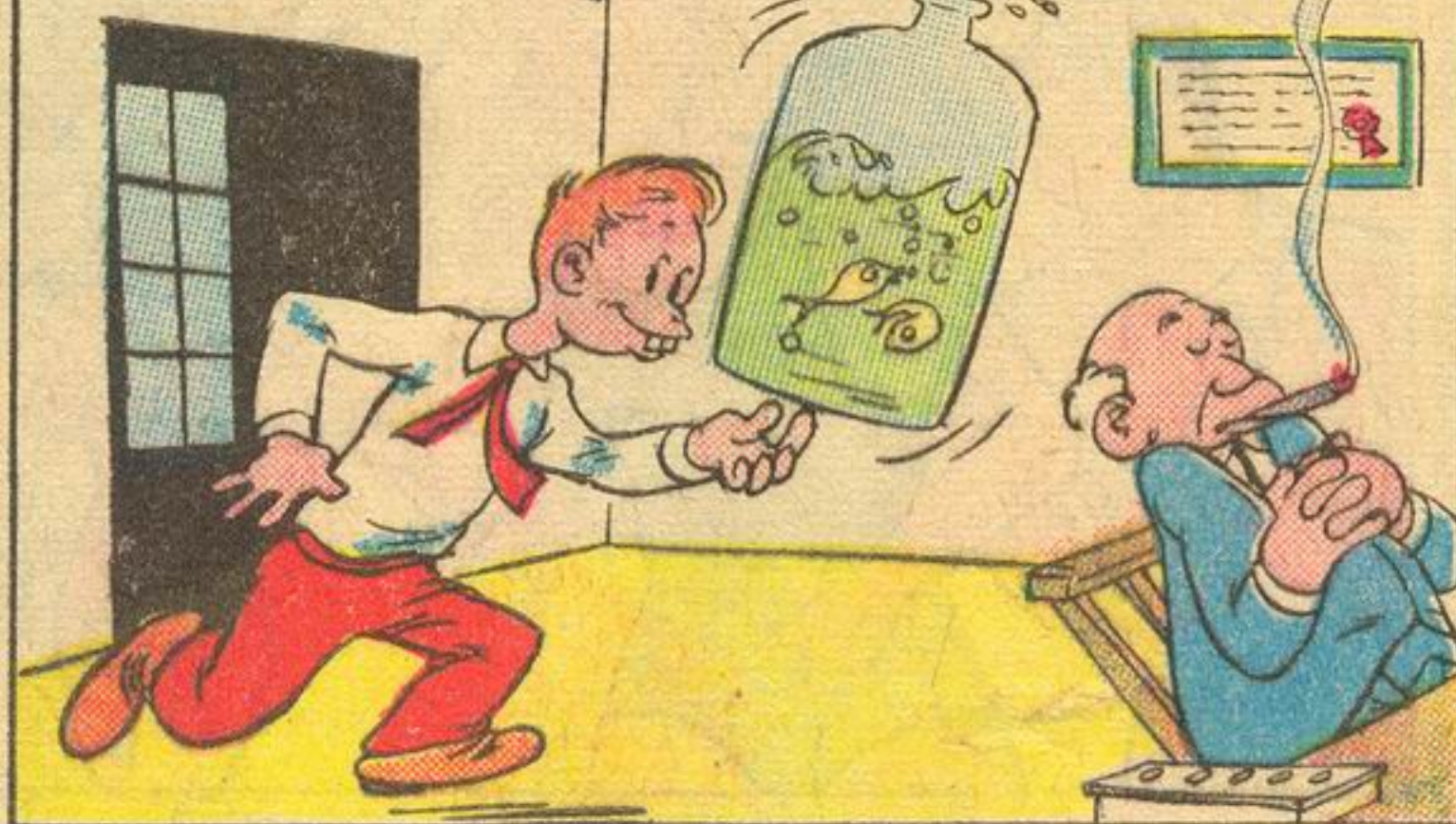
AND KEPT THE SHOW GOING! JANE, YOU'RE A GREAT LITTLE TROUPER!

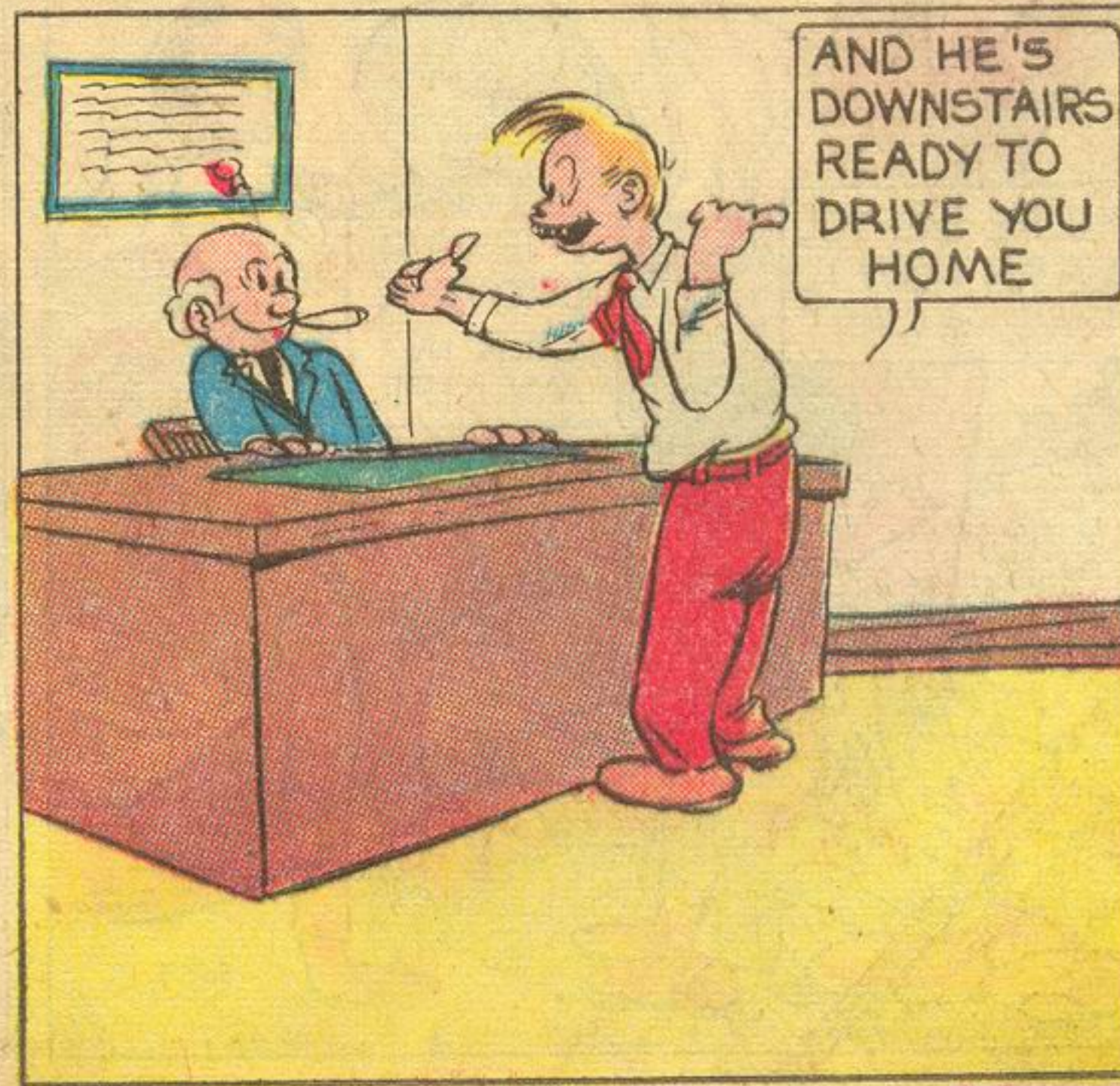
AND YOU SAVED MUMMY'S LIFE!

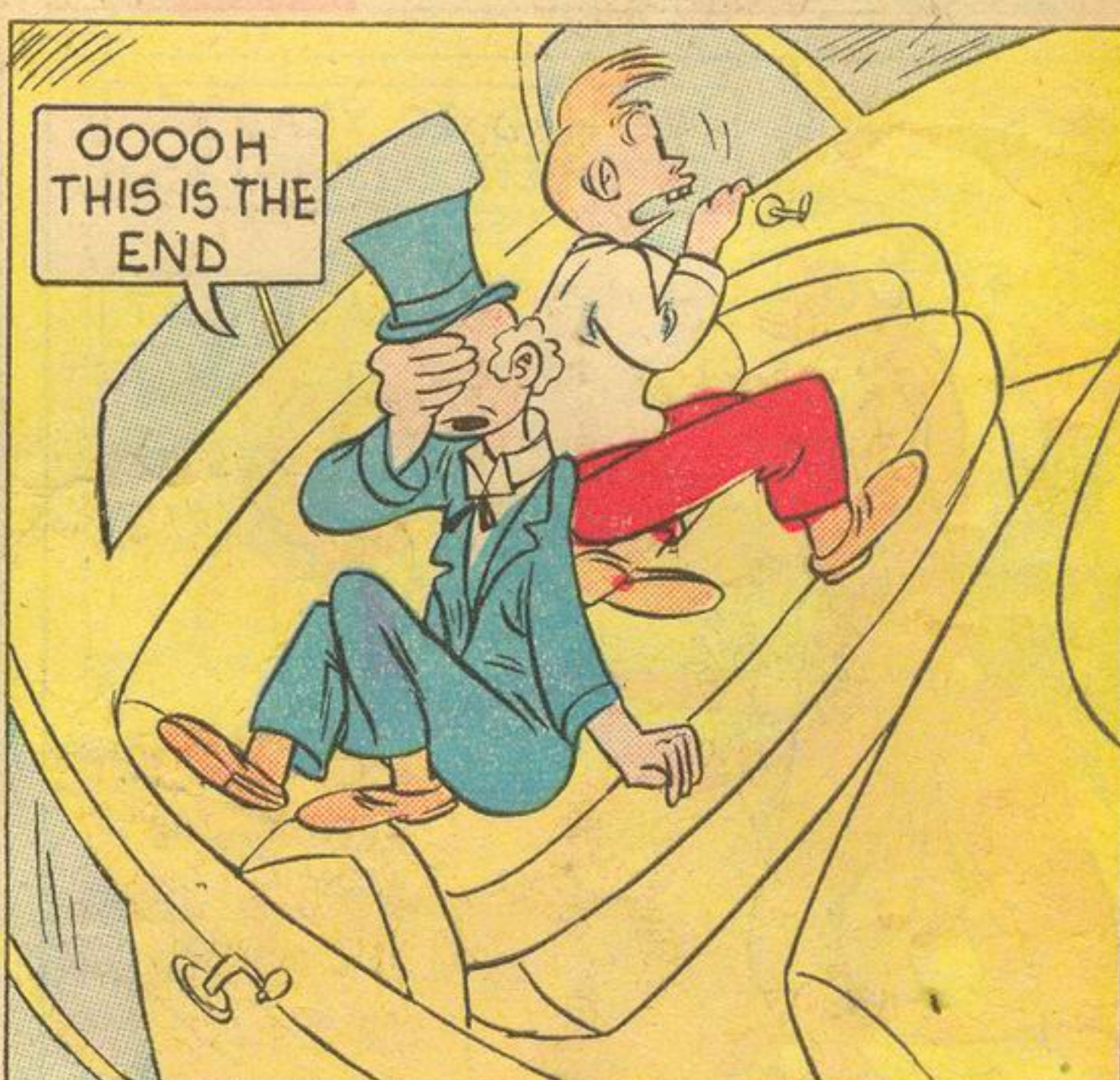
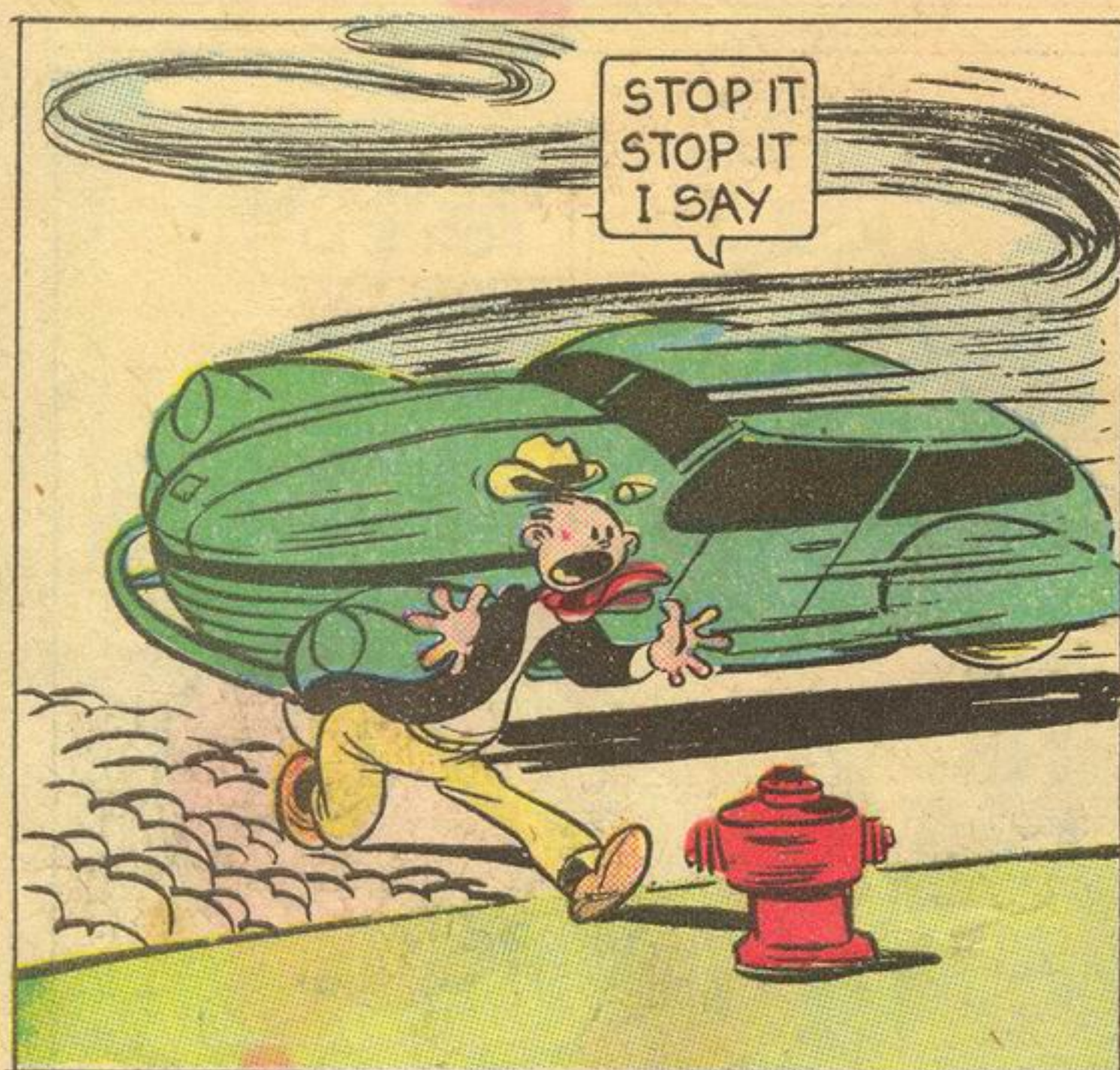
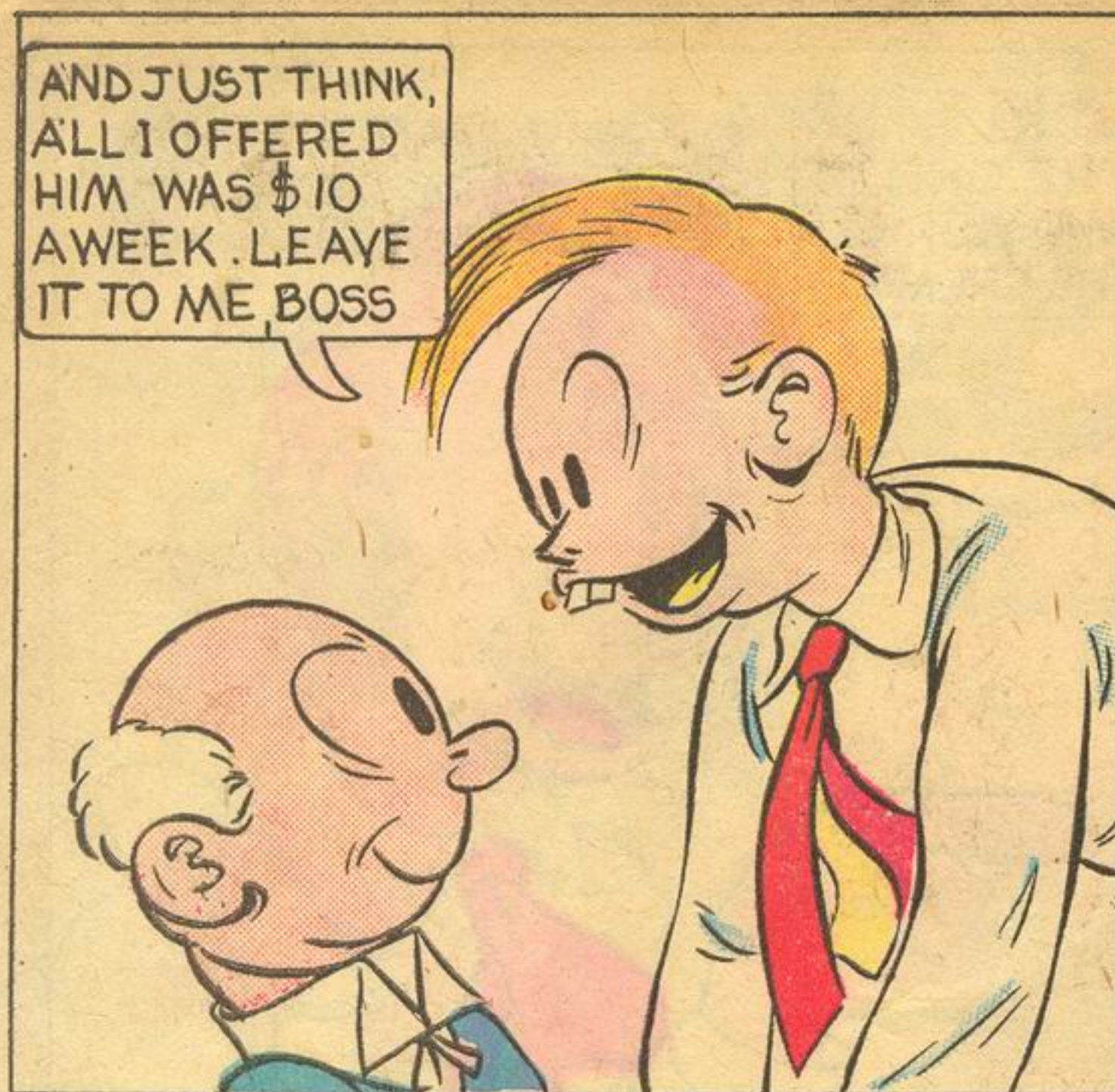


(JANE WILL HAVE MORE CIRCUS ADVENTURES IN THE NEXT ISSUE. WATCH FOR THEM.)

Smart ALEC







GREAT WORK ^{OF} THE ANCIENTS

THE GREAT
SPHINX



THE OLDEST IMPOR-
TANT PIECE OF
SCULPTURE IN THE
WORLD.

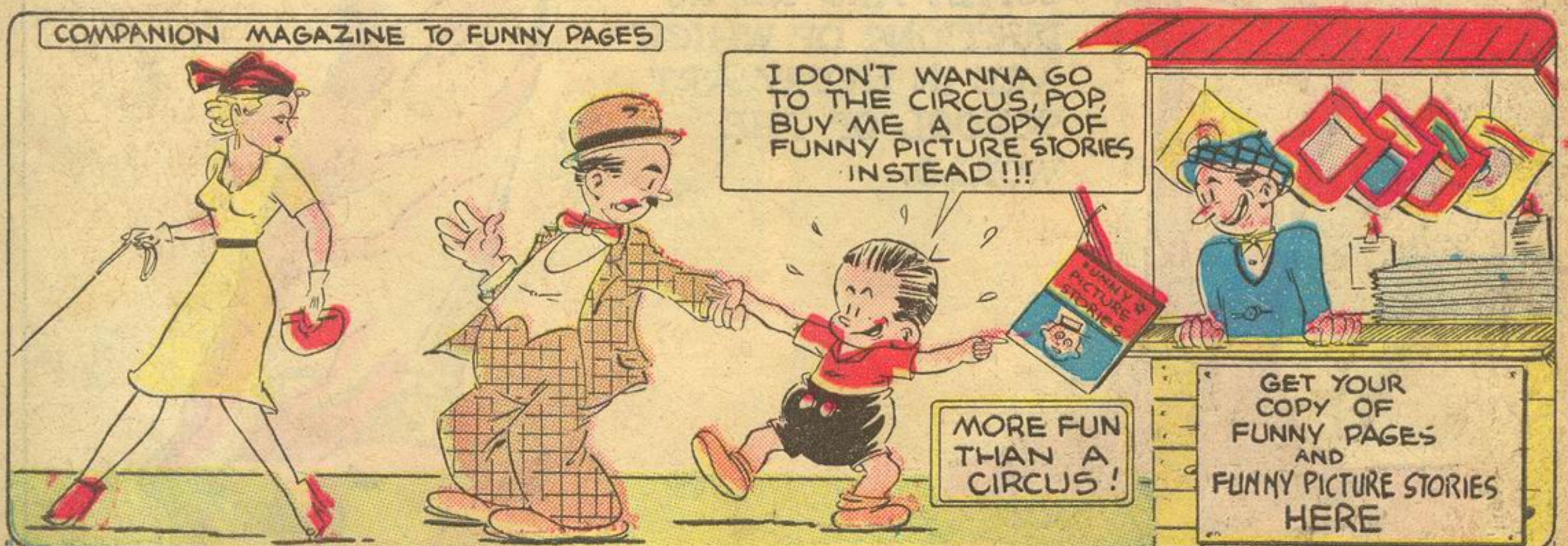
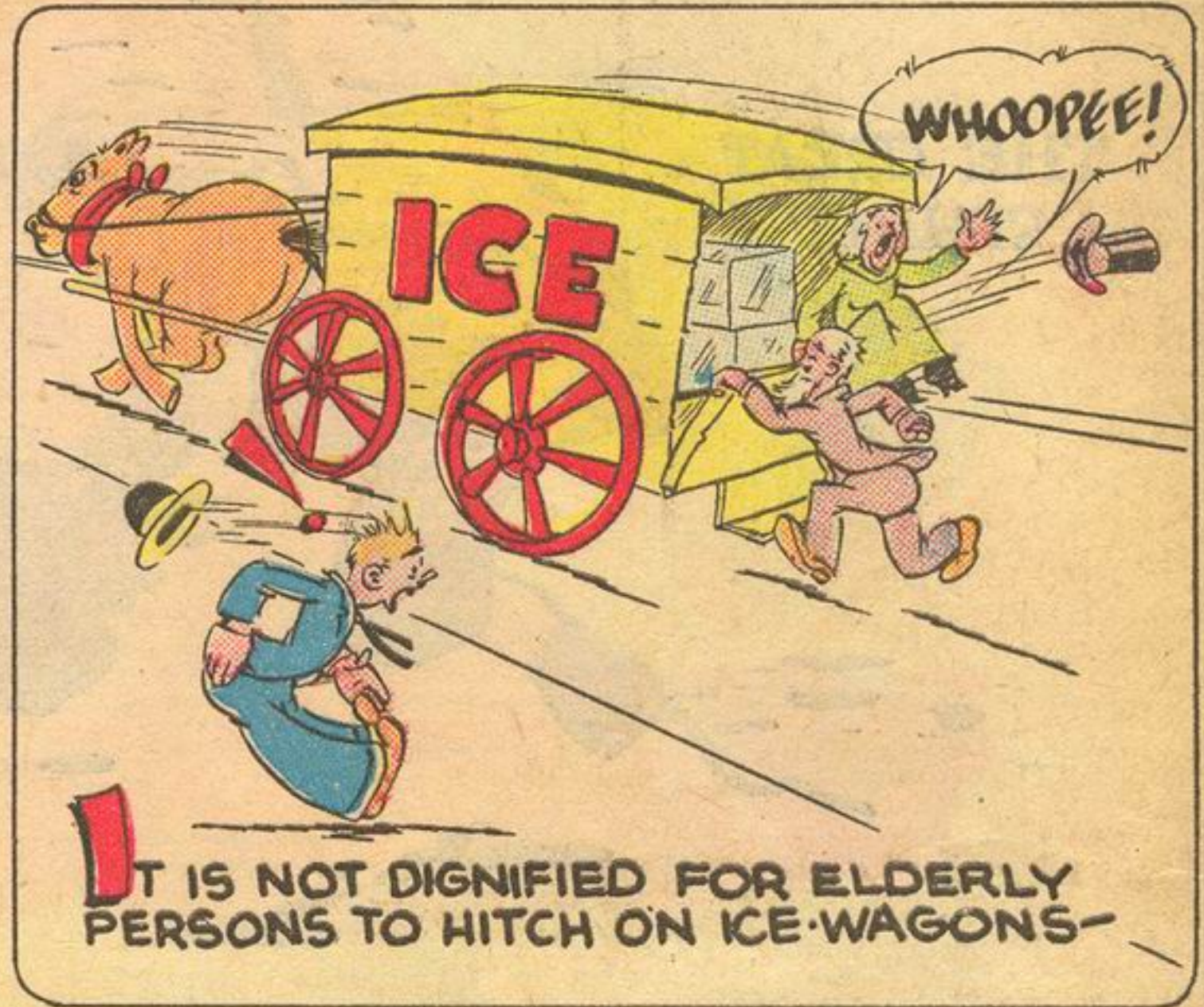
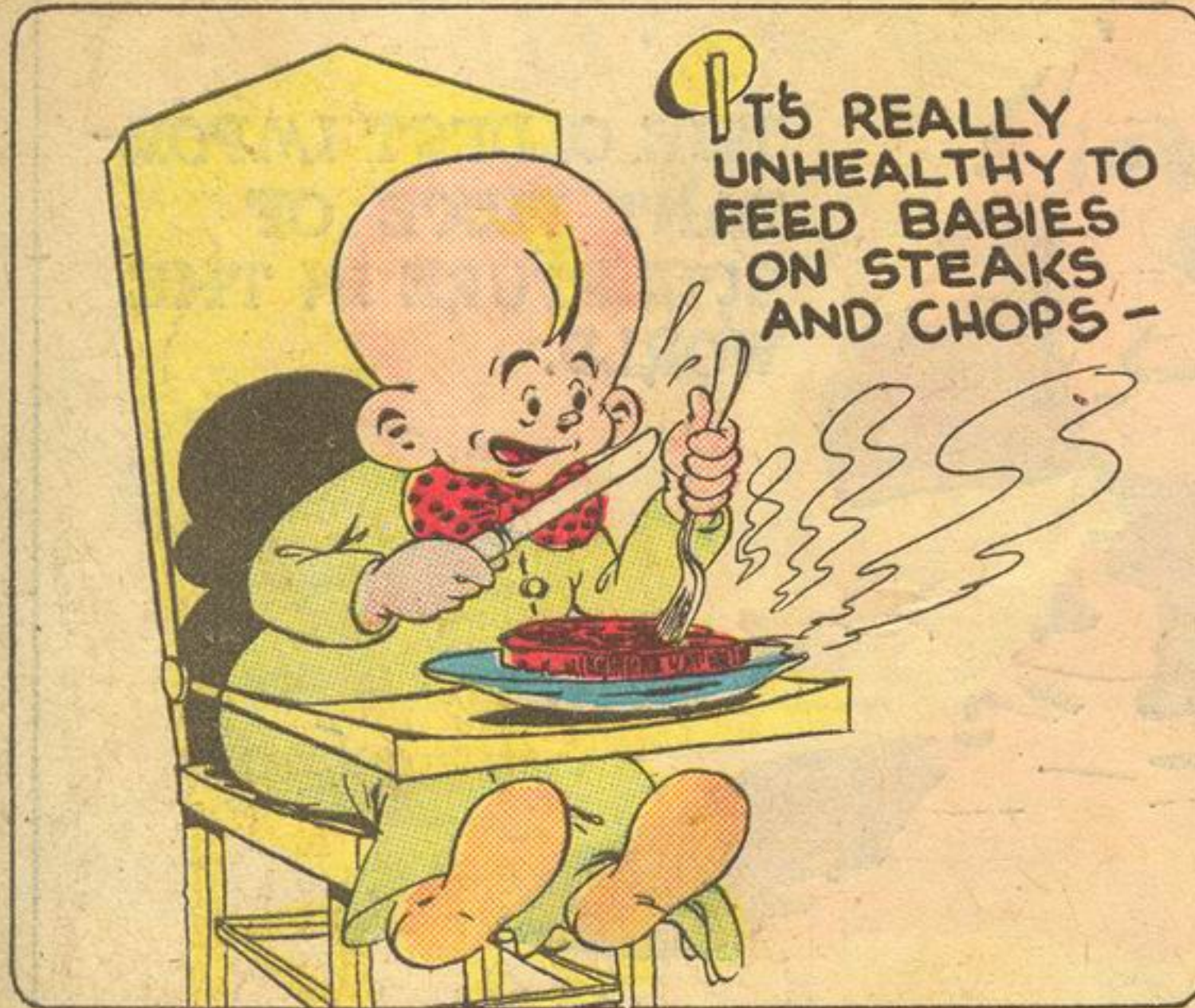
A HUGE LION WITH A HUMAN HEAD. THE GIGANTIC
IS HALF BURIED IN THE SANDS OF THE DESERT.
THOUSANDS OF TRAVELERS FROM ALL PARTS OF THE
WORLD VISIT THIS PHENOMENA WORK OF ART.



THE GREEKS GOT THIER
IDEAS OF SCULPTURE
FROM THE EGYPTIANS
AS EARLY AS 1000 B.C.
IT TOOK THEM CEN-
TURIES TO BRING
SCULPTURE TO THE
PERFECTION OF "VENUS"
AND "WINGED VICTORY".
COPIES AND REPRO-
DUCTIONS OF WHICH
ARE IN EVERY ART
SCHOOL OF THE
WORLD.

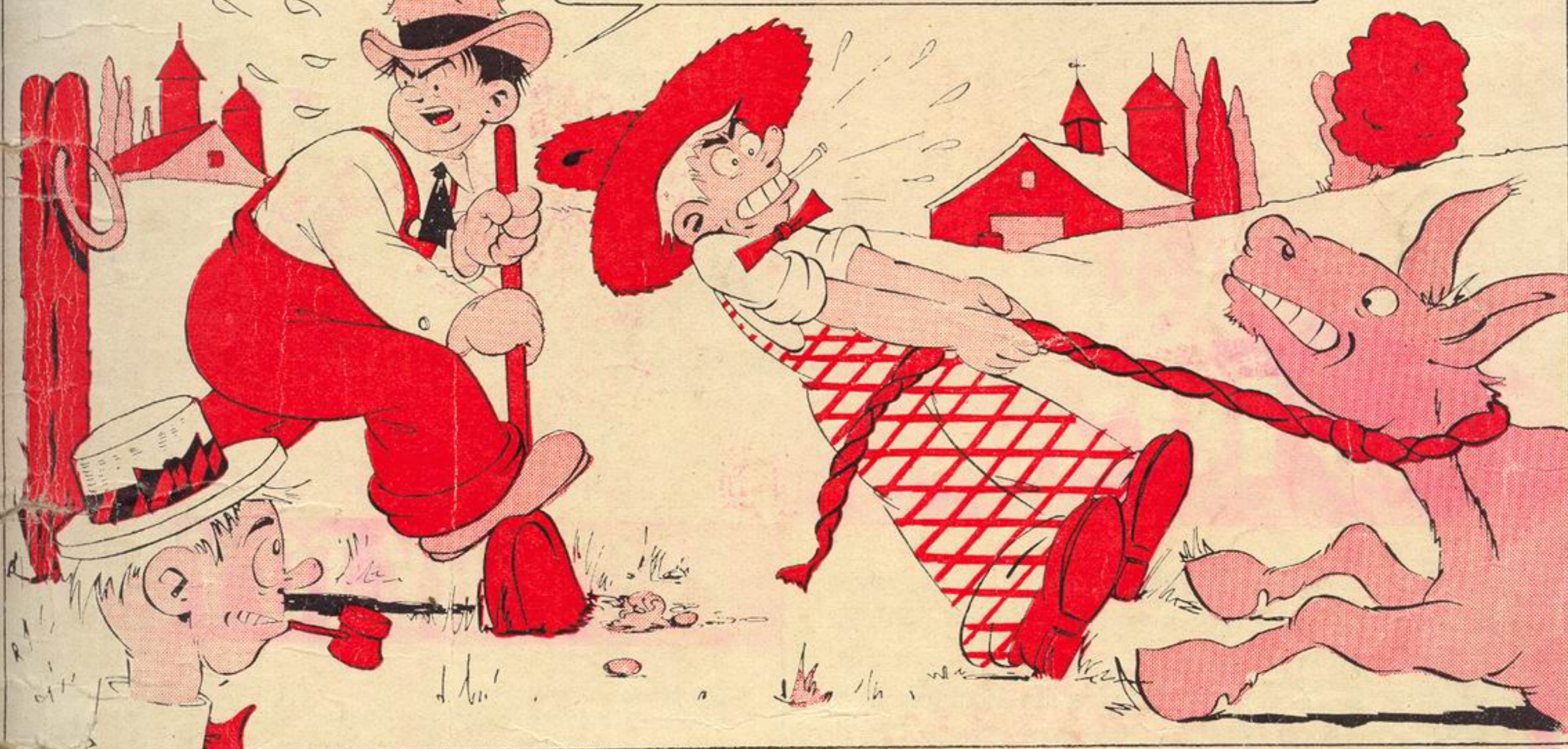


In Case You Didn't Know



What A Life

THAT'S AS NEAR AS SHE'LL COME TO THE POST, SO WE GOTTA MOVE THE POST CLOSER TO HER!

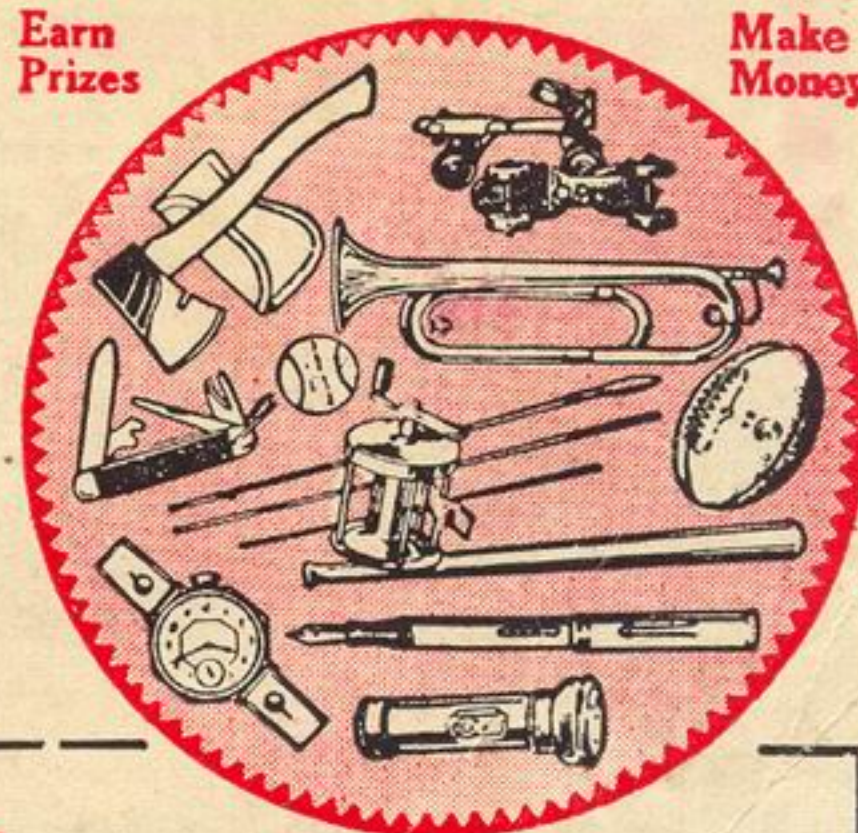


BIG PRIZES

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